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FENWICK'S CAREER[1]

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I

"REALLY, mother, I can't sit any more. I 'm that stiff!—and as cold as anything."

So said Miss Bella Morrison, as she rose from her seat with an affected yawn and stretch. In speaking she looked at her mother, and not at the painter to whom she had been sitting for nearly two hours. The young man in question stood embarrassed and silent, his palette on his thumb, brush and mahlstick suspended. His eyes were cast down; a flush had risen in his cheek. Miss Bella's manner was not sweet; she wished evidently to slight somebody, and the painter could not flatter himself that the somebody was Mrs. Morrison, the only other person in the room beside the artist and his subject.

The mother looked up slightly, and without pausing in her knitting.

"It 's no wonder you 're cold," she said sharply, "when you wear such ridiculous dresses in this weather."

It was now the daughter's turn to flush; she colored and pouted. The artist, John Fenwick, returned discreetly to his canvas, and occupied himself with a fold of drapery.

"I put it on because I thought Mr. Fenwick wanted something pretty to paint. And as he clearly don't see anything in *me!*"—she looked over her shoulder at the picture, with a shrug of mock humility concealing a very evident annoyance—"I thought anyway he might like my best frock."

"I 'm sorry you 're not satisfied, Miss Morrison," said the artist, stepping back from his canvas and somewhat defiantly regarding the picture upon it. Then he turned and looked at the girl—a coarsely pretty young woman, very airily clothed in a white muslin dress, of which the transparency displayed her neck and arms with a freedom not at all in keeping with the nipping air of Westmoreland in springtime—going up to his easel again after the look to put in another touch.

As to his expression of regret, Miss Morrison tossed her head.

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"It does n't matter to me!" she declared. "It was father's fad, and so I sat. He promised me, if I did n't like it, he 'd put it in his own den, where *my* friends could n't see it. So I really don't care a straw!"

"Bella, don't be rude!" said her mother, severely. She rose and came to look at the picture.

Bella's color took a still sharper accent; her chest rose and fell; she fidgeted an angry foot.

"I told Mr. Fenwick hundreds of times," she protested, "that he was making my upper lip miles too long—and that I *had n't* got a nasty staring look like that—nor a mouth like that—nor—nor anything. It 's—it 's too bad!"

The girl turned away, and Fenwick, glancing at her in dismay, saw that she was on the point of indignant tears.

Mrs. Morrison put on her spectacles. She was a small gray-haired woman with a face wrinkled and drawn, from which all smiles seemed to have long departed. Even in repose her expression suggested hidden anxieties—fears grown habitual and watchful; and when she moved or spoke, it was with a cold caution or distrust, as though in all directions she was afraid of what she might touch, of possibilities she might set loose.

She looked at the picture, and then at her daughter.

"It 's not flattered," she said slowly. "But I can't say it is n't like you, Bella."

"Oh, I knew *you 'd* say something like that, mother!" said the daughter, scornfully. She stooped and threw a shawl round her shoulders; gathered up some working-materials and a book with which she had been toying during the sitting; and then straightened herself with an air at once tragic and absurd.

"Well, good-by, Mr. Fenwick." She turned to the painter. "I 'd rather not sit again, please."

"I should n't think of asking you, Miss Morrison," murmured the young man, moving aside to let her pass.

"Hullo, hullo! What 's all this?" said a cheery voice at the door. "Bella, where are you off to? Is the sitting done?"

"It 's been going on two hours, papa, so I should think I 'd had about enough," said Miss Bella, making for the door.

But her father caught her by the arm.

"I say, we *are* smart!—are n't we, mama? Well, now then—let me have a look."

And drawing the unwilling girl once more toward the painter, he detained her while he scrutinized the picture.

"Do I squint, papa?" said Miss Morrison, with her head haughtily turned away.

"Wait a minute, my dear."

"*Have* I got the color of a barmaid, and a waist like Fanny's?" Fanny was the Morrisons' housemaid, and was not slim.

"Be quiet, Bella; you disturb me."

Bella's chin mounted still higher; her foot once more beat the ground impatiently, while her father looked from the picture to her, and back again.

Then he released her with a laugh. "You may run away, child, if you want to. Upon my word, Fenwick, you 're advancing! You are: no doubt about that. Some of the execution there is astonishing. But all the same I don't see you earning your bread and butter at portrait-painting; and I guess you don't, either."

The speaker threw out a thin hand and patted Fenwick on the shoulder, returning immediately to a close examination of the picture.

"I told you, sir, I should only paint portraits if I were compelled," said the young man, in a proud, muffled voice. He began to gather up his things and clean his palette.

"But of course you 'll be compelled—unless you wish to die 'clemmed,' as we say in Lancashire," returned the other, briskly. "What do *you* say, mama?"

He turned toward his wife, pushing up his spectacles to look at her. He was a tall man, a little bent at the shoulders from long years of desk work; and those who saw him for the first time were apt to be struck by a certain eager volatility of aspect, not perhaps common in the chief cashiers of country banks. A broad and handsome brow, under lightly grizzled hair; round blue eyes, set with great delicacy and clearness above a thin and shapely nose; and a skin of remarkable fineness, so that its very wrinkles were a beauty—these were all positive and charming features.

What was less positive, but not less apparent, was a general expression of weak or cunning urbanity; the result perhaps of the head's poise on the thin neck, of a

certain wavering trick in the eyes, of the small mouth and chin.

As his wife met his appeal to her, the slight habitual furrow on her own brow deepened. She saw that her husband held a newspaper crushed in his right hand, and that his whole air was excited and restless. A miserable, familiar pang passed through her. As the chief and trusted official of an old-established bank in one of the smaller cotton-towns, Mr. Morrison had a large command of money. His wife had suspected him for years of using bank funds for the purposes of his own speculations. She had never dared to say a word to him on the subject, but she lived in terror—being a Calvinist by nature and training—of ruin here and hell hereafter.

Of late, some instinct told her that he had been forcing the pace; and as she turned to him, she felt certain that he had just received some news which had given him great pleasure, and she felt certain also that it was news of which he ought rather to have been ashamed.

She drew herself together in a dumb recoil. Her hands trembled as she put down her knitting.

"I 'd be sorry if a son of mine did nothing but paint portraits."

John Fenwick looked up startled.

"Why?" laughed her husband.

"Because it often seems to me," she said in a thin measured voice, "that a Christian might find a better use for his time than ministering to the vanity of silly girls, and wasting hours and hours on making a likeness of this poor body, that 's of no real matter to anybody."

"You 'd make short work of art and artists, my dear!" said Morrison, throwing up his hands. "You forget, perhaps, that St. Luke was a painter?"

"And where do you get that from, Mr. Morrison, I 'd like to ask?" said his wife, slowly; "it 's not in the Bible—though I believe you think it is. Well, good-night to you, Mr. Fenwick. I 'm sorry you have n't enjoyed yourself, and I 'm not going to deny that Bella was very rude and trying. Good-night."

And with a frigid touch of the hand, Mrs. Morrison departed. She looked again at her husband as she closed the door—a somber, shrinking look.

Morrison avoided it. He was pacing up and down in high spirits. When he and Fenwick were left alone, he went up to the painter and laid an arm across his shoulders.

"Well!—how 's the money holding out?"

"I 've got scarcely any left," said the painter, instinctively moving away. It might have been seen that he felt himself dependent, and hated to feel it.

"Any more commissions?"

"I 've painted a child up in Grasmere, and a farmer's wife just married. And Satterthwaite, the butcher, says he 'll give me a commission soon. And there 's a clergyman, up Easedale way, wants me to paint his son."

"Well; and what do you get for these things?"

"Three pounds—sometimes five," said the young man, reluctantly.

"A little more than a photograph."

"Yes. They say if I won't be reasonable there 's plenty as 'll take their pictures, and they can't throw away money."

"H'm! Well, at this rate, Fenwick, you 're not exactly galloping into a fortune. And your father?"

Fenwick made a bitter gesture, as much as to say, "What 's the good of discussing *that?*" But Morrison persisted.

"No sign of relenting?"

"No; and never will be."

"Unless you force his hand by earning a better living than he,—eh? Well, now, Fenwick, and what are your plans? Can you live on what you make?"

"No," said the other, abruptly. "I 'm getting into debt."

"H'm! That 's bad. Well, but what 's your own idea? You must have some notion of a way out."

"If I could get to London," said the other, in a low, dragging voice, "I 'd soon find a way out."

"And what prevents you?"

"Well, it 's simple enough. You don't really, sir, need to ask. I 've no money—and I 've a wife and child."

Fenwick's tone was marked by an evident ill-humor. He had thrown back his handsome head, and his eyes sparkled. It was plain that Mr. Morrison's catechizing manner had jarred upon a pride that was all on edge,—wounded by poverty and ill-success.

"Yes; that was an imprudent match of yours, my young man! However—however—"

Mr. Morrison walked up and down, ruminating. His long, thin hands were clasped before him. His head hung in meditation. And every now and then he looked toward the newspaper he had thrown down. At last he again approached the artist.

"Upon my word, Fenwick, I 've a mind to do something for you—I have indeed. I believe you 'd justify it—I do! And I 've always had a soft heart for artists. You look at the things in this room." He waved his hand toward the walls, which were covered with water-color drawings. "I 've known most of the men who painted them, and I 've assisted a very great many of them. Those pictures—most of them—represent loans, sir!—loans at times of difficulty, which I was *proud* to make"—Mr. Morrison struck his hand on the table—"yes, proud—because I believed in the genius of the men to whom I made them. I said, 'I 'll take a picture'—and they had the money; and the money saved their furniture—and their homes—and their wives and children. Well, I 'm glad and proud to have done it, Fenwick!—you mark my words."

He paused, his eyes on the artist, his attitude grasping as it were at the other's approval,—hungry for it. Fenwick said nothing. He stood in the shadow of a curtain, and the sarcasm his lip could not restrain escaped the notice of his companion. "And so, you see, I 'm only following out an old custom when I say, I believe in you, Fenwick!—I believe in your abilities—I am sorry for your necessities—and I 'll come to your assistance. Now, how much would take you to London and keep you there for six months, till you 've made a few friends and done some work?"

"A hundred pounds," said the painter, breathing hard.

"A hundred pounds. And what about the wife?"

"Her father very likely would give her shelter, and the child. And of course I should leave her provided."

"Well, and what about my security? How, John, in plain words, do you propose to repay me?"

Mr. Morrison spoke with extreme mildness. His blue eyes, whereof the whites were visible all round the pupils, shone benevolently on the artist—his mouth was all sensibility. Whereas, for a moment, there had been something of the hawk in his attitude and expression, he was now the dove, painfully obliged to pay a passing attention to business.

Fenwick hesitated.

"You mentioned six guineas, I think, for this portrait?" He nodded toward the canvas on which he had been at work.

"I did. It is unfortunate, of course, that Bella dislikes it so. I sha'n't be able to hang it. Never mind. A bargain 's a bargain."

The young man drew himself up proudly.

"It is so, Mr. Morrison. And you wished me to paint your portrait, I think, and Mrs. Morrison's." The elder man made a sign of assent. "Well, I could run up to your place—to Bartonbury—and paint those in the winter, when I come to see my wife. As to the rest—I 'll repay you within the year—unless—well, unless I go utterly to grief—which of course I may."

"Wait here a moment. I 'll fetch you the money. Better not promise to repay me in cash. It 'll be a millstone round your neck. I 'll take it in pictures."

"Very well; then I 'll either paint you an original finished picture—historical or romantic subject—medium size, by the end of the year, or make you copies—you said you wanted two or three—one large or two small, from anything you like in the National Gallery."

Morrison laughed good-temperedly. He touched a copy of "The Art Journal" lying on the table.

"There 's an article here about that German painter—Lenbach—whom they crack up so nowadays. When he was a young man, Baron Schack, it appears, paid him a hundred pounds a year *for all his time*, as a copyist in Italy and Spain." He spoke very delicately, mincing his words a little.

Fenwick's color rose suddenly. Morrison was not looking at him, or he would have seen a pair of angry eyes.

"Prices have gone up," said the painter, dryly. "And I guess living in London 's dearer now than living in Italy was when Lenbach [which he pronounced "Lenback"] was young."

"Oh! so you know all about Lenbach?"

"You lent me the article. However,"—Fenwick rose,—"is that our bargain?"

The note in the voice was trenchant, even aggressive. Nothing of the suppliant in tone or attitude. Morrison surveyed him, amused.

"If you like to call it so," he said, lifting his delicate eyebrows a moment. "Well, I 'll take the risk."

He left the room. Fenwick thrust his hands into his pockets, with a muttered exclamation, and walked to the window. He looked out upon a Westmoreland valley in the first flush of spring; but he saw nothing. His blood beat in heart and brain with a suffocating rapidity. So his chance was come! What would Phœbe say?

As he stood by the large window, face and form in strong relief against the crude green without, the energy of the May landscape was, as it were, repeated and expressed in the man beholding it. He was tall, a little round-shouldered, with a large broad-browed head covered with brown straggling hair; eyes, glancing and darkish, full of force, of excitement even, curiously veiled, often, by suspicion; nose, a little crooked owing to an injury at football; and mouth, not coarse, but large and freely cut, and falling readily into lines of sarcasm.

The general look was one of great acuteness, rather antagonistic as a rule than sympathetic; and the hands, which were large and yet slender, were those of a craftsman finely endowed with all the instincts of touch.

Suddenly the young man turned on his heel and looked at the water-colors on the wall.

"The old hypocrite!" he thought; "they 're worth hundreds—and I 'll be bound he got them for nothing. He 'll try to get mine for nothing; but he 'll find I 'm his match!"

For among these pictures were a number of drawings by men long since well known, and of steady repute among the dealers or in the auctions, especially of Birmingham and the northern towns. Morrison had been for years a bank clerk in Birmingham before his appointment to the post he now held. A group of Midland artists, whose work had become famous, and costly in proportion, had evidently been his friends at one time—or perhaps merely his debtors. They were, at any rate, well represented on the wall of this small Westmoreland house in which he spent his holidays.

For the rest, the room was ugly in all its furniture and appointments. The master of the house had furnished its walls; Mrs. Morrison was responsible for the carpet, the chairs and tables, the dingy covers and antimacassars. In these respects provincial taste could sink no deeper. Not a line was apt; not a color fitted. Fenwick looked round it, noticing and hating its defects. Beautiful rooms, luxury, costly and exquisite appointments—these were all among the longings in his own blood—longings which the future, and the work of his own brain, should satisfy.

Presently Mr. Morrison was heard returning. He placed an envelop in Fenwick's hand, and then, pointing him to a chair at the table, he dictated a form of I O U specifying that the debt was to be returned within a year, either in money or in the pictures agreed upon.

"Oh, no fine speeches, please, my boy, —no fine speeches!" said Morrison as the artist rose, stammering out his thanks. "That 's been my nature all my life, I tell you—to help the lame dogs—ask anybody that knows me. That 'll do; that 'll do! Now then, what 's going to be your line of action?"

Fenwick turned on him a face that vainly endeavored to hide the joy of its owner.

"I shall look out, of course, first of all, for some bread-and-butter work. I shall go to the editors of the illustrated papers and show them some things. I shall attend some life-school in the evenings. And the rest of the time I shall paint—paint like old Harry!"

The words caused a momentary wrinkling of Mr. Morrison's brow.

"I should avoid those expressions if I were you, Fenwick. But paint what, my dear boy?—paint what?"

"Of course I have my ideas," said Fenwick, staring at the floor.

"I think I have earned a right to hear them."

"Certainly. I propose to combine the color and romance of the pre-Raphaelites with the truth and drawing of the French school," said the young man, suddenly looking up.

Surprise betrayed his companion into a broad grin.

"Upon my word, Fenwick, you won't fail for lack of ambition!"

The young man reddened, then quietly nodded.

"No one gets on without ambition. My ideas have been pretty clear for a long time. The English Romantic school have no more future, unless they absorb French drawing and French technic. When they have done that, they will do the finest work in the world."

Morrison's astonishment increased. The decision and self-confidence with which Fenwick spoke had never yet shown themselves so plainly in the harassed and humbly born painter of Miss Bella's portrait.

"And you intend to do the finest work in the world?" said the patron, in a voice of banter.

Fenwick hesitated.

"I shall do good work," he said doggedly, after a pause. Then, suddenly raising his head, he added, "And if I were n't sure of it, I 'd never let you lend me money."

Morrison laughed.

"That 's all right.—And now, what will Mrs. Fenwick say to us?"

Fenwick turned away. He repossessed himself of the envelop and buttoned his coat over it before he replied.

"I shall of course consult her immediately. What shall I do with this picture?" He pointed to the portrait on the easel.

"Take it home with you and see if you can't beautify it a little," said Morrison, in a tone of good-humor. "You 've got a lot of worldly wisdom to learn yet, my dear Fenwick. The women *must* be flattered."

Fenwick repeated that he was sorry if Miss Bella was disappointed, but the tone was no less perfunctory than before. After stooping and looking sharply for a moment into the picture,—which was a strong, ugly thing, with some passages of remarkable technic,—he put it aside, saying that he would send for it in the evening. Then, having packed up and shouldered the rest of his painter's gear, he stood ready to depart.

"I 'm awfully obliged to you!" he said, holding out his hand.

Morrison looked at the handsome young fellow, the vivacity of the eyes, the slight agitation of the lip.

"Don't mention it," he said, with redoubled urbanity. "It 's my way—only my way! When 'll you be off?"

"Probably next week. I 'll come and say good-by."

"I *must* have a year! But Phœbe will take it hard."

John Fenwick had paused on his way home, and was leaning over a gate beside a stream, now thinking anxiously of his domestic affairs, and now steeped in waves of delight—vague, sensuous, thrilling—that flowed from the colors and forms around him. He found himself in an intricate and lovely valley through which lay his path to Langdale. On either side of the stream, wooded or craggy fells, gashed with stone-quarries, accompanied the windings of the water, now leaving room for a scanty field or two, and now hemming in the river with close-piled rock and tree. Before him rose a white Westmoreland farm, with its gabled porch and moss-grown roof, its traditional yews and sycamores; while to his left, and above the farm, hung a mountain face, dark with rock, and purple under the evening shadows,—a rich and noble shape, lost above in dim heights of cloud, and, below, cleft to the heart by one deep ghyll, whence the golden trees—in the glittering green of May—descended single or in groups, from shelf to shelf, till their separate brilliance was lost in the dense wood which girdled the white farm-house.

The pleasure of which he was conscious in the purple of the mountain, the color of the trees, and all that magic of light and shade which filled the valley,—a pleasure involuntary, physical, automatic, depending on certain delicacies of nerve and brain—rose and persisted, while yet his mind was full of harassing and disagreeable thoughts.

There could be no doubt that Phœbe would raise difficulties; yet if he was ever to make anything of life in London as an artist, a life which would anyhow have to be begun late and at great disadvantage, he must be free to begin it without home cares, to bend all his man's strength to it, without wife and child to think of. Half-measures would merely land him in a hack's life for good, in a dingy mediocrity, glad to take any job that offered.

But that he would never accept! Either a good painter, a man on the level of the best, trained and equipped as they, or something altogether different—a foreman,

a clerk, perhaps, in his uncle's upholstery business at Darlington, a ticket-collector on the line—anything! He could always earn his own living and Phœbe's. There was no fear of that. But if he was to be an artist, he would be a first-rate one. Let him only get his training—give him time and opportunity—and he would be as good as any one.

Morrison, plainly, had thought him a conceited ass. Well, let him!

What chance had he ever had of proving what was in him? As he hung over the gate, smoking, he thought of his father and mother, and of his childhood in the little Kendal shop,—the bookseller's shop which had been the source and means of his truest education.

Not that he had been a neglected child. Far from it. He remembered his gentle mother, troubled by his incessant drawing; by his growing determination to be an artist; by the constant effort, as he grew to boyhood, to keep the peace between him and his irritable old father. He remembered her death, and those pictorial effects in the white-sheeted room,—effects of light and shadow, of flowers, of the gray head uplifted; he remembered also trying to realize them, stealthily, at night, in his own room, with chalk and paper,—and then his passion with himself, and the torn drawing, and the tears, which, as it were, another self saw and approved.

Then came school-days. His father had sent him to an old endowed school at Penrith, that he might be away from home and under discipline. There he had received a plain commercial education, together with some Latin and Greek. His quick, restless mind had soaked it all in; nothing had been a trouble to him; though, as he well knew, he had done nothing supremely well. But Homer and Virgil had been unlocked for him; and in the school library he found Shakspere and Chaucer, Morte d'Arthur, and Don Quixote, fresh and endless material for his drawing, which never stopped. Drawing everywhere—on his books and slates, on doors and gate-posts, or on the whitewashed wall of the old Tudor school-room, where a hunt, drawn with a burnt stick and gloriously dominating the whole room, had provoked the indulgence, even the praise, of the head master.

And the old drawing-master!—a German—half blind, though he would never confess it—who dabbled in oil-painting and let the boy watch his methods. How he would twirl his dirty brush round and dab down a lump of Prussian blue, imagining it to be sepia, hastily correcting it a moment afterward with a lump of lake, and then say chuckling to himself: "By Gode, dat is fine!—dat is very nearly a good purple. Fenwick, my boy, mark me—you vill not find a good purple novere! Somevere—in de depths of Japanese art—dere is a good purple. Dat I believe. But not in Europe. Ve Europeans are all tam fools. But I vill not svear!—no!—you onderstand, Fenwick; you haf never heard me svear?" And then a round oath, smothered in a hasty fit of coughing. And once he had cut off part of the skirt of his Sunday coat—taking it in his blindness for an old one—to clean his palette with; and it was thought by the boys that it was the unseemly result of this rash act, as disclosed at church the following Sunday morning, which had led to the poor old man's dismissal.

But from him John had learned a good deal about oil-painting—something, too, of anatomy—though more of this last from that old book—Albinus, was it?—that he had found in his father's stock. He could see himself lying on the floor, poring over the old plates, morning, noon, and night; then using a little lad, his father's apprentice, to examine him in what he had learned—the two going about arm in arm—Backhouse asking the questions according to a paper drawn up by John—"How many heads to the deltoid?"—and so on—over and over again—and with what an eagerness, what an ardor!—till the brain was bursting and the hand quivering with new knowledge, and the power to use it. Then Leonardo's "Art of Painting" and Reynolds's "Discourses"—both discovered in the shop, and studied incessantly, till the boy of eighteen felt himself the peer of any academician, and walked proudly down the Kendal streets, thinking of the half-finished paintings in his garret at home, and of the dreams, the conceptions, the ambitions, of which that garret had already been the scene.

After that—some evil days! Quarrels with his father, refusals to be bound to the trade, to accept the shop as his whole future and inheritance; painful scenes

with the old man, and with the customers who complained of the son's rudeness and inattention; attempts of relations to mediate between the two; and all the time his own burning belief in himself and passion to be free. And at last a time of truce, of conditions made and accepted; the opening of the new Art School; evenings of delightful study there; and, suddenly, out of the mists, Phœbe's brown eyes, and Phœbe's soft encouragement!

Yes, it was Phœbe—Phœbe herself—who had determined his career; let her consider that when he asked for sacrifices! But for the balm she had poured upon his sore ambitions,—but for those long walks and talks, in which she had been to him first the mere recipient of his dreams and egotisms, and then—since she had the loveliest eyes and a young, wild charm—a creature to be hotly wooed and desired,—he might never have found courage enough to seize upon his fate.

For her sake, indeed, he had dared it all. She had consoled and inspired him; but she had made the breach with his father final. When they met she was only a struggling teacher in Miss Mason's school, the daughter of a small farmer in the Vale of Keswick. Old Fenwick looked much higher for his son. So there was renewed battle at home, till at last a couple of portrait commissions from a big house near Kendal clinched the matter. A hurried marriage had been followed by the usual parental thunders. And now they had five years to look back upon, years of love and struggle and discontent. By turning his hand to many things, Fenwick had just managed to keep the wolf from the door. He had worked hard, but without much success; and what had been an ordinary good opinion of himself had stiffened into a bitter self-assertion. He knew very well that he was regarded as a conceited, quarrelsome fellow, and rather gloried in it. The world, he considered, had so far treated him ill; he would, at any rate, keep his individuality.

Phœbe too, once so sweet, so docile, so receptive, had begun to be critical, to resist him, now and then. He knew that in some ways he had disappointed her; and there was gall in the thought. As to the London plan, his word would no longer be enough. He would have to wrestle with and overcome her.

London!—the word chimed him from the past, threw wide the future. He moved on along the rough road, possessed by dreams. He had a vision of his first large picture: himself rubbing in the figures, life-size, or at work on the endless studies for every part; fellow-students coming to look, academicians, buyers; he heard himself haranguing, plunging headlong into ideas and theories, holding his own with the best of "the London chaps." Between whiles, of course, there would be hack-work—illustration, portraits, anything to keep the pot boiling. And always, at the end of this vista, there was success—success great and tangible.

He was amused by his own self-confidence, and laughed as he walked. But his mood never wavered.

He *had* the power—the gift. Nobody ever doubted that who saw him draw. And he had, besides, what so many men of his own class made shipwreck for want of—he had *imagination*,—enough to show him what it is that makes the mere craftsman into the artist, enough to make him hunger night and day for knowledge, travel, experience. Thanks to his father's shop, he had read a great deal already; and with a little money how he would buy books, how he would read them!—

And at the thought, fresh images, now in rushing troops and now in solitary fantastic beauty, began to throng before the inward eye, along the rich background of the valley; images from poetry and legend, stored deep in a greedy fancy, a retentive mind. They came from all sources—Greek, Arthurian, modern: Hephaistos, the lame god and divine craftsman, receiving Thetis in his workshop of the skies, the golden automata wrought by his own hands supporting him on either side; the maidens of Achilles washing the dead and gory body of Hector in the dark background of the hut, while in front swift-foot Achilles holds old Priam in talk till the sad offices are over, and the father may be permitted to behold his son; Arthur and Sir Bedivere beside the lake; Crusaders riding to battle—the gleam of their harness, the arched necks of their steeds, the glory of their banners, the shade and sunlight of the deep vales through which they pass; the Lady of Shalott as the curse comes upon her; Œnone; Brunhilda; Atalanta. Swift along the May woods

the figures fled, vision succeeding vision, beauty treading on beauty. It became hallucination, a wildness, an ecstasy. Fenwick stood still, gave himself up to the possession, let it hold him, felt the strangeness and the peril of it—then, suddenly, wrenched himself free.

Running down to the edge of the river, he began to pick up stones and threw them violently into the stream. It was a remedy he had long learned to use. The physical action released the brain from the tyranny of the forms which held it. Gradually they passed away. He began to breathe more quietly, and, sitting down by the water, his head in his hands, he gave himself up to a quieter pleasure in the nature round him and in the strength of his own faculty.

To something else also. For while he was sitting there, he found himself *praying* ardently for success,—that he might do well in London, might make a name for himself, and leave his mark on English art. This was to him a very natural outlet of emotion; he was not sure what he meant by it precisely, but it calmed him.

II

Meanwhile Phœbe Fenwick was watching for her husband.

She had come out upon the green strip of ground in front of Green Nab cottage, and was looking anxiously along the portion of highroad which was visible from where she stood.

The small whitewashed house, on this May day, more than a generation ago, stood on a narrow shelf that juts out from the face of one of the eastern fells bounding the valley of Great Langdale.

When Phœbe, seeing no one on the road, turned to look how near the sun might be to its setting, she saw it, as Wordsworth saw it of old, dropping between the peaks of those "twin brethren" which to the northwest close in the green bareness of the vale. Between the two Pikes the blaze lingered, enthroned; the far winding of the valley, hemmed in also by blue and craggy fells, was pierced by rays of sunset; on the broad side of the Pikes the stream of Dungeon Ghyll shone full-fed and white; the sheep, with their new-born lambs beside them, studded the green pastures of the valley; and sounds of water came from the fell-sides. Everywhere, lines of broad and flowing harmony, molded by some subtle union of rock and climate and immemorial age into a mountain beauty which is the peculiar possession of Westmoreland and Cumberland. Neither awful, nor yet trivial; neither too soft for dignity, nor too rugged for delight. The Westmoreland hills are the remains of an infinitely older world,—giants decayed, but of a great race and ancestry; they have the finish, the delicate or noble loveliness,—one might almost say the *manner*,—that comes of long and gentle companionship with those chief forces that make for natural beauty—with air and water, with temperate suns and too abundant rains. Beside them the Alps are inhuman; the Apennines, mere forest-grown heaps—mountains in the making; while all that Scotland gains from the easy enveloping glory of its heather, Westmoreland, which is almost heatherless, must owe to an infinitude of fine strokes, tints, curves, and groupings, to touches of magic and to lines of grace, yet never losing the wild energy of precipice and rock that belongs of right to a mountain world.

To-day Langdale was in spring. The withered fern was still red on the sides of the Pikes; there was not a leaf on the oaks, still less on the ashes; but the larches were green in various plantations, and the sycamores were bursting. Half a mile eastward the woods were all in soft bloom, carpeted with wind-flowers and bluebells. Here, but for the larches, and the few sycamores and yews that guard each lonely farm, all was naked fell and pasture. The harsh spring wind came rioting up the valley, to fling itself on the broad sides of the Pikes; the lambs made a sad bleating; the water murmured in the ghyll beyond the house; the very sunshine was clear and cold.

Calculations quick and anxious passed through the young wife's brain. Debts here, and debts there; the scanty list of small commissions ahead, which she knew by heart; the uncertainty of the year before them; clothes urgently wanted for the child, for John, for herself. She drew a long and harassed breath.

Phœbe Fenwick was a tall, slender creature, very young; with a little golden head on a thin neck, features childishly cut, and eyes that made the chief adornment of a simple face. The lines of the brow, the

lids and lashes, and the clear brown eye itself, were indeed of a most subtle and distinguished beauty; they accounted perhaps for the attention with which most persons of taste and cultivation observed Fenwick's wife. For the eyes seemed to promise a character, a career; whereas the rest of the face was no more, perhaps, than a piece of agreeable pink and white.

She wore a dress of dark-blue cotton, showing the spring of her beautiful throat. The plain gown with its long folds, the uncovered throat and rich simplicity of her fair hair, had often reminded Fenwick and a few of his patrons of those Florentine photographs which now, since the spread of the later pre-Raphaelites and the opening of the Grosvenor Gallery, were to be seen even in the shops of country towns. There was a literary gentleman in Kendal who said that Mrs. Fenwick was like one of Ghirlandajo's tall women in Santa Maria Novella. Phœbe had sometimes listened uncomfortably to these comparisons. She was a Cumberland girl, and had no wish at all to be like people in Italy. It seemed somehow to cut her off from her own folk.

"JOHN is late!" said a voice beside her.

An elderly woman had stepped out of the cottage porch. Miss Anna Mason, the head-mistress of an endowed girls' school in Hawkshead, had come to spend a Saturday afternoon with her old pupil, Phœbe Fenwick. A masterful-looking woman, ample in figure, with a mouth of decision. She wore a gray alpaca dress, adorned with a large tatted collar, made by herself, and fastened by a brooch containing a true-lover's knot in brown hair.

"He 'll have stayed on to finish," said Phœbe, looking round. "Where's Carrie?"

Miss Mason replied that the child would n't wait any longer for her supper, and that Daisy, the little servant, was feeding her. Then, slipping her arm inside Mrs. Fenwick's, Miss Mason looked at the sunset.

"It 's a sweet little cottage," she said, shading her eyes from the fast-sinking orb, and then turning them on the tiny house; "but I dare say you 'll not be here long, Phœbe."

Mrs. Fenwick started.

"John told Mr. Harrock he 'd pay him rent for it till next Easter."

Miss Mason laughed.

"Are you going to let John go wasting his time here till next Easter?"

The arm she held moved involuntarily.

"He has several commissions—people not far from here," said Mrs. Fenwick, hurriedly. "And if the weather 's too bad, we can always go to rooms in Kendal or Ambleside."

"Well, if that 's what you 're thinking of, my dear, you 'd better make a clerk of him at once, and have done with it! He told me his uncle would always find him work in the upholstery business."

Phœbe's soft cheeks trembled a little.

"Some day we 'll have saved some money," she said in a low voice; "and then we 'll go to London, and—and John will get on."

"Yes—when you stop holding him back, Mrs. Phœbe Fenwick!"

"Oh! Miss Anna, I don't hold him back!" cried the wife, suddenly, impetuously.

Miss Mason shook an incredulous head.

"I have n't heard a single word of his bettering himself,—of his doing anything but muddle on here—having a 'crack' with this farmer and that, and painting pictures he 's a sight too good for,—since I came this morning; and we 've talked for hours. No,—I may as well have it out,—I 'm a one for plain speaking; I 'm a bit disappointed in you both. As for you, Phœbe, you 'll be precious sorry for it some day if you don't drive him out of this."

"Where should I drive him to!" cried Mrs. Fenwick, stifled. She had broken a sycamore twig and was stripping it violently of its buds.

Miss Anna looked at her unmoved. The gray-haired schoolmistress was a woman of ideas and ambitions beyond her apparent scope in life. She had read her Carlyle and Ruskin, and in her calling she was an enthusiast. But, in the words of the Elizabethan poet, she was perhaps "unacquainted still with her own soul." She imagined herself a Radical; she was in truth a tyrant. She preached Ruskin and the simple life; no worldling ever believed more fiercely in the gospel of success (but, let it be said promptly, it was success for others, rarely or never for herself); she despised the friend who could not breast and conquer circumstance; as for her own case, there were matters much more interesting to think of. But she was

the gadfly, the spur of all to whom she gave her affection. Phœbe, first her pupil, then her under-mistress, and molded still by the old habit of subordination to her, both loved and dreaded her. It was said that she had made the match between her protégée and old Fenwick's rebellious and gifted son. She had certainly encouraged it, and, whether from conscience or invincible habit, she had meddled a good deal with it ever since.

In reply to Phœbe's question, Miss Anna merely inquired whether Mrs. Fenwick supposed that George Romney, the Westmoreland artist, would have had much chance with his art if he had stayed on in Westmoreland. Why, the other day a picture by Romney had been sold for three thousand pounds! And pray, would he ever have become a great painter at all if he had stuck to Kendal or Dalton-in-Furness all his life?—if he had never been brought in contact with the influences, the money, and the sitters of London? Those were the questions that Phœbe had to answer. "Would the beautiful Lady This and Lady That ever have come to Kendal to be painted?—would he ever have seen Lady Hamilton?"

At this, Mrs. Fenwick flushed hotly from brow to chin.

"I rather wonder at you, Miss Anna!" she said, breathing fast: "you think it was all right he should desert his wife for thirty years, so—so long as he painted pictures of that bad woman, Lady Hamilton, for you to look at!"

Miss Anna looked curiously at her companion. The schoolmistress was puzzled—and provoked.

"Well, my dear, my people were acquainted with the Romneys," she said, with a pugnacious air. "My grandfather knew George Romney well. Their fathers farmed some land in Dalton side by side. My grandfather knew Mary Abbott, too,—the girl that George married. I don't want to say anything unkind, and she dead and gone; but I don't believe anybody knows for a fact whether Mary Romney ever *wanted* to go to London with her husband—whether she would have gone, to begin with, if he 'd asked her. *She* was n't a genius, my dear; she was just a homely girl, and very shy."

"Miss Anna! she was his *wife!*—Of course she knew very well he 'd have been ashamed of her if she 'd gone! I dare say he told her so."

"Very likely," said Miss Mason, with what seemed an immoral composure. "She 'd had no education. She was just a servant in a lodging when he met her. Ah! she was a poor, ignorant country girl, was Mary Romney."

Phœbe interrupted her angrily. "He deserted her for thirty years! You do say such *things*, Miss Anna!"

"Well!—you don't suppose that John 's going to desert you for thirty years!" said the other, with an impatient laugh. "Don't be absurd, Phœbe."

Phœbe said nothing. She heard a cry from the baby Carrie, and she hurried across the little garden to the house. At the same moment there was a shout of greeting from below, and Fenwick came into sight on the steep pitch of lane that led from the highroad to the cottage. Miss Anna strolled down to meet him.

In the eyes of his old friend John Fenwick made a very handsome figure as he approached her, his painter's wallet slung over his shoulder. That something remarkable had happened to him she divined at once. In moments of excitement a certain foreign look—as some people thought, a *gipsyish* look—was apt to show itself. The roving eyes, the wild manner, the dancing step betrayed the inmost man, banishing altogether the furtive or jealous reserve of the north-countryman, which were at other times equally to be noticed. Miss Anna had often wondered how the same man could be so shy—and so vain!

However, though elation of some sort was uppermost, he was not at first inclined to reveal himself. He told Miss Anna, as they walked up together, that he had done with Miss Bella; that old Morrison praised the portrait, and the girl hated it; that she was a vulgar, conceited creature, and he was thankful to have finished.

"If I were to show it at Manchester next month, you 'd see what the papers would say. But I suppose Miss Bella would sooner die than let her father send it. Silly goose! Powdering every time, and sucking her lips to make them red, and twisting her neck about—ugh! I 've no patience with women like that! When I get on a bit, I 'll paint nobody I don't want to paint."

"All right,—but get on first," said Miss Anna, patting him on the arm. "What next, John—what next?"

He hesitated. His look grew for a moment veiled and furtive. "Oh! there 's plenty to do," he said evasively.

They paused on the green ledges outside the cottage.

"What—portraits?"

He nodded uncertainly.

"You 'll not grow fat on Great Langdale," said Miss Anna, waving an ironical hand toward the green desolation of the valley.

He looked at her, walked up and down a moment, then said with an outburst, though in a low tone, and with a look over his shoulder at the open window of the cottage: "Morrison 's lent me a hundred pounds. He advises me to go to London at once."

Miss Anna raised her eyebrows. "Oh—oh!" she said; "*that's* news! What do you mean by 'at once'?—September?"

"Next week—I won't lose a day."

Miss Anna pondered.

"Well, I dare say Phœbe can hurry up."

"Oh! I can't take Phœbe," he said in a hasty, rather injured voice.

"Not take Phœbe!" cried the other, under her breath, seeming to hear around her the ghosts of words which had but just passed between her and Phœbe; "and what on earth are you going to do with her?"

He led her away toward the edge of the little garden, arguing, prophesying, laying down the law. While he was thus engaged came Phœbe's silver voice from the parlor.

"Is that you, John? Supper 's ready."

He and Miss Anna turned. They neared the open window, through which streamed the light of the lamp just lit.

Fenwick exclaimed, "By Jove! I 'll paint that."

It was such a scene as might have been painted by Millais in his first pre-Raphaelite days. The little parlor, with its low ceiling crossed by beams of black oak, and its walls darkened by oak presses, made a rich setting for the white-spread supper-table, with its simple furnishings of glass and plates and china tea-cups, its cheap lamp, and tea-pot hidden in a woolwork "cozy." In the center of the white cloth stood a round pasty or potato-pie, of goodly size, steaming hot. Phœbe was cutting it, and beside her a baby in a white pinafore, mounted in a high chair and brandishing a spoon, was watching its mother, sucking away the while at a piece of bread and jam that had been put into its hand. The child was lovely; so, too, was the tall young mother, as she bent over the table, or lifted her soft face to smile at or chide her baby. Their delicate forms shone out upon the dark background of wall and ceiling; the mingled lights of evening and the lamp played with their faces and hair, searched the deep tones and shadows of the low-ceiled room, amid which the two figures shone like jewels in a casket, and fell broadly on the enchanting blue of some wild hyacinths which stood, in a sparkling glass, on the white cloth.

Fenwick, laying a hand for silence on his companion's arm, sketched fast and eagerly—the main lines, the chief shadows, the two figures; made some notes of color and value—

"John!" cried Phœbe again. He put up his sketch-book.

"Hush, please!" he said to his companion, finger on lip; and they entered.

"You 'll have got the money from Mr. Morrison, John?" said Phœbe, presently, when they were settled to their meal.

"Ay," said Fenwick; "that 's all right.—Phœbe, that 's a real pretty dress of yours."

Soft color rose in the wife's cheeks.

"I 'm glad you like it," said Phœbe, soberly. Then, looking up, "John, don't give Carrie that!—it 'll make her sick."

For Fenwick was stealthily feeding the baby beside him with morsels from his own plate. The child's face—pink mouth and blue eyes, both wide open—hung upon him in a fixed expectancy.

"She does like it so!—the little greedy puss! It won't do her any harm."

But the mother persisted. Then the child cried, and the father and mother wrangled over it till Fenwick caught up the babe by Phœbe's peremptory directions and carried it away up-stairs. At the door of the little parlor, while Phœbe was at his shoulder, wiping away the child's tears and cooing to it, Fenwick suddenly turned his head and kissed his wife's cheek, or rather her pretty ear, which presented itself. Miss Anna, still at table, laughed

discreetly behind their backs—the laugh of the sweet-natured old maid.

When the child was asleep up-stairs, Phœbe and the little servant cleared away, while Fenwick and Miss Anna read the newspaper and talked on generalities. In this talk Phœbe had no share, and it might have been noticed by one who knew them well that in his conversation with Miss Mason Fenwick became another man. He used tones and phrases that he either had never used or used no longer with Phœbe. He showed himself, in fact, intellectually at ease, expansive, and at times amazingly arrogant. For instance, in discussing a paragraph about the Academy in the London letter of the "Westmoreland Gazette," he fired up and paced the room, haranguing his listener in a loud, eager voice.. Of course she knew—every one knew—that all the best men and all the coming forces were now *outside the Academy*. Millais, Leighton, Watts—spent talents, extinct volcanoes; Tadema, a marvelous mechanic without ideas; the landscape men, chaotic—no standard anywhere, no style. On the other hand, Burne-Jones and the Grosvenor Gallery group—ideas without drawing, without knowledge, feet and hands absurd, muscles anyhow. While as for Whistler and the Impressionists—a lot of maniacs, running a fad to death, but *clever*—by Jove!

No!—there was a new art coming, the creation of men who had learned to draw, and could yet keep a hold on ideas; men as technically competent as the French, without the suicidal notions of Whistler and his like, who made of painting a language with nothing to say, speaking to a people with nothing to remember.

"*Character!*—that 's what we want!" He struck the table; and finally, with a leap, he was at the goal which Miss Anna, sitting before him, arms folded, her strong old face touched with satire, had long foreseen. "By George, *I 'd* show them!—if I only had the chance."

"No doubt," said Miss Anna, dryly. "I think you *are* a great man, John,—though you say it. But you 've got to prove it."

He laughed uncomfortably.

"I 've written a good many of these things to the 'Gazette,'" he said, evading her direct attack. "They 'll put them in next week."

"I wish you had n't, John!" said Phœbe, anxiously. She was sitting under the lamp with her needlework.

He turned upon her aggressively.

"And why, please?"

"Because the last article you wrote lost you a commission. Don't you remember—that gentleman at Grasmere—what he said?"

She nodded her fair head gravely. It struck Miss Anna that she was looking pale and depressed.

"Old fool!" said Fenwick. "Yes, I remember. He would n't ask anybody to paint his children who 'd written such a violent article. As if I wanted to paint his children! Besides, it was a mere excuse, to save the money."

"I don't think so," murmured Phœbe. "And oh, I had counted on that five pounds!"

"What does five pounds matter, compared to speaking one's mind?" said Fenwick, roughly.

There was a silence. Fenwick, looking at the two women, felt them unsympathetic, and abruptly changed the subject.

"I wish you 'd give us some music, Phœbe."

Phœbe rose obediently. He opened the little pianette for her, and lit the candles.

She played some Irish and Scotch airs, in poor settings, and with much stumbling. After a little, Fenwick listened restlessly, his brow frowning, his fingers drumming on the arm of his chair. They were all glad when it was over.

Phœbe, hearing a whimper from the child, went up-stairs. The two others were soon in hushed but earnest conversation.

Miss Anna had gone to bed. Fenwick was sitting with a book before him, lost in anxious and exciting calculations, when Phœbe entered the room.

"Is that you?" he said, jumping up. "That 's all right. I wanted to talk to you."

"I thought you did," she said, with a very quiet, drooping air; then going to the window, which was open, she leaned out into the May night. "Where shall we go? It 's warmer."

"Let 's go to the ghyll," said Fenwick; "I 'll fetch you a shawl."

For, as both remembered, Miss Anna was up-stairs, and in that tiny cottage all sounds were audible.

Fenwick wrapped a shawl round his companion, and they sallied forth.

The valley lay below them. A young moon was near its setting over the furthest Pike, and the fine lines of the mountain rose dimly clear, from its base on the valley floor to the dark cliffs of Pavey Ark. Not a light was visible anywhere. Their little cottage on its shelf, with the rays of its small lamp shining through the window, seemed to be the only spectator of the fells; it talked with them in a lonely companionship.

They passed through the fence of the small garden out on to the fell-side. Dim forms of sheep rose in alarm as they came near, and bleating lambs hurried beside them. Soft sounds of wind, rising and falling along the mountain or stirring amid last year's bracken, pursued them till they reached the edge of the ghyll and, descending its side, found the water murmuring among the stones, the only audible thing in a deep shade and silence.

They sat down by the stream, and Fenwick, taking up some pebbles, began to drop them nervously into the water. Phœbe, beside him, clasped her hands round her knees; in a full light it would have been seen that the hands were trembling.

"Phœbe—old Morrison 's offered to lend me some money."

Phœbe started.

"I—I thought perhaps he had."

"And he wants me to go to London at once."

"You 've *got* the money?"

"In my pocket"—he laid his hand upon it. Then he laughed: "He did n't pay me for the portrait, though. That 's like him. And of course I could n't ask for it."

A silence.

Fenwick turned round, and took one of her hands.

"Well, little woman, what do you think? Are you going to let me go and make my fortune—our fortune?"

"As if I could stop you!" she said hoarsely. "It 's what you 've wanted for months."

"Well, and if I have, where 's the harm? We can't go on living like this!"

And he began to talk, with great rapidity, about the absurdity of attempting to make a living as an artist out of Westmoreland,—out of any place, indeed, but London, the natural center and clearing-house of talent.

"I could make a living out of teaching, I suppose, up here. I could get, in time, a good many lessons going round to schools. But that would be a dog's life. You would n't want to see me at that forever, would you, Phœbe? Or at painting portraits at five guineas apiece? I could chuck it all, of course, and go in for business. But, I can tell you, England would lose something if I did!"

And catching up another stone, he threw it into the beck with a passion which made the clash of it, as it struck upon a rock, echo through the ghyll. There was something magnificent in the gesture, and a movement, half thrill, half shudder, ran through the wife's delicate frame. She clasped her hands round his arm, and drew close to him.

"John!—Are you going to leave baby and me behind?"

Her voice, as she pressed toward him, her face upraised to his, rose from deep founts of feeling; but she kept the sob in it restrained. Fenwick felt the warmth and softness of her young body; the fresh face, the fragrant hair, were close upon his lips. He threw both his arms round her and folded her to him.

"Just for a little while," he pleaded—"till I get my footing. One year! For both our sakes—Phœbe!"

"I could live on such a little; we could get two rooms, which would be cheaper for you than lodgings."

"It is n't that!" he said impatiently, but kissing her. "It is that I must be my own master; I must have nothing to think of but my art; I must slave night and day; I must live with artists; I must get to know all sorts of people who might help me on. If you and Carrie came up—just at first—I could n't do the best for myself—I could n't, I tell you! And of course I mean the best for *you*, in the long run. If I go, I must succeed. And if I can give all my mind, I *shall* succeed. Don't you think I shall?"

He drew away from her abruptly, holding her at arm's length, scrutinizing her face almost with hostility.

"Yes," said Phœbe, slowly—"yes; of course you 'll succeed—if you don't quarrel with people."

"Quarrel!" he repeated angrily—"you 're always harping on that—you 're always so *afraid* of people. It does a man no harm, I tell you, to be a bit quick-tempered. I sha'n't be a fool."

"No, but—I could warn you often. And then you know," she said slowly, caressing his shoulder with her hand, "I could look after money. You 're dreadfully bad about money, John. Directly you 've got it, you spend it; and sometimes when you borrow you forget all about paying it back."

He was struck dumb for a moment with astonishment,—feeling at the same time the trembling of the form which his arm still encircled.

"Well, Phœbe," he said at last, "you seem determined to say disagreeable things to me to-night. I suppose I might remind you that you 're much younger than I, and that of course a man knows much more about business than a young thing like you can. How, I should like to know, could we have done any better than we have done since we married? As far as money goes, we 've had a hell of a time, from first to last!"

"It would have been much worse," said Phœbe, softly, "if I had n't been there—you know it would. You know last year, when we were in such straits, and all our things were nearly sold up, you let me take over things and keep the money. And I went to see all the people we owed money to; and—and it 's pretty bad—but it is n't as bad as it was—"

She hid her face on her knees, choked by the sob she could no longer repress.

"Well, of course it 's better," said Fenwick, ungraciously; "I don't say you have n't got a head, Phœbe,—why, I know you have! You did first-rate! But, after all, I had to earn the money."

She looked up eagerly. "That 's what I say. You 'd never be able to think about little things—you 'd have to be painting always—and going about—and—"

He bit his lip.

"Why, I could manage for myself—for a bit," he said, with a laugh. "I 'm not such an idiot as all that. Old Morrison 's lent me a hundred pounds, Phœbe!"

He enjoyed her amazement.

"A hundred pounds!" she repeated faintly. "And however are we going to repay all that?"

He drew her back to him triumphantly. "Why, you silly child, I 'm going to earn it, of course—and a deal more. Don't you hinder me, Phœbe, and I shall be a rich man before we can look round, and you 'll be a lady—with a big house—and your carriage, perhaps!"

He kissed her vehemently, as though to coerce her into agreeing with him.

But she released herself.

"You and I 'll *never* be rich. We don't know how."

"Speak for yourself, please." He stretched out his right hand, laughing. "Look at that hand. If it gets a fair chance it 's got money in it, and fame, and happiness for us both! *Don't* you believe in me, Phœbe? Don't you believe I shall make a painter?"

He spoke with an imperious harshness, repeating his query. It was evident, curiously evident, that he cared for her opinion.

"Of course I believe in you," she said, her chest heaving. "It 's—it 's—other things."

Then, coming to him again, she flung her arms piteously round him. "Oh, John, John—for a year past—and more—you 've been sorry you married me!"

"What on earth 's the matter with you?" he cried, half in wrath, half astonished. "What 's come to you, Phœbe?"

"Oh! I know," she said, withdrawing herself and speaking in a low torrent of speech. "You were very fond of me when we married, and—and I dare say you 're fond of me now, but it 's different. You were a boy then, and you thought you 'd get drawing-lessons in Kendal, and perhaps a place at a school, and you did n't seem to want anything more. And now you 're so ambitious—so ambitious, John, I"—she turned her head away—"I sometimes feel when I 'm with you—I can't breathe—it 's just burning you away—and me too. You 've found out what you can do—and people tell you you 're so clever; and then you think you 've thrown yourself away, and that I 'm a clog on you. John"—she approached him suddenly, panting—"John, do you mean that baby and I are to stay all the winter alone in that cottage?" She motioned toward it.

He protested that he had elaborately thought out all that she must do. She must go to her father at Keswick for the summer, and possibly for the winter, till he

had got a footing. He would come up to see her as often as work and funds would permit. She must look after the child—make a little money, perhaps, by her beautiful embroidery.

"I 'll not go to my father," she said, with energy.

"But why not?"

"You seem to forget that he married a second wife, John, last year."

"I 'm sure Mrs. Gibson was most friendly when we were there last month. And we 'd *pay*, of course,—we 'd pay."

"I 'm not going to plant myself and Carrie down on Mrs. Gibson for six months and more, John; so don't ask me. No; we 'll stay here—we 'll stay here!"

She began to pluck at the grass with her hand, staring before her at the moonlit stream like one who sees visions of the future. The beauty of her faintly visible head and neck suddenly worked on John Fenwick's senses. He threw his arm round her.

"And I shall soon be back. You little silly, can't you understand that I shall always be wanting you?"

"We 'll stay here," she repeated slowly. "And you 'll be in London making smart friends, and dining with rich folk, and having ladies to sit to you—"

"Phœbe, you 're not jealous of me?" he cried, with a great good-humored laugh; "that would be the last straw."

"Yes, I am jealous of you!" she said, with low-voiced passion; "and you know very well that I 've had some cause to be."

He was silent. Through both their minds there passed the memory of some episodes in their married life, slight but quite sufficient to show that John Fenwick was a man of temperament invincibly attracted by womankind.

He murmured that she had made mountains out of molehills. She merely raised his hand and kissed it. "The women make a fool of you, John," she said; "and I ought to be there to protect you; for you do love me, you know—you do!"

And then with tears she broke down and clung to him again, in a mood that was partly the love of wife for husband, and partly an exquisite maternity—the same feeling she gave her child. He responded with eagerness, feeling indeed that he had won his battle.

For she lay in his arms, weak, protesting no more. The note of anguish, of deep, incalculable foreboding, which she had shown passed away from her manner and words; while on his side he began to draw pictures of the future so full of exultation and of hope that her youth presently could but listen and believe. The sickle moon descended behind the Pikes; only the stars glimmered on the great side of the fell, on solitary yews black upon the night, on lines of wall, on dim, mysterious paths, old as the hills themselves, on the softly chiding water. The May night breathed upon them, calmed them, brought out the better self in each. They returned to the cottage like children, hand in hand, talking of a hundred practical details, thankful that the jarring moment had passed away, each refraining from any word that could wound the other. Nor was it till Fenwick was sound asleep beside her that Phœbe, replunged in loneliness and dread, gave herself in the dawn-silence to a passion of unconquerable tears.

(To be continued)

Color drawigg by Sigismond Ivanowski

AN AUTUMN REVERIE

INDIAN SUMMER

BY S. WEIR MITCHELL

THE stillness that doth wait on change is here,
Some pause of expectation owns the hour;
And faint and far I hear the sea complain
Where gray and answerless the headlands tower.

Slow falls the evening of the dying year,
Misty and dim the patient forests lie,
Chill ocean winds the wasted woodland grieve,
And earthward loitering the leaves go by.

Behold how nature answers death! O'erhead
The memoried splendor of her summer eves
Lavished and lost, her wealth of sun and sky,
Scarlet and gold, are in her drifting leaves.

Vain pageantry! for this, alas, is death,
Nor may the seasons' ripe fulfilment cheat
Our thronging memories of those who died
With life's young summer promise incomplete.

The dead leaves rustle 'neath my lingering tread,
Low murmuring ever to the spirit ear:
We were, and yet again shall be once more,
In the sure circuit of the rolling year.

Trust thou the craft of nature. Lo! for thee
A comrade wise she moves, serenely sweet,
With wilful prescience mocking sense of loss
For us who mourn love's unreturning feet.

Trust thou her wisdom, she will reconcile
The faltering spirit to eternal change
When, in her fading woodways, thou shalt touch
Dear hands long dead and know them not as strange.

For thee a golden parable she breathes
Where in the mystery of this repose,
While death is dreaming life, the waning wood
With far-caught light of heaven divinely glows.

Thou, when the final loneliness draws near,
And earth to earth recalls her tired child,
In the sweet constancy of nature strong
Shalt dream again—how dying nature smiled.

Drawn by Harry Fenn. Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

GARDEN FRONT OF THE GERMAN EMBASSY FACING THE QUAI D'ORSAY

HISTORIC PALACES OF PARIS

II. HÔTEL DU PRINCE EUGÈNE (THE GERMAN EMBASSY)

A FINISHED EXAMPLE OF THE EMPIRE STYLE

BY CAMILLE GRONKOWSKI

THE exterior of the Hôtel du Prince Eugène, a lofty and sober façade ornamented only by a sculptured pediment, large windows with mascarons, simple and noble lines, does not vary notably from several other seigniorial residences built in Paris during the eighteenth century. But the interior offers unexpected pleasures: it is the only complete specimen which is left us of authentic "Empire" style, that of the years 1803 to 1807. Its splendid decorations were executed for a semi-imperial personage, Eugène de Beauharnais, stepson of Napoleon I. And the great Emperor himself did not disdain to occupy his time personally with the work on it, and very closely occupy himself, as we shall see.

THE palace is situated back of the Quai d'Orsay, which is separated from it by a great lawn in terraces. In order to permit a view the centuried trees on its grounds cast their shade only on the two ends of the garden, which consists solely of flowerbeds and green strips of turf. The view is

Drawn by Jules Guérin. Half-tone plate engraved by R. Varley

ENTRANCE TO THE GERMAN EMBASSY, NO. 78 RUE DE LILLE

indeed admirable. At the foot of the terraced lawn the Seine rolls its quiet flood along, and on the other bank one sees the park of the Tuileries, continued on the left by the emerald wedge of the Champs-Élysées, while on the right the enormous roofs of the Pavillon de Flore tell of the Louvre and its long galleries parallel with the river.

Here, then, is one of those corners of Paris where there are still some air and space, even a very large space. It is also the extreme northern limit of the aristocratic Faubourg Saint Germain. At the beginning of the eighteenth century the fashionable quarter came to a stop a little back of this, toward the rue du Bac and the rue Saint Dominique—up to the day that the architect Germain Boffrand had the idea of turning these indeterminate but marvelously situated grounds to use. First, in 1713, he built a great palace the garden of which ended at the "Frog Port" (Quai d'Orsay). The court of honor was prolonged backward as far as the rue de Bourbon, to-day the rue de Lille, and it is that which interests us now. Hardly had he finished this business than Boffrand, who seems in this case to have acted as a speculator, conveyed it to the Marquis de Torcy, and then built for himself another palace on the adjoining land. But very soon after he sold this to the Marquis de Seignelay. Seeing by this time that fashion had already turned decisively toward this quarter of Paris, he took two partners hardly less illustrious, Robert de Cotte and Lassurance; they continued the series with a third palace for the Dowager Duchess de Conti. Some others followed, and the last two of these seigniorial residences were ordered by the Duchesse de Bourbon, whose immense domain, so unfortunately transformed at the opening of the nineteenth century, became the Palais Législatif and the private palace of the President of the Chamber of Deputies.

Luckily, the palace has remained unrestored outside, with the exception of the roofs, which have been raised with very little judgment. For a long while the edifice kept the name of the Marquis de Torcy, who had bought it in 1715.[1] Then the heirs of Colbert de Torcy conveyed it to Gabriel Louis Neufville de Villeroy, after which it passed to the families of Boufflers, d'Astorg-Roquépine, and de Toulongeon. The Revolution came, and obscure personages were its tenants, notably certain men called Pierre Joseph Garnier and Antoine Pierre Bandelier Béfort, who sold it to Eugène de Beauharnais.

If I have passed quickly over the various owners of this residence in the eighteenth century it is because the chief interest in the matter centers on the name of Beauharnais, that curious figure of a satellite in the imperial orbit, and on the very suggestive events which were called forth by the bills in payment of the new interior decorations of the palace, payments which Napoleon himself had undertaken to meet and which occasioned a tragi-comedy in which the actors were a trio of architects, Prince Eugène, and the Emperor.

When he was born at Paris in 1781, nothing could have prophesied the astonishing fortune which Eugène de Beauharnais was destined to reach in the future. The Beauharnais family, which had its roots in the Orléans province, could show ancient quarterings in its coat of arms. A Jean de Beauharnais figures in the trial of Joan of Arc; he testified in favor of the heroine. But the family lived obscurely as petty squireens of the province until the day that Louis XV raised the property of Ferté-Aurain into a marquisate under the name of Ferté-Beauharnais.

This high distinction, far from laming the energy of the family by fixing its members in the empty and sedentary existence of the court circle, gave them, on the contrary, the idea of flaunting their venturesome spirits through the world. Thus we find Alexandre de Beauharnais, the father of Prince Eugène, born in Martinique, faring forth to war in America under the command of Rochambeau. He fights courageously in the War of Independence for the colonies, travels much, returns to France with his young wife Josephine Tas-

[1] The Marquis de Torcy was no other than Jean Baptiste Colbert, nephew of the great minister of Louis XIV. He became in turn ambassador to Denmark, Portugal, and England; then Secretary and Grand Treasurer of State. In 1688 he had become Minister of Foreign Affairs, and in 1709 Upper Intendant-General of Posts of the kingdom. It was after his election as member of the Academy of Sciences (1715), the very year of the death of Louis XIV, that the Marquis de Torcy bought the palace.

chet de la Pagerie—the future Empress—and in 1789 pours forth flames of eloquence over ideas of liberty. Sent to the States-General as deputy by the seneschalsdom of Blois, he works ardently, during the famous night of August 4, for the suppression of privileges, equality before the law, and free accession of all citizens to public office. Better still, he joins example to theory, and while the preparations are being made for the Fête de la Première Fédération on the Champs de Mars, he sets to work along with the plain workmen. Says Mercier: "He was seen harnessed to the same cart as the Abbé Sieyès." But this does not prevent him from understanding just how to preside over assemblies with the mastery of a man of race. "Gentlemen," said he to the deputies, having suddenly heard of the flight of Louis XVI to Varennes, "gentlemen, the King has left us—night—let us pass to the order of the day."

HONOR BEDROOM—CHAMBER OF QUEEN HORTENSE

But the time came when the excesses of the demagogues seemed to him to pass the limits; so, after having valiantly fought in the armies of the North, when the decree appeared which removed the nobles from all military employment, he sent in his resignation. Then he retired to his domain of Ferté-Imbault and imagined that he was

Drawn by Harry Fenn

SALON OF THE FOUR SEASONS

to end his days there in quiet, when, a victim to the mania for spying which then ran riot, he was denounced as a suspect under the fallacious plea that he had helped in the surrender of Mayence by remaining fifteen days inactive at the head of his troops. Condemned to death by the revolutionary tribunal, he was guillotined on the Place Louis XV.

Besides his widow Alexandre de Beauharnais left two children, Eugène and Hortense, all three in the greatest penury, the property of the nobles having been confiscated. They were left so poor that the future viceroy, then aged fifteen, was forced to hire himself out as an apprentice to a carpenter! But this boy, who had small taste for the plane and square, was dreaming of battles. One day he dared to present himself before a young general concerning whom people were beginning to talk, and claimed again the sword belonging to his father which had been seized during a recent disarmament of the people. The sword was found and given back to the child and his mother; and so it came about that the negotiations tended to bring these three persons together, to such a degree, indeed, that very soon the young widow, putting off her black veils, agreed to marry the man—the coming man Bonaparte—who had helped to rehabilitate the honor of her husband.

Eugène lived in the path he cut. The stages on Bonaparte's way of glory, allowing for difference in proportion, were the same followed by his stepson. Having enlisted at first in the Guards, he soon passes into Italy and is given a mission to Campo Formio, where he "pays with his person" in a certain meeting in which he comes near losing his life. Bonaparte, who liked this way of acting, names him his aide-de-camp in Egypt, and there again Beauharnais makes himself talked about; he is wounded under the walls of St. Jean d'Acre. Both return to France in 1799, and behold, here comes the 18th Brumaire, the proclamation of the Consulate and the campaign in Italy! Eugène is then gazetted captain of Chasseurs of the Guard, chief of squadron at Marengo, then brigadier-general. And when Bonaparte became Napoleon I he did not forget the son of Josephine: he

made him Viceroy of Italy—at twenty-four!

Such honors demanded a princely residence for quarters in the capital. One fine day the former apprentice cast his eyes on the Hôtel de Torcy, that big seigniorial seat with the fine terraces which was reflected in the waters of the Seine, and the 30th Floréal of the year XI (May 20, 1803) he bought it for the modest sum of 194,975 francs.

The old residence of the Colberts de Torcy and the Villeroys could scarcely fail to add a special luster to the lucky man who had accumulated so many honors in so few years. For it does seem that a peculiar atmosphere hangs to the present day about these old hôtels and surrounds their inhabitants with an impalpable network of ancient traditions, a prestige which only those things possess that have long endured and have seen illustrious events and noble persons. Still the interior decoration of the hôtel, very dilapidated since the Revolution, required a complete renewal. Eugène resolved to finish it according to the taste of the day, according to the ritual of the "Empire" style, which began to harden its lines and gave rise to great artistic expectations. I shall analyze and describe it later; but at the moment I affirm that no period could have been more favorable to such a project from the artistic point of view.

Eugène de Beauharnais could not gain possession of his domain before the 1st Germinal of the year XII (March 22, 1804) owing to certain liens agreed to by the former proprietors. But this delay was utilized by preparing plans and designs for the luxurious decoration of the apartments, which was committed to the decorative architect Bataille, under the direction of Calmelet, the former surrogate tutor of Beauharnais, and of Soulange, nephew of Calmelet. The quiet palace was soon invaded by an army of artists and laborers. The garden was planted in the English style with exotic trees and rare plants

From a photograph by Moreau Frères

SALON NAMED FOR THE PAINTER HUBERT ROBERT

Drawn by A. Castaigne. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

IN THE THRONE ROOM—A DIPLOMATIC CONVERSATION

brought from Egypt. A humming like that of a beehive filled the old residence, and Eugène, very much absorbed by the work, was superintending it all himself, when, with his usual suddenness, Napoleon sent him across the Alps at the head of a detachment of the Guards, creating him Prince Arch-Chancellor of State and while on the way Viceroy of the Kingdom of Italy, where he was to establish his residence—at Milan.

The decorative work and the changes of the interior were finished in 1805. Beauharnais being away, the bills had been imprudently sent to his father by marriage. They amounted to a million and a half of francs. At the sight of this sum the Emperor flew into one of those terrible fits of wrath which were usual with him. And since he did not do things by half, he resolved to crush the architects to the extent of his power. The correspondence that ensued between him and Eugène throws a peculiar light on Napoleon's psychology. Here are the letters:

Paris, 18 January, 1806.

To Prince Eugène.

My Son: I cannot give my approval to M. Calmelet or to your architect; I have driven them both from my presence. It is absurd to suppose that they expended 1,500,000 francs on so small a house as yours, and what they have done to it is not worth one quarter of that sum. Be careful, therefore, to undertake nothing unless all the specifications and estimates are fixed. For the rest, do not bother yourself about your house; I have placed my embargo on it. When you return to Paris you shall lodge in my palace.

Napoleon.

But the Emperor did not stop there. He wrote to the chief of police to watch the architects, and, if one were to read between the lines, one might even think that he would not have been sorry to obtain some discovery favorable to his suspicions. Listen to this:

Paris, 31 January, 1806.

To M. Fouché.

Monsieur Fouché, Minister of Police: M. Calmelet and a certain Bataille, whom he uses as architect and decorator, are suspected to have an understanding with each other contrary to my interests, and I am inclined to give credence to various hints which come to my ears when I consider that they have presented a bill of a million in expenditures for the house of Prince Eugène, which they have been engaged upon, and where of a certainty they have not expended 200,000 francs. I wish that you would give some one an order to observe the alterations made during the last four or five months in his house in Paris and on the country-seat which is on the Fontainebleau highway; find out public talk as to his [Calmelet's] character, and discover where his papers are and the actual state of his affairs, so that if these suspicions are confirmed I may make a severe example of him to others. Since my return the wastefulness which goes on is such that one ought to consider the squanderers enemies of the state. Calmelet for my house, Roger for the public treasury and, for the administration of war, a certain Gau, who is state counselor, are the men to watch.

I beg you to consider it an important matter to surround these persons with special detectives, so that a fortnight hence you can give me the public's opinion and whatever else may add to my knowledge on this matter.

Napoleon.

Nevertheless, despite the ill-concealed wishes of the Emperor, the Minister of Police himself could not find out anything against the three artists. On the other hand Prince Eugène took up their defense with courage, going even so far as to dare to write this:

It is what I owe to truth to say to your Majesty that in my private affairs Messrs. Calmelet, Soulanges and my architect are not in any way culpable. I have known them a long time, and the friendliness they have shown to my family in times less fortunate gives me the boldness to recommend them to your Majesty.

So it was that the Emperor, having made a mistake, was forced to resign himself to the inevitable, though cursing and letting his bad temper go in this last letter:

Paris, 3 February, 1806.

To Prince Eugène.

My Son: You have arranged your affairs very badly in Paris. They have again presented to me the bill of 1,500,000 francs for your house. This sum is enormous. Messrs. Calmelet, Bataille and the little surveyor whom you appointed are rascals, and I see that they have so mixed everything up that it will be impossible to avoid paying a great deal. I see this with pain, and I thought you put more order in your business. One should never do anything without an estimate and a specification that it shall not be overrun. You have

done just the contrary; the architect has put in just as much as he wished, and there are immense sums thrown out of the window. I have ordered Bessières to look after these matters himself. Put more attention and knowledge into the business of my civil list in Italy;[1] architects are everywhere the same.

Napoleon.

After all, as we have seen, he had to pay, although with a bad grace. Only the curious point in all this matter is this: the sovereign having, according to his own expression, "placed his embargo" on this palace, Prince Eugène could never live in it. When he returned to Paris in 1809, 1810, 1811, and 1812, he always found foreign princes installed in his domain, so that it was never possible for him to enter it. In 1814, the year of the invasion, the hôtel served as lodging to a person who was not invited, this time, by the Emperor —Frederick William III, King of Prussia! This prince retained such a pleasant memory of it that he asked permission to lease the place for the future to lodge the Prussian legation. He resolved finally to buy it from Eugène de Beauharnais. The sale took place October 30, 1817; after appraisal and inventory in detail, the price was fixed at 290,444 francs for the ground and buildings, plus 296,710 francs for the wall-decorations within, for the doors, chimneys, and certain pictures, plus another sum for the furniture and hangings. A certain number of pieces of furniture having been reserved by Eugène, the purchase amounted in all to 575,000 francs.

When the Empire fell Eugène retired into Bavaria to the father of his wife, who created him Duke of Leuchtenberg and Prince of Eichstadt. As we have already seen, he had just sold his hôtel to the Prussian legation. He died at Munich in 1824 of an attack of apoplexy, aged only forty-four. Already he had become one of the forgotten ones, one of those persons alive who have long ceased to exist. He did not return again to Paris save once, for the funeral of his mother; and on that occasion he thought it his duty to make a visit to King Louis XVIII, to whom the meeting gave the occasion for a *bon mot*. Since the stepson of the Emperor had very discreetly caused himself to be announced under the name of Marquis de Beauharnais, the brother of Louis XVI, greatly flattered, corrected the announcement of the official introducing him. "Let Prince Eugène enter," quoth he. And he asked him to remain in France with the title of Marshal, but in vain.

Since it was purchased for Frederick William in 1817 the palace has continued to be the home at Paris of the envoy of Prussia and later of Germany.

In 1830 an alarm of a pretty serious nature occurred, followed by several others. One fine day it was observed that the building was cracking everywhere, and most disquieting reports announced that the beams of the floors, rotting these many years, were in danger of collapse. A strange thing for an edifice scarcely one hundred and twenty years old! In 1837 the principal walls were gone over and new beams were added to the floors—an insufficient treatment. The slow ruin of the hôtel continued inexorably, and the repairs revealed only greater and greater disintegration. An energetic remedy was indispensable. In 1843 the French architect Hittorf calculated that an outlay of 240,000 francs would be necessary. This was approved by Helfft, the inspector of buildings in Berlin, who even came to Paris to make an exhaustive study. This architect, who was at once an artist of fine quality and a diplomat, knew how to deploy the greatest energy in order to preserve from demolition the admirable interior decoration in Empire style. For the Berlin authorities, aghast at the large sums required, had come to the conclusion that the splendid gilt ornaments of the ceilings should be destroyed, as well as other accessories equally costly to keep. This most undesirable and barbarous plan was energetically fought by Helfft, who obtained 74,000 francs for the first costs and 156,000 later, by order of cabinet of July 28, 1843.

These outlays were heavy for the little Prussian monarchy about the middle of the nineteenth century. Would one believe that the same sort of difficulties were made quite recently by the powerful German Empire on the occasion of a renovation of the hôtel which was adjudged necessary eighteen months ago? Thanks to the energy

[1] The Administration of Prince Eugène in Italy was exemplary. When he resigned the management in 1813, he left ninety-three millions of savings in the state exchequer.

and artistic feeling of Prince von Radolin, the German ambassador, however, everything was arranged and the necessary and in fact indispensable 250,000 francs was obtained. The architect Chatenay undertook the work and carried it out with excellent taste reinforced by a respectful study of the past. Unhappily it was not possible to preserve the ceiling of the big salon in its original materials; the beams were reduced to powder, the pretty heavy casing that supported the gilded ornaments had fallen away from the iron supports placed in 1843, and the safety of the inhabitants of the palace was actually menaced. I hasten to add that the new decoration of this ceiling reproduces the old with the most scrupulous care. The motives are faithfully molded, the designs exactly copied, and such ornaments as remained in good condition were utilized. Nothing was neglected to restore to this salon its former splendor; and the visitor who has not read what I have just written would never imagine that the ceiling is not old.

In the other rooms the restorations have been confined to the work of cleansing, consolidating, and hanging the walls, without any addition except in what concerns a ground-floor apartment having three windows which look out on the court. There also the beams threatened disaster. But in this case it was possible to verify once more the ingeniousness of the old architects; this ruinous ceiling was nothing but a sham, built later, in order to prevent this room of narrow area from looking out of proportion through its relatively exaggerated height. I believe that by a careful examination a good many other discoveries of this sort could be made in the old palaces, so full are they of corners and hidden nooks, secret closets and concealed stairways.

There remained the important matter of the stuffs to cover the walls, the former hangings being faded and belonging to every style except that of the Empire! One room on the ground floor alone was found to contain an aged bit of silk which was seized on as a precious thing and served as model. As to the other rooms, those, at least, of which the decorations were neither pictures nor lambrequins, it was necessary to compare the stuffs kept in the national Gardes-Meubles or in the château of Compiègne in order to obtain the perfect and harmonious ensemble which characterizes these apartments to-day, apartments truly worthy of a great embassy.[1]

THE veritable Empire style, a style which was at once sumptuous and elegant, lasted exactly four years—from 1803 to 1807. During the period just preceding a dryness ruled in the arts and often also a clumsiness due to a pale and untrue imitation of the antique. Then, from 1807 onward, a heaviness descended with crushing effect owing to unnecessary richness, and the natural result was bad taste. Instead of furniture people got monuments.

Production did not cease, however. In order to bear perfect fruit, culture and art require before everything else calm and prosperity. And alas! many of the masterpieces were pitilessly destroyed. Despite the establishment of the Muséum Central by the Convention, despite the brave efforts of Alexandre Lenoir, the marvels of art accumulated for centuries in palaces and churches were pillaged, destroyed, or for the sake of insignificant sums thrown into the melting-pot.

Nevertheless, when the new political waves were stilled, two men put a little order into that chaos, and true luxury into that specious simplicity, namely, Percier and Fontaine. At the beginning of the imperial reign they began to design furniture for the government and plans for monuments. Their work is of importance and their success was great. At once they were imitated; others felt the inspiration, and a "veritable style" blossomed out during the first years of the Empire, a style the finer qualities of which I attribute, however, to the survival of some of the great artisans of the reign of Louis XVI, the last remnant of the good old corporations and "mysteries" of the eighteenth century. As I have said, this art was very rapidly falling into complete decadence through forgetfulness of principles, a striving for too heavy richness, and a prodigal use of bronze ornaments, those famous "bronzes" in Empire style of which people were so prodigal that, in order to stick still more of them on a piece of furniture,

[1] I owe to the kindness of M. von Miguel, councilor of embassy, most of the details which are here given concerning the restoration of the hôtel.

the designer squared his forms to the point of fabricating a kind of edifice covered with a veritable flood of gold! Let us take advantage of the short space of time in which this style was really in bloom in order to describe its finished example—the Hôtel of Prince Eugène, whose decoration goes back to the years 1804 and 1805.

No sooner does one cross the tall portal on the rue de Lille beneath the imperial German eagles than one sees at the first step into the court of honor how the old Hôtel de Torcy has submitted to the Napoleonic influence. Against the simple Louis XIV façade Prince Eugène caused a monumental portico to be erected, decorated with hieratic figures and Oriental emblems in which one easily recognizes a souvenir of the campaign in Egypt. One enters a grand vestibule belonging to the eighteenth century, like the stairway a noble design; this shows a fine gilded ramp and higher up the great wall-painting by Hubert Robert. These, however, are almost the sole remaining vestiges of the first epoch of the palace. All the salons into which we now shall pass underwent the restorations and changes devised by Prince Eugène. Their fine procession is lighted from the garden which runs down toward the Seine.

In this suite are, especially, five salons which, owing to their perfect and finished decorations, each of its kind, deserve to be considered as the most complete and classic examples of the Empire style.

First comes the Salon des Quatres Saisons. It takes its name from the gigantic allegories which decorate the chief panels. These paintings, attributed to Boisfremont, retain a very decided elegance despite that "emphasis" which already begins to invade art. They prove that between David, the cold and pompous renovator of pseudo-antique forms, and Prud'hon, that delightful French Correggio, the last heir of the graces of the eighteenth century, there exists a place in all the early years of the nineteenth century for some talented artists who tried, as in this case, to strike a middle term between the two schools. Notably interesting is the figure of Winter, the partly nude woman who has pulled her draperies shudderingly round her to meet the first coldness of the autumnal gale.

High pilasters make monumental divisions for the room and in the happiest fashion isolate the three windows, the doors, and the mirrors. I may note that these pilasters do not support anything; the frieze that runs above them remains absolutely independent. They are there for the pleasure of seeing them, merely for the ornament they offer. That is a license which architects of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries would not have allowed themselves. At the base their white surfaces are clothed with an elegant carved and gilded design, in which at highest relief is the inevitable conventionalized swan, so dear to the decorators of the epoch.

And the doors, how they betray their era! In the little salons of the Hôtel de Crillon certain casements covered with painted arabesques and delicate motives on a gold ground are in the style of Lavallée. That was a direct imitation of the Pompeian frescos. But in the Hôtel of Prince Eugène they show themselves, if I may employ the term, more Romanizing than at Rome or at Naples! Each panel of a door is occupied by a "floating allegory," a long outline of a woman who seems to be dancing on clouds. The upper and lower panels are covered with antique emblems; the entablature shows Roman chariots and winged dragons; and finally the fan-lights, or the wall above the doors not framed in, transport us back two thousand years to triumphant generals crowned with laurel, warriors in helmet and chlamys, women in peplums, to sacrifices to the gods, and distributions of eagles to legions.

Oh, those eagles! What a prodigality, what a debauch of eagles! The imperial bird of Augustus and Napoleon spreads itself along the grand frieze that runs about the hall. They rise from palmettos, twine garlands of laurel, and perch above Victories overthrown. At the key-stone of the vaulted and sumptuous ceiling soars the last and greatest eagle, with spread wings and convulsively grasping talons from which stream bolts of lightning, that eagle which Bonaparte adopted as a crest for his coat of arms.

This admirable ceiling is a veritable symphony in dull gold and brilliant gold, in white and very pale rose and pearly gray, with some portions cleverly wrought in

silver, so as to throw the others into relief. The latter are made up of a light paste of paper covered with dull gold-leaves. The arrangement of the main design follows the diagonals of two squares; the compartment which results is pointed in the middle with a very large rosette in relief. As to those of triangular shape which decorate the sides of the ceiling, their handling is very rich indeed; nothing but garlands, arabesques, cornucopias, caducei, laurel branches, and always, always the winged Victories and the eagles.

Gold shines everywhere, that solid gold of the First Empire, so firm during the past hundred years that it has never taken on a patina. It gleams from the monumental clock, massive and allegorical, and from the antique vases on either side; from the elegant applied bronzes on the chimney-piece and from the severe-lined fire-dogs; from the sides of the rare bracket between "Winter" and "Spring," that masterpiece of cabinet-work, or rather of the chaser's art, for the metal has encroached everywhere, supported in lieu of feet by winged chimeras all in gold, which carry candlesticks in gold whose shafts are crouching women in gold and whose bases offer Egyptian bas-reliefs, always in richly gilded bronze.

Some twenty wall-sconces and five grand chandeliers in Empire style have been arranged for electricity. How can one describe the effect of these metallic and vibratory streams of light at the night-time receptions at the embassy? That is the time to see the harmony which emanates from all this setting and lends a new splendor to the jeweled dresses of the women, the fine feathers of diplomats and officers. Assuredly these old-time splendors of the palaces of the past are the only frames that suit the display of truly grand luxury. In Paris people praise very much the receptions given by foreign ambassadors. It is well they do. But let us render unto Cæsar that which is Cæsar's, and to our last palaces that part which belongs to them in the splendor of these festivities.

Other salons that follow in line, the Cherry-colored Salon, the Music Room, also show magnificent ceilings designed on the same general principle and following a style of decoration the rhythm of which regulates itself, in a way, according to that of the Salon of the Four Seasons. Still, the compositions are entirely different. Thus, in the Green Salon the Leitmotif, if I may say so, consists especially in palmettes and medallions joined together by very light garlands formed of small leaves. In the Music Room, on the contrary, the leading note is given by twining plant-forms recalling happily enough the First Renaissance and by winged sphinxes whose long line forms a beautiful frieze below the modillions.

This Cherry-colored Salon may be considered in a way the most curious one of all the apartments in the hôtel. The great mural paintings are perhaps by Prud'hon, at any rate by one of his best pupils. For a long while they were thought to be works by Hubert Robert; but this attribution is absurd. Doubtless it had its origin in the fact that several panels in the old Hôtel de Colbert-Torcy were actually decorated by that painter, but they disappeared with all the earlier decorations of the palace. In any case they are charming in their urbane and kindly conventionalism, and especially by reason of the decorations surrounding them, showing dancing girls and women playing instruments, forever soaring in the air according to the ritual. Pretty groups of Cupids and Zephyrs above reach out their garlands and wreaths. This salon formerly served as dining-room, but now the ambassador takes his meals in a large hall which has in it nothing remarkable save the portraits of sovereigns which fill the panels, Catherine II, Frederick the Great, Peter the Great, etc.

The Honor Bedroom, whose interior is shown in the illustration, will hold our attention longer. For some time it was used by Queen Hortense, sister of Prince Eugène de Beauharnais, when she lived separated from her husband, Louis Bonaparte, King of Holland, after 1810.[1]

The queen's monumental bedstead strikes one at the first glance. An immense canopy supported by four double columns is fitted up inside with blue satin studded with stars; so studded are also the curtains and tent. The twin columns, the lower part of the bases, and the capitals are almost entirely covered with fine bronzes, gilt and chased. On the less projecting portions of the bedstead, on the other hand, the ornament is more reserved

[1] At this time her last son, the future Emperor Napoleon, was two years old.

and rolls itself along in fine arabesques which make a frame to the delicate miniature there inlaid representing "Night Covering the Earth." I have discovered that a large mirror formed the foot of the bedstead and completed its characteristic design; at present it is entirely covered by a satin curtain. This bedstead cost 18,791 francs. Let the reader imagine what it would bring to-day at public sale!

The decoration of this room is somewhat of a surprise at first, owing to its many colors. The bluish ceiling is here again a work of elegant learning; it closely recalls the models from Pompeii. But this influence is particularly strong in the paintings of the doors, this time very light in decoration, which are real marvels of taste in their blue and pearl-gray harmonies. The ground is formed by several sorts of rare wood—mahogany, now light, now dark, ebony, and violet-wood in a natural state. On the furniture, which is too heavy to suit my taste, are painted medallions, a rare instance for that epoch.

As a part of this royal chamber I must not forget to mention the extraordinary bath-room, all columns and looking-glasses, whose design is the last word of illusion by the aid of mirrors—and also of ingenious voluptuousness. By means of reflections produced in every direction the spectator imagines himself transported into a palace of the Arabian Nights, magical in its distances. Small in fact, this room seems of infinite extent, and it troubles the senses. The delicate little columns painted and inlaid, the ceiling and the floor in mosaic, seem to afford glimpses into a distance, as it were a mirage, a flow of stalactites, or a grotto full of sapphires and topazes in some distant palace, far off in the realm of Golconda.

Very much inferior is the Turkish cabinet close to this bath-room; one may say without hesitation that its noisy and heterogeneous decorations belong to some pretty recent period; but let us not linger over this.

THIS great palace, which Napoleon called a "little house" when it suited him to haggle over the price of the decorations, contains a great number of other remarkable rooms.[1]

Particularly I should like to mention a sober and elegant working-cabinet whose Empire decorations, very lightly wrought, harmonize beautifully with the panels painted in the eighteenth century, which have remained in their settings of carved wood. It contains several choice pieces of furniture, and especially some fine examples of fire-gilt chased work in metal. What a pity that the palace no longer contains in its former completeness the furniture of the past, that magnificent ensemble which, having gone out of fashion under Louis Philippe, was sold or thrown into the rubbish-heap! By a mere chance I have learned the curious story of a long-headed dealer, who foresaw that taste would return toward the Empire style and had the audacious tenacity of will to open a shop for that very purpose in the rue de Lille, over against the embassy, in order to obtain little by little and without attracting attention, and also at absurdly low prices, these despised pieces of furniture, which were at once replaced by others in the odious *capiton* or waste-silk style.

Nowadays there is no danger of vandalism. Prince von Radolin is a connoisseur, and his solicitude for the building is not only preservative but reparative. The large bookcases on the ground floor may be witness. Each one of them, measuring four meters twenty in length by three meters ninety-five in height, is ornamented with tall columns set with gilt bronzes of the rarest and most elaborate sort. During the recent restorations in the palace, seeing that these cases were literally falling to pieces, the prince directed that they should be taken apart and secured an appropriation of 3500 francs for the restoration of each. In 1805 each bookcase had cost 23,200 francs. Oddly enough the bronze appliqués were the only parts which did not require any repairs; though more than a century old, this fire-gilt, when simply scoured with a sponge, came out just as brilliant as it was at first.

The number of surviving arm-chairs and other chairs being limited and more scattered through the garrets, maybe, than the salons, these precious models were carefully collected and scrupulously copied; and thus it happens that we can admire,

[1] Nowadays we can reckon better how unjust were the estimates, and especially the suspicions, of the Emperor with regard to the architects and decorators who knew so well how to rearrange the interior of the palace.

notably, that delightful set of swan chairs." The chandeliers had been spared in a higher degree and on the whole were intact; the old inventories tell us that all the crystals were cut in Bohemia. Only the chandelier in the bed-chamber of Queen Hortense is not ancient; it was copied from a piece in Empire style at Fontainebleau. Finally certain very delicate restorations were undertaken and successfully carried out, such, for example, as the lining of two big decocorative paintings in the Music Room, whose original canvases showed holes and rents.

All this has been done with a reverent care which does the greatest honor to those who undertook and carried out the work of restoration. To-day the palace presents without a blemish the complete and magnificent whole which I have tried to describe. Doubtless I shall have to reproach myself for some omissions, but they have been intentional. What is the use of describing certain rooms without character, and what interest could I take, for example, in telling the reader that the first salon of the ground floor contains the portrait of the Kronprinz over against that of the Empress Augusta, and the likeness of Frederick William III near the portrait of William I? I may notice, however, the Throne Room, because of the singular portrait of the present German Emperor by Köhner, standing in a theatrical attitude, which makes one think at once of Rigaud's likeness of Louis XIV. A velvet canopy overshades it, and at its feet is the imperial throne, turned to the wall—thus attesting by its position the absence of the sovereign.

The presence of these portraits is natural in an embassy and adds no artistic luster to a residence, whether it be seigniorial or contents itself with the machine-made decorations of modern buildings. Moreover, the interest in the subject does not lie there. For in the annals of Paris hereafter the Hôtel of Prince Eugène will be always famous, not for having housed the Colbert-Torcys and the Villeroys or the German ambassadors, but because it remains the masterpiece of the Empire style during its short and good period. For that reason it constitutes an interesting historical souvenir of a memorable epoch, and especially a document of the arts as rare as it is priceless.

THE SEASONS

BY JOHN VANCE CHENEY

WHEN comes Spring?
When blithest the robins sing,
And the violet has her hour?
Not till the heart 's in flower
Is it Spring.

When comes June?
At the time of the thrush's tune,
Of all beauties below and above?
When reddens the rose of love,
Then comes June.

Autumn 's when?
When grasses rasp in the fen,
And the face of the field is wan?
When joys are faded, gone,
Autumn 's then.

Winter hoar,
Comes he with the storm-wind's roar
And all lorn Nature's ruth?
'T is Winter when love and youth
Are no more.

A DEPUTY TO THE WORLD

BY OLIVIA HOWARD DUNBAR

WITH PICTURES BY C. D. WILLIAMS

"DO you mean that you don't intend to send away any box next week?" The petulant voice came from the rocking-chair that all day oscillated substantially beside the sitting-room window.

"Not while Sarah—Sally 's here." Cora Packard spoke firmly, then watched the lines in her mother's face eloquently arrange themselves. After a moment or two she supplemented:

"Oh, I can easily make up for it afterwards. And I don't see why it is any more necessary to tell Sally than to tell any of the other people that we have kept it from so long. Do you, mother? And, then, I can't have anything spoil Sally's visit. She 's young, and full of interest in the kind of things college people are interested in, and she is fond of me, and I think I prefer matters to stay as they are as long as possible."

"You 've always had your own way, Cora," commented her mother, and believed it.

Such commerce as was openly conducted within the village of Higbee, in the gentle grasp of its one comprehensive provisioner to public necessities, was a lax, personal, even intimate thing. The village was unresistingly monopolized by the learned professions in the persons of one clergyman, one "family doctor," and one lenient executor of the law—Constable Shinn. So that for a matter of fifteen years trade, in its severer, impersonal form, had found its only representative in Cora Packard, who was understood to be the independent manufacturer, by processes discreetly veiled, of an article of commerce whereof Higbee might gossip to its idle heart's content, but which it could at least not boast that it had looked upon. Acute as was its collective power of penetration, Higbee, under oath, would have been forced to admit that the evidence of that secret industry which the innocent white walls of the Packard cottage were popularly supposed to screen was all too meagerly circumstantial. From this fact the manufacturer herself had for years derived what bleak comfort she could.

Yet Cora Packard knew, quite as well as did the moral guardians of her native village, that concealment is likely to imply a sense of shame; and she even traced a connection, based on the notorious profits in the sale of alcoholic liquors, between the ignominy of her own occupation and its disconcerting success. But poor Cora, at this stage, after so long a series of personal disappointments and irritations, was scarcely capable of a normal vision. She brooded persistently, resentfully, on the fact that the trivial venture she had once spent all her force in opposing had ironically turned to gold within her unwilling fingers; while now the detested trade imprisoned her every year more firmly, and she felt herself growing stiffly old within the precise contours of its hated shape.

What Higbee, with all its relentless observation, had never known was that at nineteen Cora Packard had left school with the exultant conviction that there awaited her a lusty combat with the world where stalwart deeds are done. Her disappointment at not going to college had been lived through some years earlier, but she still ached with the need to exercise, afar off somewhere in the heart of things, her intellectual and spiritual muscle. All

her youth, it had since seemed to her, had once died during an hour of passionate and futile pleading, while Mrs. Packard, still plump and pretty, sat comfortably in her easy-chair, smiled, and shook her head.

"Not so long as I am alive," she had repeated with that sweet obstinacy that Cora dreaded. "A girl's place is with her parents. Other girls, as you say, may leave their homes and go to live in that adventurous, unladylike way. No daughter of mine ever shall."

"But matters are not looked at as they were when you were young, mother." It was the argument eternally offered by youth to age. "Girls don't have accomplishments now. They do things. Of course I have n't any education to speak of, but must you prevent my doing the best I can? It is not what I should like, but there is the primary school at Eastport—"

"In which case you could live by yourself, I suppose, Cora, and leave your mother to depend on strangers."

"But we need the money so!"

"If you wish to earn money at home," magnificently conceded Mrs. Packard, "neither your father nor I will object. But try to remember, Cora, that you may be useful to your parents without making an outlaw of yourself. There was the Miss Briggs who made those pretty little shawls, crocheted in shell-stitch, so nice to throw over your shoulders if you feel a little chilly or if you run across the road in the evening. You could do that,—why, I could show you how, myself. And no one need ever know anything about it. Or those bed-shoes that your Aunt Jennie makes are very ladylike work, and you could sell them at the Exchange. Or you could make jellies, though that would be a great nuisance in the kitchen, I am afraid. Or what was it that the Wilson girl made? —those little stuffed dates. Delicious, I think they are, and you know you liked them yourself, Cora."

Mrs. Packard had never looked prettier, more benignly maternal, than when she flung out this last triumphant suggestion. So apposite did it seem to her, indeed, that she found occasion often to repeat it, and, in order to strengthen its impressiveness, even sought reinforcement from her husband. In general, the carrying power of Mr. Packard's opinions was affected, at least in his own household, by his nullity as an economic factor; but there were crises in which he was summoned to symbolize, as it were, an augmentative force. Meanwhile the girl's struggle acquired complexity from the fact that she did not understand herself. The tradition of filial docility was strong within her, and she admitted its propriety, aware that in her case, ignorant and alone as she was, it would weigh in the end against that passionate, misunderstood desire to "do things" which had plainly no connection with any of the domestic virtues as inculcated and to some extent practised by her mother. Mrs. Packard, to whom restless ambitions might not be confided, continued sweetly immovable, and the family necessities pressed uncomfortably upon the family nerves. With an air of individual martyrdom, the mother eliminated dessert from the common diet, and Mr. Packard spent his days writing letters to "men of influence," to the effect that his pension should be increased. It ended in Cora's spending ten dollars for a quantity of dates, walnuts, and sugar.

The girl herself rather enjoyed the experimental stage of her new industry; it reminded her of her year at boarding-school. Mrs. Packard was enchanted with each stage of the enterprise, and participated to a disconcerting extent in the finished product. In a few days Cora made a timid trip to the city, returning at night soberly to announce that she had orders for more. After this, Mrs. Packard came to wear habitually a pink flush of satisfaction and to dissemble with cheerful particularity to her visitors as to her daughter's reasons for remaining so much at home. Providence itself had manifestly approved her design, and few mortals are superior to so flattering a coincidence of opinion. Again and again Cora assented to the proposition that her success was the fruit of her mother's originality. What the patient confectioner found much more difficult to endure was a certain maternal habit of eating the largest, sweetest dates from the boxes arranged to be sent away. Yet she knew that to a dutiful daughter it should have been a pleasure to minister to an appetite so capricious.

"What a blessing it is," Mrs. Packard would sometimes benevolently remark, "that they have n't to be cooked. You

Drawn by C. D. Williams. Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

"SALLY'S AIR OF RADIANT CONTENTMENT WITH LIFE ALTERED ONLY WHEN AUNT CORA LED HER TO TALK OF THE FUTURE"

could never keep it from your cousin Martha if there was always a kettle of sweet stuff steaming in the kitchen. Mrs. Haines thinks you are engaged, Cora, because when I feared she suspected something, the other day, I told her you were beginning to relieve me of the housekeeping. It 's just as well."

While Cora assented, willingly enough, to the secret import of her material and the secret export of her manufactures, that eternal vigilance which alone sufficed to baffle the neighborly interest of Higbee bored and chagrined her; to her mother, whose strategic powers ripened in the stress of an imagined necessity, it was incomparably congenial. Failing to become what her mother called "resigned," Cora sustained herself, during the early years of her date-stuffing, by persistent thoughts of escape and of the vague, sweet possibilities that lay beyond. She had need of the girlish dreams she so delicately cherished, for to the literal facts of her life she could never grow accustomed. The sweet, sticky fruit that she had daily to handle became more and more abhorrent. She loathed the sight or scent of it, and felt a swift drop in filial affection whenever she saw her mother unconcernedly move toward the closet where the filled boxes were kept. The one beloved liberty that her drudgery gained her was a subscription to magazines and newspapers that told of the doings of that busy, thinking world of which she still felt herself made to be a part. Her intellectual ideal may not have been definite, but it was surprisingly potent. There were times when Higbee made up its mind that Cora Packard was preparing to be an intellectual old maid, as a kind of spiteful sequence of an alleged disastrous attachment. Meanwhile it was a matter of conscientious insistence with her mother that Cora should live in outward conformity to the etiquette of ladylike young spinsterhood as Higbee conceived it; and, in decorous detachment from her unmentioned industry, she therefore assumed a part in all the social phases of the village life.

Behind its shutters, and in lowered tones, Higbee maintained its scantily fed interest in Cora Packard. It watched her hats grow sedater from year to year, while her young back acquired a more subdued outline; it grasped alertly at each fresh straw of rumor as to Cora's mysterious candy-making, and it speculated with tireless ingenuity as to the nature of her romantic sorrow. There are conditions in which one can, even at twenty-five, become almost elderly. When Cora had stealthily applied herself for some half-dozen years to the making of "stuffed dates," she seemed to know only that hope and buoyancy were dead and that she violently hated sugar. So it was perhaps partly in the nature of a reaction that she had come so intensely to interest herself in her niece Sally.

An elder brother whose image had by this time become a little faded in the family consciousness had in his youth gone to the extreme West, married, and settled; and it seemed that almost every year there was one more chubby face in the group of photographs dutifully sent from Oregon by Rufus's unknown wife for grandmotherly inspection. But semblances, on highly glazed paper, of round-faced youngsters who quite defiantly failed to resemble their lean father interested the grandmother but ephemerally. Without any protest, Mrs. Packard allowed Cora to appropriate the portraits as they came, and to arrange them, almost devotionally, about her own bedroom. When Cora was twenty-five, Sarah, the eldest niece, was thirteen. Her grandmother distinguished her by the fact that in her case the family roundness of face had suddenly become modified to a square, and the family turbulence of hair confined by ribbons of self-conscious pose. But what Cora saw was a child of her own race who would soon be a woman. Was this child also to know life as a narrow, bitter, thwarting thing?

A conviction that the child was not without understanding led Cora to write her, one day, an impulsive letter, full of affectionate questionings. The little girl replied with a blithe unconventionality, narrating incidents of family life, and mentioning, to her aunt's enchantment, that she was preparing for college. Cora did not allow the correspondence to drop; and four years later Sarah partly bridged the space between them by entering a college in the Middle West. With all the girl's youthful zest for this experience, it is not too much to say that Cora's joy in it was even greater. It was a pity, she felt, that Rufus could not afford to educate his daughter in the East, for Cora knew that

all true learning is a distillation of Atlantic brine; yet she conceded that there must be a certain uniformity in academic

real to her, that through this child that she loved she herself was to have another chance at life; ecstatic was her sense of

Drawn by C. D. Williams. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

"'SALLY, PLEASE GO BACK TO BED, AND I WILL TELL YOU'"

instruction, and bore in mind that a later contact with coast traditions would easily perfect the ripeness of Sarah's wisdom. In any event, there stood the fact, palpably

vicarious triumph, of retribution. The fortune-blessed young Westerner would not have to stay at home and stuff dates and provide a subject of speculation for

an idle village. Sarah, at least, would march forth into a world that was not Higbee; she would be strong, honor-crowned, unfettered.

This generous ambition, it is true, was scarcely fostered by the modest tenor of the young collegian's correspondence. Her full, eloquent confidences were not of letters, arts, or sciences, let Cora coax however adroitly. Sarah—or Sally, as she had now become—adored golf and basket-ball, loved the gymnasium, and, as her own individual specialty, excelled, she admitted, in high jumping, a trying bit of news for Aunt Cora. On the other hand, occasional items to the effect that she was secretary of this or chairman of that fed her aunt's pride inordinately. Sally appeared also to have a well-developed social nature, and the number of friends who were more to her than sisters was too long for even Aunt Cora to learn by rote. Upon these various facts Cora would meditate of mornings, adding fond elaborations of her own, while her hands prepared the eternally brittle walnuts or the infinitely sticky dates; flushing, now and then, with the fear that Rufus might know, or Sally suspect, her secret. From which it will be seen that, unreserved as they were in sentimental matters, Cora's letters to her niece were in others hardly candid. But the habit of suppression was so strong that she had never thought of herself as deceiving Sally.

By the time that the girl entered upon her fourth year at college, her aunt had become slowly but thoroughly convinced that college life for young women, in the lax West at least, was, to a far greater extent than seemed desirable, the academic equivalent of beer and skittles. She believed, nevertheless, that certain frivolities which were possibly a necessary relief in a cloistered existence would later be firmly put away, and that Sally would then serenely come into her own as a gifted and learned woman. Cora's Christmas present that year, a check sufficient to enable Sally to spend her Easter vacation in Higbee, was the fulfilment of many affectionate hints. The matter once settled, Cora lay awake night after night, evoking grotesque, piteous fears. Would Sally pity her if she knew, or would she despise her? And had it been wise to risk this meeting, to grant herself this dear indulgence? Would their affection prove ample enough to veil the discrepancy between the poor putterer with dates and the young woman who was shortly to become that wonderful thing, a bachelor of arts?

It was April when Sally Packard arrived. Higbee quite disinterestedly left its supper-table, one night, to watch, through dusk-shadowed windows, the meeting at the Packard gate between a small woman with pale hair and a scant, flat-toned dress and that other, more vigorous young figure with broad shoulders and crinkly brown hair tied with a black bow under her trim hat. Aunt Cora believed that nothing could have defeated her recognition of the pretty snub nose and innocent blue eyes that she had known in so long a series of child pictures.

"Sally,—dear child!—I believe you have not changed since you were a baby!" But this was only a phrase of affection; the girl that she had tremblingly drawn to her, and held and patted,—her Sally, her discovery,—was really a far more splendid creature than even Aunt Cora had foreseen.

"I 'm glad this is you," observed the girl, in her slow, comfortable voice. "We are going to have our good time at last, are n't we?" And she took the lead in the intimacy at once.

Cora had prepared herself, by a kind of fasting and prayer, to live up to Sally, as the loved embodiment of all that she had herself missed. It seemed to her nothing short of providential that somebody should be lecturing in Eastport, on the day after her niece's arrival, on "Labrador and its People." Eastport, it is true, was twenty miles away; but this distance had lately been spanned by a trolley-line, the patronage of which seemed to Higbee an economical blending of intoxicating adventure and complete safety. A day spent in Eastport was now considered sufficient relaxation for any honest man, those who went farther for their pleasure being regarded with a perfectly just suspicion. If only Sally had not seemed so sleepy at the lecture her aunt would have considered the day triumphantly spent; even as it was, she felt happier than she had for years. A day or two later, Cora, making a bolder plunge, took Sally to "the city," the girl's first introduction to an Eastern "center." When they reached home, Mrs. Packard

drew Cora aside for a whispered consultation. A fresh order for dates had come. Cora assented hastily; if only Sally might not suspect!

She did not swerve from her consistent course, and the next morning took the visitor to the public library. Higbee, she feared, had little that would interest a scholar; however, let the scholar take what little there was. But Sally said that she still felt a little tired from her journey, and that she would begin with something light. That evening the minister and his wife were invited to tea, and the next morning the Packards went to church. Cora kept abreast of her new responsibilities inflexibly.

A cheerful characteristic of Sally's was that she seemed to enjoy everything indiscriminately, and, as her grandmother daily hinted to Cora, she looked precisely the kind of girl who would like stuffed dates. Cora hoped this was not true, and knew she could not bear to see Sally eat one. Daily Mrs. Packard reminded her daughter that the date orders were accumulating hopelessly. Daily Cora grew more reckless in the neglect of duty. Sally's visit could last only two weeks. Surely for this little time she might yield to her passionate absorption in the girl.

Sally's air of radiant contentment with life altered only when Aunt Cora led her to talk of her future. Following the academic custom, Sally expected, when she should get a position, to teach, and Cora preferred not to see that the girl was irked by this anticipation. "What shall you teach, dear?" Cora asked her, on the occasion when they first talked of it.

"I wish I knew, Aunt Cora," said Sally, suddenly concerned.

"I had hoped it would be English literature," anxiously suggested Cora, true to her ideals.

"But I don't know anything about it," protested the product of academic education; and Cora tried not to show that she was shocked.

Two days later Sally was in bed with a severe cold. Cora was enchanted that the girl's visit was to be prolonged on any terms; but she could not understand Sally's indifference to the pedagogical treats that she was missing. One day, when Sally went so far as to declare that she was tired of college and text-books, and wished that after commencement she might never see another, Cora flushed deeply, and did what she conceived to be her duty.

"My dear," she said gently, "you have had what I would have given half my life for. Think of that, dear, the next time you are disposed to undervalue it. It is very painful to me to hear you speak in that way. You did not mean it, did you, dear?"

"I 'm afraid I did mean it," said Sally, with a droll expression; "but I wish I had n't. I 'm not at all the kind of niece you ought to have, Aunt Cora. I 'm too commonplace."

When, the next day, the doctor condemned Sally to another day in bed, Mrs. Packard took Cora aside and whispered urgently. For the dates, in a locked closet, a sticky, repellent mass, awaited attention, and it seemed that the day had come when they could no longer be ignored.

"Very well," agreed Cora, finally. "If you will stay with Sally, I will attend to them." And, wretched, with a sick distaste of her secret trade, she slipped down-stairs.

Two hours later, Mrs. Packard had comfortably gone to sleep in her rocking-chair, and Sally, conscientiously bundled in two wrappers, was running about the house to find her aunt and inquire about her medicine. In the back kitchen, the windows of which opened on the orchard, she found a shrinking figure surrounded by tables piled with dates in each stage of the "stuffing" process. As soon as she saw the girl, Cora felt that she had known this would happen, yet none the less did she grow faint with despair and shame.

"Why, Aunt Cora!" exclaimed Sally, "who is going to eat all that candy? Surely you have n't made it for me to take back to college, you dear thing!"

Cora could not speak. She felt frightened and impotent before this big, sensible girl with the honest eyes. One could not tell to Sally even what Cora called a fib. Her hands dropped feebly in her lap and she looked away.

"I believe you are ill, dear," said Sally. "Tell me just how you feel, and I shall know exactly what to do for you. I dose all the children at home."

"Sally, please go back to bed, and I will tell you," said poor Cora, faintly. "You ought to know. I should have told you before. I make these things all the time. I 've done it for years. And I sell them."

"And you did not want to tell me? I don't understand."

So Cora faltered through her explanation, and ended: "I could not have lived if people had known it. I did not suppose I could bear to have you know it. But you are different, dear, are you not?"

"I think I must be." Sally was very grave. "I am so sorry you hate it, Aunt Cora; and still I don't quite understand. They look so good, too!" she could not help adding.

"You baby!" smiled Cora, and led her away to bed.

That afternoon, with the door shut, they had a further talk. Sally, having thought it over, believed that she understood. It was quite evident that Cora would have preferred to discuss something else, but the girl persisted.

"You know, Aunt Cora," she began, "that I shall have to earn my living, just as you do. I know I shall hate teaching, it 's so—stereotyped. Won't you let me come into your date business instead? And then we would not have it secret any longer, but we would be a firm,—Packard & Company, or something like that,—and we would have a salesroom done up in blue. With my little bit of capital we could manage that. And right here on the trolley-line, as we are, we could establish quite a commercial center. And we would be the fashion, and make lots of money, and defy all these stupid Higbee people quite openly, by the mere fact of our success. Do take me, Aunt Cora!"

Was her idol to commit its own destruction? Cora spurred herself to resist, though when had she spent her energy otherwise than in resisting? Meanwhile, the grandmother, foreseeing the usefulness of Sally's young efficiency, supported the girl's plea. And indeed, as Sally outlined it, with Mrs. Packard's eager additions, it seemed an easy, plausible, and delightful plan—Sally, sweet, lovable, competent, and resourceful, always to be of the household; the means of earning the family bread raised from a secret drudgery that almost smacked of disgrace to a publicly acknowledged enterprise, agreeable, prosperous, even, as Sally represented it, picturesque; the yearly revenue increased; her own starved life made happy instead of hateful; nothing to be risked and everything to be won,—on what ground could she reject this dream-like possibility?

Mrs. Packard and Sally already considered the future settled, and Sally, convalescent, insisted, while she packed her trunk, that she would definitely return with it in the autumn.

"Now Sally is more like my own child," observed Mrs. Packard to her daughter, on the eve of the girl's departure. "Sally is practical and sensible. I can understand her. Of course you see now, Cora, that you might have told her about the dates long ago, except that you always look at things so strangely."

All that night—Sally's last night at the cottage—Cora lay awake, her aching, hot-lidded eyes facing, in the darkness, the uncouth shapes of her conjecture. By a paradox that her soul's simplicity made possible, the woman knew the issue of her struggle even before it was begun. To her, indeed, there was but one issue; what she strove for, there in the darkness, was the calm strength to seize and hold it. Her human need for Sally sharpened, of course, immeasurably that sense of loneliness from which she saw no other chance of reprieve. But the temptation to keep the girl was so sweet, so near, so urgent, that in these very qualities it offered a warning and a defense. It was the narrow, the spare, the savorless, that it had always behooved poor Cora to choose; and she chose it now.

Not long after it was light Cora came into her niece's bedroom and with a passionate gentleness lifted the girl's crinkly hair from her flushed face. Then, tenderly, she wakened her.

"I have decided, Sally,"—she spoke quickly and excitedly, as if saying the words would be a relief to her,—"that you are not to come back. I cannot be responsible for your wasting your life. I should so love to have you with me, dear. Still I shall prefer to think of you as doing what I cannot do. For my sake, Sally, you must go out and use your brain; you must count in the world. There is no need of another sacrifice. And even if teaching is not what you would most care about, think that you are doing it for me."

"I think fate mixed us up, Aunt Cora," lamented Sally; "you and I." But she promptly yielded; not from conviction, but from the quick, ardent sympathy that was her peculiar gift. Almost with solem-

nity, the cheerful, practical young creature gave her promise not to shirk what Cora still devotedly believed the higher destiny. And when, a few hours later, the girl was irrevocably gone, Cora, serene once more, was able to assure herself that it mattered little in what fashion her ambition was to be fulfilled. That its fulfilment was at last assured was, after all, the supreme matter.

EMBLEMS OF LONGEVITY MUCH USED BY THE EMPRESS DOWAGER

WITH THE EMPRESS DOWAGER

BY KATHARINE A. CARL

WITH PICTURES BY THE AUTHOR

IV

THE EMPRESS DOWAGER'S THRONE-ROOM —SOME PERSONAL CHARACTERISTICS

WE arrived at the palace in good time the next morning, as the Empress Dowager and suite were coming out of the great audience-hall. She greeted us with a charming smile, and made her usual inquiry for my health. We joined her suite and went along to the throne-room, where the portrait had been begun. This throne-room is a very spacious and lofty hall, one side of which is almost entirely of glass, with only the wooden columns that support the roof between the windows, the lower half of plate-glass, the upper of lattice-work with Corean paper as shades. In the center of this side of windows is a huge plate-glass door, reaching from ceiling to floor. The other three sides of the hall, which separate it from the apartments at the side and back, are of the same beautiful, open woodwork carving I have mentioned as serving as partitions in my pavilion. Those in her Majesty's throne-room were, however, of greater delicacy of workmanship and were more beautiful as to the painted panels. The poems written on white silk, and alternating with the painted panels, were from the Empress Dowager's favorite authors—original poems written by an emperor or empress, or laudatory verses dedicated to her Majesty. There were satin portières at the doorways, and blue silk curtains over the plate-glass windows. Blue, being the Empress Dowager's favorite color, is used for all the hangings in the palaces that are not intended for official purposes, where yellow is the color.

On the right of the throne-room is a small chapel with an altar, over which presides a figure of the contemplative Buddha seated on the lotus. This altar was always sweet with offerings of fresh flowers and fruit. In front of the figure of Buddha stood the incense-burner, with perfumes constantly burning. On the left of the throne-room are the Empress Dowager's sleeping-apartments, and behind the open-work partition at the back of the hall is a large antechamber where the attendants and ladies await their turn to make their entrance into the throne-room. In the rear of the hall is a magnificent five-leaved screen of teakwood, inlaid with lapis lazuli, chalcedony, and many other semi-precious stones. In front of this screen, on a dais, stood an immense, couch-like throne, with a large footstool. These couch-like thrones, where their Majesties may recline, when

holding audiences, are not at all favored by the Empress Dowager, who always sits extremely erect, without leaning upon a cushion or the back of the throne. Except in the great audience-hall, where she uses the traditional throne of state of the dynasty, she prefers a much lighter and quite modern one, which she has introduced into the palaces. The thrones favored by her Majesty are of open carved teakwood, circular in form, with cushions of imperial yellow. One of these stood in the front part of this hall, on which she sat for the portrait.

The great throne which I have described above was therefore relegated to the back of the throne-room and kept for the sake of tradition, but never used by her. On each side of it stood two immense, processional fans of peafowl feathers, with ebony handles placed in magnificent cloisonné supports. Superb cloisonné vases stood at each side of these ceremonial fans; and huge bowls of rare old porcelain held pyramids of fruits—apples, sweet-smelling quinces, and the highly perfumed "Buddha's-hand."[1]

There were flowers everywhere. It was the season of the year when bloomed a sort of orchid, of delicious fragrance, of which the Empress Dowager is very fond. These were growing in rare porcelain jardinières, placed at intervals about the hall. There were also vases of lotus-flowers and bowls of lilies. The combined odors of all these fruits and flowers gave a subtle, composite perfume quite indescribable and delightful, but not at all overpowering; for the Empress Dowager is so fond of fresh air that there are always windows open in the palace, even in the coldest weather.

Aside from the fruits and flowers, clocks were the dominant feature of this throne-room, as well as of every other one I ever went into in any of the Chinese palaces. The love of the Chinese for clocks and timepieces is well known, and there are thousands in each of the palaces I visited. In this throne-room there were, as I have said before, eighty-five: magnificent jeweled and gold clocks, and specimens of all the varieties that were ever made; some with chimes, some with crowing cocks and singing-birds, some with running water, some with musical-box attachments, others with processions of figures that came out at every hour and moved around the dial—some rare works of art and some commonplace examples of the clockmaker's trade. There are many foreign ornaments in the palace; but, aside from the clocks and watches, the Empress Dowager does not seem to care much for European *objets de vertu*. Unfortunately, what they have at the palaces, aside from a few presents from European sovereigns, are generally very poor specimens of European art, and compare but lamentably with the beautiful Chinese curios. They are principally cheap modern stuff bought by the Chinese nobles when abroad and sent as presents to their Majesties. These presents, when they are accepted, are placed in apartments of the palace not in general use.

When the Empress Dowager had her official garments removed (she always changed her dress after the morning audience), and when the portrait had been placed upon the easel, she came over to look at it. After studying it for some time, she concluded that the nail-protectors on both hands were not artistic, and that she would have the gold ones set with pearls and rubies taken off, and show the uncovered nails on the right hand. I was delighted at this decision, for the nail-protectors destroyed the symmetry of the hand and hid the beautiful tips of her fingers. I had, of course, not presumed to make any suggestions as to her costume or ornaments. As the nail-shields are characteristic of the high-class Chinese ladies, it was well to have them on one hand.

After this change had been decided upon, she went over to a great vase standing near, and took from it a lotus-flower, held it up in a charmingly graceful way, and asked me if that would not be pretty in the portrait, adding that the lotus was one of her attributes. As the color did not harmonize with the general scheme, I did not care for this suggestion, but temporized by saying I was not ready to put it in then. After a little more than an hour's work, with the usual interruptions, she decided that enough had been done for that morning. When I suggested that I might work even after her Majesty was tired, she said, "No"; that if she were tired sitting still, I could not fail to be more so doing the work and standing as I did. She said there was no hurry, that I had plenty of

[1] A very fragrant fruit of the lemon family in the form of a hand.

time to finish the picture, and must not run the risk of making myself ill.

After a short sitting in the afternoon her Majesty ordered the boats, and we went out to the marble terrace, beneath which lay moored the palace fleet, manned by blue-gowned oarsmen. We again took the imperial barge, the Empress Dowager in the center, on her yellow chair, the young Empress and princesses sitting about, Turkish fashion, on cushions. The barge, drawn along by two great boats, glided as gently as a swan over the still waters of the lake. The air was soft and balmy. Two of the eunuchs were ordered to sing, and the minor chords of a curious air mingled their rhythm with the soft swish of the water. Beyond us lay the hills, the beautiful Western Hills, unchanging in form, but ever varying in color—sometimes blurred and gray, or a soft, warm violet; again a clear, deep blue, as if hewn out of lapis lazuli; and now and then, as a cloud passed over the sun, dark and almost threatening. I drank in deep breaths of delight.

The quaint picturesqueness of the marble-terraced banks, the summer-houses, the green and yellow tiled roofs, the vermilion walls and lacquered columns of the buildings, the camel-back bridges, the curious fleet silently moving along, the eunuchs singing, the Empress Dowager sitting in state surrounded by her ladies—everything was strange; and, stranger still, I formed a part of this curious pageant. Only the beautiful hills beyond seemed familiar.

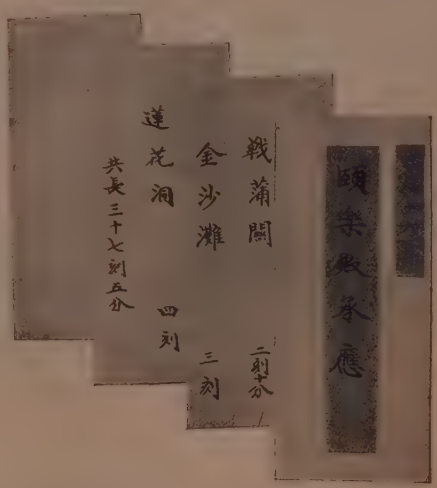
After drifting about for some time, we landed and went into the orchards and among the apple-trees. The apple is a favorite fruit of the Chinese, and esteemed as much for its fragrance as its taste. It is emblematic of peace and prosperity, and is always placed among the offerings to Buddha, hence has also a sacred quality; but, though beautiful in form and color, the apple has very little taste and the least savor of any of the Chinese fruits.

Her Majesty walked about among the trees and ordered several apples gathered, which she ate with a greater relish than I could; for she graciously offered me one, and then told me to pick some for myself. A eunuch brought a basket and took them as I gathered them, and she told me to have them taken to my own apartments.

From the orchard she continued her walk to the flower-gardens, where she picked some small blooms and placed them behind her ears, Spanish fashion, telling the ladies to do likewise, and herself choosing some for me and placing them over my ears. I knew these little marks of favor she showed me were not due so much to regard for me as to her desire to maké the "stranger" feel at home. She hoped, by showing me these special favors, to insure a similar treatment of me by the ladies and eunuchs.

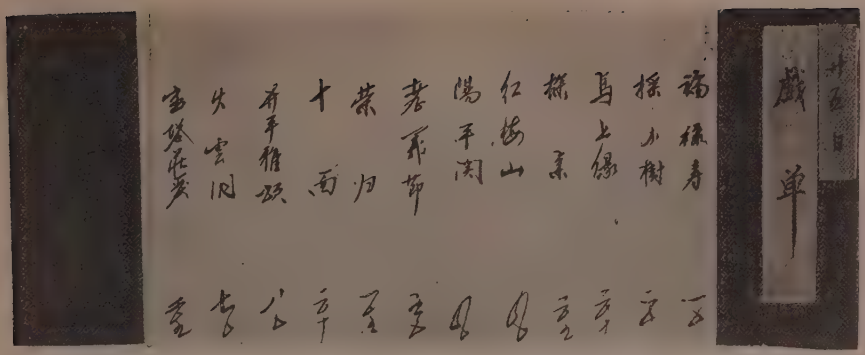
I have already referred to her Majesty's love of flowers. This was the one of her characteristics which seemed most incompatible with the idea I had formed of her from what I had heard, and her love of flowers and all nature caused me first to change that idea. It seemed to me no one could love flowers and nature as she did and be the woman she had been painted.

She had flowers always about her. Her private apartments, her throne-rooms, her loge at the theater, even the great audience-hall, where she went only to transact affairs of state and hold official audiences—all were decorated with a profusion of flowers,



THE EMPEROR'S PROGRAM FOR THE PALACE THEATER, THIRD MONTH (APRIL, 1904)

cut and growing, but never, though, of more than one kind at a time. She wears natural flowers in her coiffure always, winter and summer; and however careworn or harassed she might be, she seemed to find solace in flowers. She would hold a flower



LADIES' PROGRAM FOR THE PALACE THEATER

to her face, drink in its fragrance, and caress it as if it were a sentient thing. She would go herself among the flowers that filled her rooms, and place, with lingering touch, some fair bloom in a better light, or turn a jardinière so that the growing plant might have a more favorable position.

The Chinese do not place certain cut flowers in water, but keep them dry in bowls or vases to get their full fragrance. The Empress Dowager had some quaint conceits about the arrangement of these. She would have the corollas of the lily-bloom or the fragrant jasmine placed in shallow bowls in curious, star-like designs, beautiful to look at, as well as most fragrant.

Her passion for flowers being generally known among the courtiers, princes, and high officials, they send daily offerings to the palace of all that is rare and choice in the way of plants and flowers; for they know this is one present her Majesty will always accept and appreciate.

There are some quaint customs in the palace as to flowers and fruits that grow within the precincts. Though the princesses and ladies have the freedom of the gardens and may pull as many flowers and cull as many fruits as they wish, it is not etiquette for them to gather the smallest flower or to touch a fruit when in the presence of the Empress Dowager, unless they are specially told to do so. When her Majesty tells them to pull a flower or fruit, the permission is gratefully accepted and that special flower or fruit religiously kept. The first fruits of every tree and vegetable, the first flowers of every plant and growing shrub in the palace grounds, are considered sacred to their Majesties, and no princess, attendant, or eunuch would touch a flower or fruit until the Empress Dowager had been presented with the first of them. All these apparently trivial marks of respect to the sacred persons of their Majesties were religiously observed.

V

THE LITERARY TASTES AND ACCOMPLISHMENTS OF THE EMPRESS DOWAGER

When her Majesty the Empress Dowager was Empress of the Western Palace, co-regent with the Empress of the Eastern Palace, who died in 1881, the Empress of the Eastern Palace was known as the "literary Empress." All state affairs were left to the stronger executive ability of the Empress of the Western Palace, while she of the Eastern Palace gave herself up to literary pursuits and led the life of a student. She was a woman of such fine literary ability that she herself sometimes examined the essays of the aspirants for the highest literary honors in the University of Peking. She was also a writer of distinction.

During the long co-regency of these two remarkable women, widows of the Emperor Hsien-Feng, one led the life of a student, the other the active, militant life of the ruler. For the present Empress Dowager has been the real ruler of the great Chinese Empire for the last forty-five years. Had the Empress of the Eastern Palace not been such an exceptional light as a literary woman, and had not her Majesty Tze-Hsi possessed so many other and more remarkable qualities, the latter's name might also go down to history as a "literary Empress," for the Empress Dowager has liter-

ary qualities of no mean kind. She writes a graceful poem, and is able to express herself in elegant Chinese as well as in the ruder, more forcible Manchu language. She can write, in literary style, fine idiomatic Chinese, and this is a rare accomplishment for a woman. The written Chinese language is quite different from that spoken by even the most cultivated. Imagery and figure abound to such a degree, literary form is so important, that many fine scholars are unable to write the language acceptably, except for practical purposes. Aside from her Majesty's literary acquirements, she has an enlightened taste, is a great reader of the classics, and a fine critic. She also loves poems of heroic adventure. One of her favorite historical characters is the Chinese Jeanne d'Arc, the warlike maiden Whar-Mou-Lahn, who went forth to battle in masculine guise, had many heroic adventures in her twelve years' military service, and through them all remained a virgin pure.

The Empress Dowager has a wonderful verbal memory. Memory, so highly esteemed by the Chinese, is most carefully cultivated, and is generally better developed with them than with us. Her Majesty's memory is, however, considered exceptional even among the Chinese. She can repeat pages not only of the classics, but of her favorite authors. One of the widows of her son (the Emperor Tung-Chih), who came regularly every week to pay her respects to the Empress Dowager, is a very clever woman and a great favorite of her august mother-in-law. This lady also possesses a remarkable memory. On her visits to the palace I used to hear her Majesty and this Empress quoting from some of their favorite classics or poems. The quotations would pass from one to another, sometimes for a half-hour without stopping, and at times they would repeat in concert some favorite phrase. I shall never forget how they looked: her Majesty sitting at her throne-table with her flowers or some light occupation, her daughter-in-law standing beside her, their faces lighted up with pleasure as they repeated line after line.

When the Empress Dowager went to her own apartments for her siesta, her reader would come, bringing volumes of her favorite authors. Some days I could hear his voice rising and falling in regular cadence during the whole time she was resting in her apartments. When she was particularly interested in what had been read to her, she would have the book taken out when she went for her daily promenade, and would sit and read as she was carried along in her open chair, or was rowed along on the barge. This did not often happen, however; for she took such keen delight in all its manifestations that she preferred to read in Nature's book when out of doors.

She is a great lover of the theater, and prefers the classic, the old plays, to the modern Chinese drama. She had one new play staged while I was in the palace with which she seemed to be much pleased. She studied the play for several days before it was given for the first time, and at the first representation she followed every line with intense interest. She sent her eunuchs several times to the stage to suggest changes in the rendering of certain parts and in the interpretation of certain lines. The performance generally begins with a short play, which is often a light farce. She seemed sometimes to enjoy these very much, and would laugh heartily at the good hits, which were often original additions by the actors—allusions to some passing event. Contrary to my preconceived idea as to the Chinese, they are witty and appreciate humor in others. The Empress Dowager has a fine sense of humor. She not only sees the point of a joke, but she can turn one very cleverly herself.

She is very particular about the way Chinese is spoken, a great stickler for purity of expression and elegance of style. There are as many dialects in China as there are provinces in the great empire; and although the literati and gentry speak what is called Mandarin Chinese, some of the most highly educated of the literati from the provinces speak it with an accent. Her Majesty, who has a musical ear and great discernment as to sounds, gets very impatient when listening to Chinese spoken with an accent. It is said, other things being not quite equal, she will give the preference, in an appointment, to an official who speaks perfect Chinese and who has a good voice, especially if his office brings him often into her presence. However, particular as she is, bad Chinese in a man of merit is not a bar to advancement; for Li Hung Chang, whom she ap-

From a photograph by Yamamoto

MISS KATHARINE A. CARL IN A COSTUME GIVEN TO HER BY THE EMPRESS DOWAGER

preciated highly, and to whom she gave great preferment, is said to have spoken very indifferent Chinese.

Whether it be that her Majesty's musical and exquisitely modulated voice, so fresh and silvery, so youthful, adds to the charm of her Chinese when she speaks it, it sounds like beautiful rhythmic poetry. She speaks it so graphically, with such expression and graceful gestures, that it charms even one who does not understand the language.

One day, when she was out for a walk, one of the directors of the gardeners was brought up to explain something to her —some change in the laying out of new flower-beds. She listened a few moments, when I saw her frown and begin to look impatient. After a few more words from the poor man, who was evidently overcome by timidity and probably speaking worse Chinese than usual, her Majesty turned to the chief eunuch and said, "Let him tell you, and you can translate to me; I can't stand any more of that language," and she walked away, still frowning.

Another day I heard the Empress Dowager tell one of the ladies at court (her daughter-in-law), who was also a great purist in the matter of language, about her own Chinese having been misunderstood by one of the eunuchs. There are many Chinese words almost exactly alike in sound which are differentiated only by the inflection or tone. Thus there must be great accuracy of enunciation, and there must also be great accuracy of ear. Her Majesty had given an order to one of the eunuchs. The stupid fellow had misunderstood the inflection and had done the exact opposite. She was so amused and astonished when she found that *her* tone had been misunderstood that she did not reprove him for his stupidity.

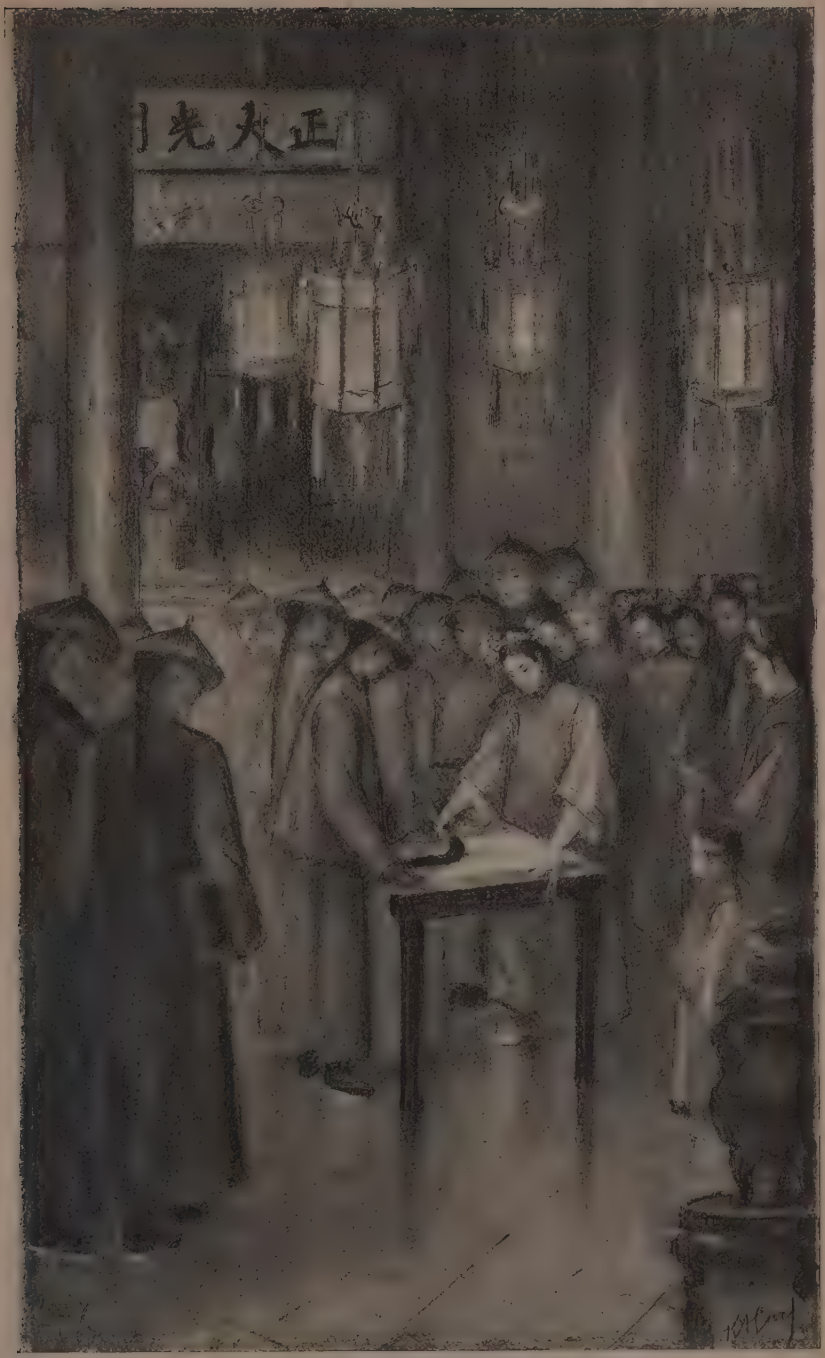
One day she corrected one of the princesses for the pronunciation of a word, and she said in an aside it was not strange this princess did not speak better, for her father's Chinese was "execrable," thus showing that even princes do not always speak the language correctly.

One of the most precious gifts the Empress Dowager makes, and which is sacredly treasured by the recipients of it, is a scroll with a single great character written upon it by her Majesty's own hand. This is considered one of the most difficult feats of a Chinese writer. These characters are sometimes four feet long. One day we were invited to go into the throne-room to see her Majesty make some of these characters. When I went into the great hall, her Majesty and the ladies were already there. She was stirring a great bowl of India ink, for she is very particular as to its consistency and fluidity. When the ink suited her, she took from a eunuch standing near, who held a number, a huge short-handled brush, which she could hardly clasp in her small hand. She tried two or three before she found one that pleased her, and, turning to me, said, "You see, I also have my choice in brushes." I asked Lady Yu-Keng to tell her that I thought her large brushes were more suitable for my hands, and that my smaller ones would have been more appropriate for her. She laughingly replied that she preferred the Chinese brush, and that her hands, small as they were, were able to wield it very satisfactorily, which was no vain boast.

When all was ready and the huge scroll spread out before her on a table, she dipped her brush into the bowl of ink held by the eunuch, and began the first stroke of one of these famous characters, in which she is said to equal the most proficient writers in China. I was amazed to see the firmness of her wrist and the beautiful clearness of her stroke, which deviated not a hair's-breadth from the line she wished to follow. She made six great characters on six of the scrolls. These characters meant "Peace," "Prosperity," "Longevity," etc. When she had finished these, she said she feared her hand had no longer the firmness necessary for doing another.

While she was writing, the young Empress, the princesses, and the eunuchs stood around, watching her with intense interest. They seemed to take great pride in her firmness of touch and her accuracy of line.

The Chinese written character must be made in a certain way. It must begin at a given part. The strokes must follow a given direction. The transverse strokes must be placed with mathematical precision. Nothing is left to the caprice or individuality of the writer. Any one, knowing the Chinese written characters, can tell you whether these complicated



From a drawing by Katharine A. Carl. Half-tone plate engraved by S. Davis

THE EMPRESS DOWAGER MAKING A "GREAT CHARACTER" IN THE AUDIENCE-HALL

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LIBRARY

From a drawing by Katharine A. Carl. Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

THE EMPRESS DOWAGER AND HER SUITE IN THE GARDENS OF THE SUMMER PALACE.
THE EMPRESS CALLING A BIRD

hieroglyphs were begun at the proper place or made in the proper way. They may look perfectly correct to the uninitiated observer who has a most accurate eye, and still not be so considered by the connoisseur.

The firmness of her Majesty's touch is also apparent in her painting, for she is very artistic and paints flowers in a charming way; in fact, she is remarkably clever with her fingers. She does not embroider now, as she formerly did, nor does she paint so much, for she says her eyes are not so good as they were, though she does not wear, and has never worn, glasses. There are a great number of artificial flowers made in the palace, as no Manchu lady's coiffure is considered complete without flowers. Her Majesty is very particular about the way these flowers are made, and when they were brought to her for inspection, with a deft touch she would give a defective flower the required form.

She often makes new designs for the flowers, having them woven into quaint figures or having a number of small blooms made into a representation of some large flower. She sometimes had her diadem made of the snowy blooms of the fragrant jasmine, set with leaves and other small flowers representing jewels, and she would wear this instead of her real jewels.

She is a great believer in one of the rules that Confucius lays down for the attainment of "illustrious virtue": she "cultivates her person." She is always immaculately neat. She designs her own dresses, and has her jewels set according to her own directions. She is very artistic in the arrangement of her flowers and jewels, and sees that they harmonize with her toilet. She has excellent taste in the choice of colors, and I never saw her with an unbecoming color on, except the imperial yellow. This was not becoming, but she was obliged to wear it on all official occasions. She used to modify it as much as possible by the trimmings, and would sometimes have it so heavily embroidered that the original color was hardly visible.

She is a great epicure, and often designs new and dainty dishes. She has perfumes and soaps for her own use, made in the palace. Although there are quantities of French and German soaps and perfumes bought for the palace, she prefers an almond paste that she has made, and often uses the soap made in the palace. The maids would make these under her supervision. I have frequently seen them bring the mortar in which they were stirring it to her Majesty, that she might see its progress, and she would energetically stir it herself. She is also a great lover of perfumes, and she combines the oils of different flowers so as to produce most subtle and delightful perfumes. The Chinese say, "Colors, odors, and perfumes are good for the soul." The Empress Dowager's soul was certainly well cared for in this respect.

The Chinese are so near to nature, so simple in every way, that their influence over animals and birds is extraordinary, and seems to us almost magical.

They are very fond of all animals, and especially so of birds. They train and teach these latter in wonderful ways. I have often seen a Chinese go near a singing-bird's cage and tell it to sing, and it would pour forth its little heart in melody. Birds never seem to have any fear of them. In the afternoons in early spring, or on a fine day in winter, one may see hundreds of well-dressed and dignified men, each carrying a covered bird-cage, taking the birds out for the air. When they arrive at some open space in the city, or beautiful spot in the environs, they uncover the cages and hold them aloft, or simply sit with them on their knees, and the bird will sing as if its little throat would burst. They have absolutely no fear, and, though caged, seem to have a perfect understanding with their owners and obey their voices. They are often let out of the cages when taken out for exercise, but they will return to them at the call of their owners; and these birds are not hatched in cages, but are taken from the forests and trained.

Two of the religious precepts of the Chinese—"Hurt no living thing," "Protect all living things"—are carried so far that they will allow an animal to live in misery rather than put him out of it by a speedy death. They love all animals and fear none. They say that if you do not attack an animal, however dangerous it is, it will not harm you.

The Empress Dowager seemed also to possess this almost magical power over animals. Her dogs never paid the slightest attention to any voice but hers, and would obey her slightest gesture; but, fond

as she was of them, she rarely caressed them; and she was so particular about her hands that when she did stroke or fondle one of her pets, she would immediately after have a cloth wrung out of hot water brought to wipe her fingers. I never saw a dog in her arms but once, and this was a puppy which she took a fancy to when visiting her kennels one day, and she brought him back to the throne-room in her arms and played with him for some time.

On one of our promenades in the park I saw a curious instance of her wonderful personal magnetism and her power over animals. A bird had escaped from its cage, and some eunuchs were making efforts to catch it, when her Majesty and suite came into that part of the grounds. The eunuchs had found it impossible to entice the bird back into its cage; nor would it come upon a long stick, with a perch attached, which they held up near the tree where it rested. The eunuchs scattered at the approach of her Majesty, and she inquired why they were there. The chief eunuch explained what they were doing, and the Empress Dowager said, "I will call it down." I thought this was a vain boast, and in my heart I pitied her. She was so accustomed to have the whole world bow to her that she fancied even a bird in the grounds would obey her mandate, and I watched to see how she would take her defeat. She had a long, wand-like stick, which had been cut from a sapling and freshly stripped of its bark. She loved the faint forest odor of those freshly cut sticks, and in the spring often carried one when she went out. They were long and slender, with a crook at the top. I used to think she looked like the pictures of fairies when she walked with these long, white wands. She would use them for pointing out a flower she wished the eunuchs to gather, or for tracing designs on the gravel when she sat down. To-day she held the wand she carried aloft and made a low, bird-like sound with her lips, never taking her eyes off the bird. She had the most musical of voices, and its flute-like sound seemed like a magnet to the bird. It fluttered and began to descend from bough to bough until it lighted upon the crook of her wand, when she gently moved her other hand up nearer and nearer until it finally rested on her finger.

I had been watching with breathless attention, and so tense and absorbed had I become that the sudden cessation when the bird finally came upon her finger caused me a throb of almost pain. No one else, however, of her entourage seemed to think this anything extraordinary. After a few moments she handed the bird to one of the eunuchs, and we continued our promenade.

I saw another instance of her magnetic power—this time with a katydid. One of the princesses, seeing one on a bush, tried to catch it, but in vain. Her Majesty held out her hand toward the beautiful insect, made a peculiar sound like its own cry, and advanced her outstretched finger until the katydid rested upon it. She stroked it gently for a few moments, and then removed her fingers, and the katydid made no effort to fly until she put it down.

(To be continued)

THE SELMA PROTECTIVE ASSOCIATION

BY CARROLL WATSON RANKIN

WITH PICTURES BY F. R. GRUGER

AS a mistress young Mrs. Payson left little to be desired. Her maids always adored her; yet, one after another, her servants deserted her with distressing invariability. It was not sickness that carried them off, for the work was so light and the maids were so tenderly cared for that each successive incumbent grew plump and rosy in the Payson kitchen. Offers of higher wages seemingly had no power to charm them, for considerate Mrs. Payson had the reputation of being "a lovely lady to work for," and she deserved it; her manners were gentle, her kitchen and the maids' bedroom were models for convenience and comfort, and the domestic machinery at all times ran smoothly.

It was matrimony that made all the trouble; not merely courtship, but out-and-out matrimony. No sooner was one maid

CHRISTINE GIVES WARNING

ISABEL EXPLAINS HER PLAN

comfortably married off and her successor installed, than a suitor, armed with a wedding-ring, appeared on the premises.

"If I were running a matrimonial agency," sighed Mrs. Payson, despairingly, "I could n't make a greater success of marrying off cooks. It makes no difference whether I take them fresh from their native land and green as grass, or whether they 're American-born, old, toothless, and ugly, they all go in the selfsame way."

"You might," suggested Richard Payson, "compel them to sign a contract, when they come, binding them to forfeit all wages in the event of their becoming engaged before the year is over."

"They 'd forfeit *anything*," declared Mrs. Payson, "rather than break the record. It 's my belief that more than half of them come here for the sole purpose of getting married."

"When you advertise," said Richard, who refused to take the domestic problem seriously, "why don't you insert this clause: 'Only the already married need apply'? But why bring up the subject to-day? Surely, with Christine—"

"But that 's it precisely. Christine has just given warning. She has lost all her teeth, she 's hump-shouldered and anything but beautiful, but it seems that a widower, with four children, who drives the grocer's delivery wagon—"

"I suspect you mean *horse*," interrupted Richard.

"Well, horse," amended Eleanor, patiently—"has set his affections on Christine, ugly as she is. I declare I would n't have bought groceries from Bennett's if I 'd dreamed that that delivery-man was a widower."

"It 's the hours you keep," said Isabel, Mrs. Payson's quick-witted younger sister, who lived with the Paysons and taught kindergarten. "Your maids have very little to do during the afternoon, and all their evenings are free. I believe if you 'd just use a little diplomacy you could manage to circumvent Cupid. When does Christine go?"

"Two weeks from to-day."

"Good! If you don't mind upsetting all your present housekeeping arrangements, I 'll guarantee to keep the next cook single for at least six months."

"It usually takes only three," sighed Eleanor, "to marry off the moderately plain ones. In extreme cases six months is the outside limit. I *did* think that Christine was immune, but—"

"Well," comforted Isabel, "your troubles are over if you 'll just help me carry out my scheme."

"I 'll help you carry out *anything*," averred the discouraged Eleanor, "if it keeps my next cook a spinster."

"I hope that 'rough on rats' has no part in your scheme," said Payson, teasingly.

"It has n't," explained Isabel, with delightful earnestness. "The plan is this: We 'll keep the new maid so excessively busy during courting-hours that no one shall have a chance to court her. For one thing, we must have dinner at night and give the children their tea by themselves at five o'clock."

"But I abandoned that plan," objected Eleanor, "because it made so much extra work."

"Bless you, dearie! You 've got to spend all your time making extra work, or you 'll have that new girl snapped up before she learns to set the table."

"Well, have your own way," said Eleanor. "Anything to break this fearful run of matrimony."

Applicants for Christine's about-to-be-vacated place were numerous—they always were when Mrs. Payson wanted a cook. Isabel was so confident that her plan would prove a success that she persuaded Eleanor to abandon her first choice, an elderly, well-recommended, but decidedly unprepossessing spinster named Matilda McGillicuddy, in favor of an attractive young Swedish girl, whose first name was Selma, but whose surname was both unspellable and unpronounceable.

"I *could n't* devote hours to occupying the leisure of that dreadful, square-jawed Matilda," explained Isabel, feelingly; "but it will be a real pleasure to keep that pretty Selma so much engaged—"

"Don't use that word," pleaded Eleanor.

"Well, so occupied," amended Isabel, "that she won't have time for courtship and subsequent marriage. I foresee a glorious triumph—Selma forever single and the Paysons happy with a permanent cook."

"If you *have* a fault," said Isabel's brother-in-law, diplomatically, "I should say that that fault was over-confidence. Still, if you succeed in this case, I can promise you our lasting gratitude—and a two-pound box of candy."

"Make it five."

"I meant five, of course. Moreover, lady, I 'll agree to forget certain other occasions when your over-cocksureness plunged a too confiding family into difficulties. You remember—"

"I think you 're mean, Dick Payson," said always-too-confident Isabel, blushing crimson.

"I am," acknowledged Payson; "but here 's your chance to atone nobly for all past misdeeds."

Certainly neither Isabel nor Eleanor left anything to be desired in the way of energy during the following weeks. On the day of Selma's arrival, the strong, wholesome young girl had been subjected by the sisters to a rigid catechism. Her replies, made cheerfully in broken English, were highly satisfactory. She was a stranger in the place, she was not betrothed, she was not fond of company, she would not like to be married—oh, dear, no, not for many years. Yes, she would like to stay with Mrs. Payson always, she was such a "kind meesis"; no, she could n't afford to get married "anyvay," for she owed her cousin sixty dollars for her passage to America, which must be paid back, but so far all her earnings had gone to the dentist, because sweet-voiced Selma had had so much "toot'ache on mys toot's."

SELMA

"We 've fallen on our feet this time," said Isabel, triumphantly, when the interview was over. "I see my candy coming—ten pounds strong."

"It certainly does sound

reassuring," admitted cautious Eleanor; "but, then, only one of them ever owned at the outset that there was a man in the case. Selma is so pretty that we 'll have to take extra precautions."

"Eternal vigilance," paraphrased Richard, "is the price of cooks."

"We 'll be vigilant," promised Isabel. "You said fifteen pounds of chocolates, did n't you?"

Selma proved not only pretty, but surprisingly competent. Her only fault was her tireless industry. She rose at an incredible hour in the morning and worked uncomplainingly as long as there was work to do. The scheming but conscience-stricken sisters were hard pressed to find tasks enough to keep the strong, swift-moving maid busy. The family found itself leading a strenuous life on Selma's account; urged by enthusiastic Isabel, the Paysons cheerfully altered their life-long habits whenever by so doing they could furnish occupation for good-natured Selma during the hours that they considered most dangerous.

The Paysons were not early risers. When they strolled downstairs at eight o'clock, indefatigable Selma, apparently as fresh as if she had n't lifted a finger, always had the house in order, her dessert made, and the vegetables prepared for the six-o'clock dinner. Indeed, her mania for early rising was the only unmanageable trait about Selma; she *would* get up at daybreak. Her afternoons and evenings, owing to her tremendous matutinal energy, were perilously empty.

Isabel, helped by her kindergarten training, devoted herself to remedying this. Selma liked to read; Isabel brought her Swedish papers and even succeeded in unearthing a few battered copies of Swedish books, Eleanor hoping fervently that they were not love-stories. Selma's fingers, in spite of the roughness engendered by housework, were clever. Accomplished Isabel taught the willing maid to sew, to embroider neatly, and to make dainty garments for herself, although Eleanor had doubts about the wisdom of teaching her to make bewitching collars and shirt-waists, because they added so greatly to Selma's already sufficient attractiveness.

THE ICE-HOUSE TABLEAU

Of course the maid had to have an occasional afternoon out. Fortunately, the latter part of the winter was stormy, and Selma disliked wet weather. As the days grew warmer, Isabel self-sacrificingly escorted the somewhat bewildered Selma, who had not dreamed that any employers could be so kind, to several matinées. As spring advanced, Selma unwittingly furthered the schemes of the Selma Protective Association, as amused Richard playfully dubbed the earnest sisters; for the country-bred girl began to show a gratifying interest in gardening.

Until this time the surroundings of the Paysons' back yard had always displeased

Eleanor, but now she thoroughly approved of them. On the left, close against the dividing fence, was the Browns' big barn —an inexcusable eyesore. On the right, equally huge and equally close, was the Spencers' carriage-house. Directly back of the Payson lot stood a huge ice-house, painted dark red and relieved by only one solitary aperture, which might as well have been left out, since it was always closely shuttered by a rough door, also painted red. The sheltered garden, however, was now just exactly the place for tender young seedlings and for Selma, who was never so happy, apparently, as when, her indoor work done, she was down on her knees transplanting infant pansies and youthful lettuces.

Four months and three weeks had slipped away. Industrious, early-rising Selma, still single and apparently unattached, was as happy as a child, with her housework, her reading, her sewing, and, most of all, with her gardening. She seemed to crave no other society than the house afforded.

"I just love that girl," said Isabel, enthusiastically. "She 's as guileless as an infant—such a sweet, wholesome creature. I 'm tremendously proud of myself. It takes *me* to straighten out domestic difficulties and to circumvent Cupid. Man does n't exist so far as Selma is concerned."

It certainly seemed as if Isabel were right. Eleanor, too, was thoroughly satisfied, and even Richard ceased to scoff. He was to have his reward—a greater reward, perhaps, than he deserved.

Payson was devoted to fishing—the one pursuit, his wife declared, that could induce him to leave his bed before 8 A.M. It was an expedition of this nature that made him rise at five one balmy morning to survey, from the hall window overlooking the back yard, the northern sky, in order to determine if the weather were propitious. The sky proved cloudless. Payson's satisfied eyes involuntarily strayed toward things earthly and rested carelessly on the red ice-house. He gave a sudden, surprised whistle.

The next moment, the half-dressed fisherman, now smiling broadly, was rapping at his sister-in-law's door.

"Get up! Get up, Isabel!" he cried excitedly. "Get on your duds at once—don't waste a second!"

"Is the house on fire?" demanded startled Isabel, springing from her bed.

"Worse, far worse! Don't ask questions, but hurry into your clothes," cried the fisherman, hastening to rouse Eleanor in the same peremptory manner. Exasperating Richard would answer no questions, although Eleanor was almost reduced to tears because of his obdurate silence.

Within a very few moments, the S. P. A., picturesquely clad and wild with curiosity, was ready to follow Payson down-stairs. He led the wondering sisters through the house, to the back door, which stood conveniently open, and pointed in silence to the ice-house. The hitherto shuttered aperture was no longer shuttered, for the rough door, supported by strong hinges, was flung back against the building. On the threshold, some eight feet above the ground, sat pretty Selma, a study in pink and white against a ruddy background, and very close beside her sat a sturdy young ice-man, with an arm about her waist. Selma leaned contentedly against the ice-man's shoulder and the Paysons' step-ladder rested, with a similar slant, against the red ice-house.

Selma blushed a beautiful crimson on beholding the astonished trio in the doorway, but the matter-of-fact ice-man did not flinch.

"I tank I have to tole you, meesis," said happy-eyed Selma, leaning forward and speaking earnestly, "that I 'm is going to get married by Eric on first of Yune. She come from same place I leeve in on Sveden, and she alvays have to sleep afternoon, vor she is night-vatchman on dock, so she don't can see me only in the morning—but my and Eric, we like each odder pooty goot."

"Yaw," assented Eric; "dot iss so."

"You merely watched the wrong end of the day," said Payson, chuckling wickedly, as he drew the speechless S. P. A. inside and gently closed the door. "One has to get up early to outwit Cupid in *this* house."

A GREAT DISCOVERY IN EGYPT

THE TOMB OF THE PARENTS OF TII

BY HENRY COPLEY GREENE

From a photograph owned by Mr. Theodore M. Davis

THREE USHAPTI FIGURES, IN POSSESSION OF MR. DAVIS

The figure on the left is of Turkish pine; the central figure is of a reddish wood, as is also that on the right with the gilded head

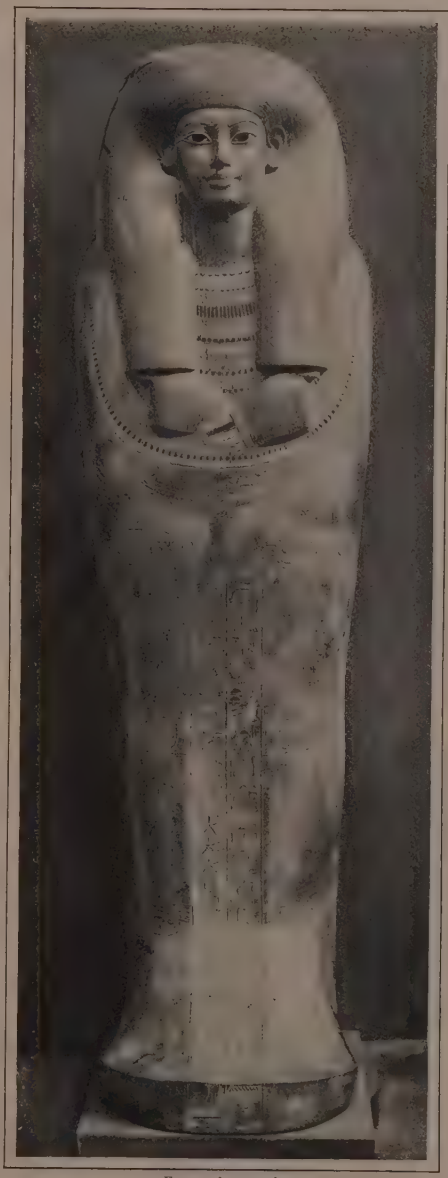
THE excavation in the Valley of the Kings, undertaken by Mr. Theodore M. Davis for the benefit of the museum at Cairo, and directed by Mr. Quibell, the government archæologist superintending the Theban district, revealed early in February a flight of rock-hewn steps half hidden by ancient debris from the neighboring tombs of Ramses III and Ramses XII. (See plan on page 75.) By the afternoon of the twelfth the overhanging hillside was so far cleared away that one could go

Color drawing from the original by Joseph Lindon Smith

GILDED CHAIR ("EMPIRE" STYLE), FROM A TOMB IN THE VALLEY OF THE KINGS

safely down the steps to a wall closing the entrance of a corridor leading to an unknown tomb. A break was found in the wall just under the corridor ceiling, and a boy was sent in, who discovered, just inside, a partly gilded chariot-yoke, a scarab, and a slender, long green staff circled with gilding near the top. Now, these things, which no modern thief would have slighted, had clearly been dropped by a robber of long ago when only jewels and solid gold were worth the stealing; and as chippings from the neighboring tomb had been found on the steps, apparently in the very piles thrown there by the eighteenth-dynasty workmen, it seemed certain that this tomb had lain undisturbed through the thirty subsequent centuries.

Expert hopes therefore ran high that the tomb would prove rich in all but the most costly of funeral offerings, and native rumor swept from valley to valley with stories of a staff of solid gold taken from a tomb full of hoarded gold and silver, and glimmering with the light of a thousand jewels. This was regrettable; for the neighboring villagers, tempted generation after generation by the presence of royal tombs, are now, by habit and inheritance, the most inveterate of thieves. Let one of them drop his turban, and you may be sure that, when he winds it again about his head, the folds will hide a scarab which he has spied on the ground. Nor are the natives capable of peccadillos only. When prospects of rich loot dazzle their imagination, it is well to guard against sins. So, after the yoke and staff and scarab were taken from the corridor, six *gaffirs*, or native guards, were set to watch over the tomb, and, for fear some venality should lurk even in these, an Englishman with two Americans stayed through the night, on the desert sand, watching now the semicircle of natives around them, now the ancient steps that led, between the piled-up sand and debris, down out of the starlight into darkness.



From a photograph

GILDED MUMMY-CASE FOR THE BODY OF TIOUA

The night passed in tense speculation. There was never a sign of a thief; but for the English and American watchers hope as to what the tomb might contain was followed by fear. Of the kings buried in this valley the tombs of almost all had been discovered already. If this tomb belonged to one of the rest, was it likely, then, to have escaped the

rapacity of modern robbers? And even if the expert's comforting answer was to be trusted, might not the supposed ancient thief have carried away everything but the yoke, staff, and scarab dropped in the corridor?

Only daylight and exploration could settle such doubts; and the night dragged on. Little by little, however, the stars faded. One by one they disappeared. Day dawned. The gaffirs, lying on the ground, stirred, stood up, then, facing the sun, knelt on their garments, bowed their heads to the ground, and stood again, praying. On a sheer bare hilltop to the east an Arab figure appeared, then another; and followed by four or five more, they came down the valley. The night before, under the direction of Reis Mahommed and Ahmed Mahbut, they had already removed the rubbish

From a photograph

VEILED MASK FROM THE HEAD OF TIOUA

The mask is covered with gold: the eyebrows are of lapis lazuli: the inlaid necklace is of jasper, lapis lazuli, and carnelian. The veiling is of fine mummy-cloth dyed black.

from the lower steps, and searched it for objects of value; they had taken down the wall; they had removed and searched a little pile of debris found inside. They now cleared away whatever sand was left, and by nine, when Mr. Davis arrived from his dahabiyeh, only the absence of Mr. Quibell and of M. Maspero, official head of all such explorations in Egypt, delayed the final entrance into the tomb.

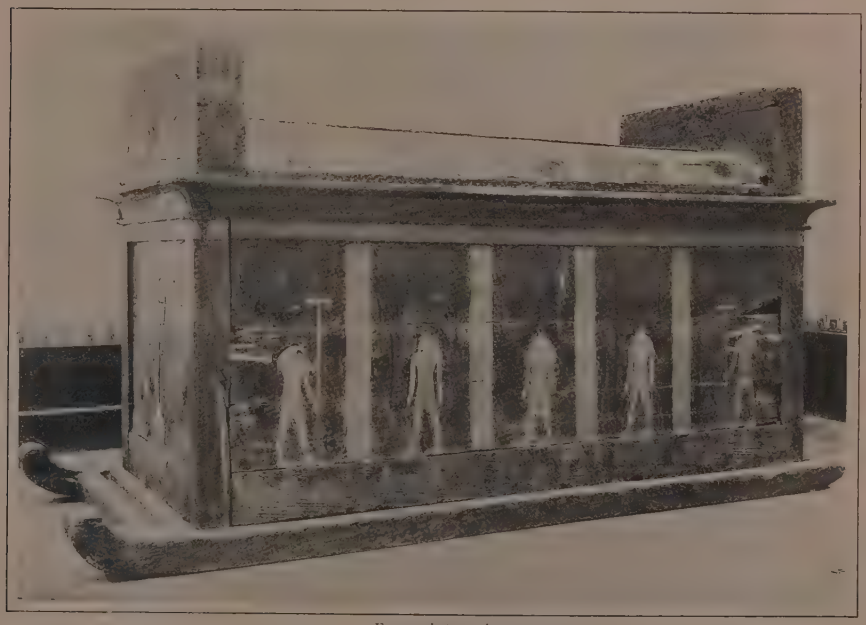
From a photograph

"SLEDGE" FOR CANOPIC JARS CONTAINING THE VISCERA OF IOUA

Except for the figures, inscriptions, and ornaments of gold, the "sledge" is covered with bitumen

II

Mr. Quibell was detained by official duties. M. Maspero, however, soon arrived. Joining Mr. Davis, the famous Frenchman who selected the site for digging went down the steps and slowly on through the rock-hewn descending corridor. It was barren. No works of funeral art strewed



From a photograph

"SLEDGE" FOR THE BODY OF IOUA

Except for the gilded figures and stripes, the whole "sledge" is covered with bitumen

the floor; and the walls, unlike those of other tombs, were bare of both carving and painting. At the end of the corridor, where a second staircase was flanked by shelves, a mere bundle of ancient onions lay on the rock. But on one of the steps a roll of papyrus met the explorers' eyes. Just beyond it they found a wall plastered with mud and sealed with the priestly seal. This alone separated them from the tomb itself; and the top was so broken that they could peer over into what for centuries on centuries no eye had seen: a confusion of dark forms, shimmering mysteriously here and there with a touch of gold or of silver.

From a photograph

BAGGAGE-TRAIN STARTING FOR CAIRO WITH THE CONTENTS OF THE TOMB

Squeezing their way between the wall and the rock ceiling, M. Maspero and Mr. Davis were soon in the midst of such a medley of tomb furniture that, in the glare of their lighted candles, the first effect was one of bewilderment. Gradually, however, one object after another detached itself from the shimmering mass, shining through the cool air, dust-free and golden. Against the wall to the left stood a chair, and beyond it a gilded coffin-cover lay upside down. In it was a conventional mask that gleamed golden through dark veiling; and the mummy whose head this mask had covered lay farther off, its body partly incased in gilded openwork. Against the wall to the right leaned two "Osiris beds," flat surfaces on which seed had been sown, which, in sprouting, had outlined the figure of the god. Not far off, along the wall opposite the door, stood a row of boxes, like tiny closed sentry-boxes, each containing a statuette. In front of these rose, shoulder-high, the oblong black mass of a "sledge," the outermost case for a mummy. To the left stood a bed. Nearer again lay a silvered mummy-case; and on this, and on a mummy beyond it, the second in the tomb, a shaft of cold blue light struck down from the outer day.

By daylight, then, mingled with the light of flickering candle flames, the discoverers examined the second mummy. By candlelight alone they searched the first. Both

From a photograph

EMBROIDERY STAND

On the top of this stand, which is inlaid with ivory, are the names of Amenhotep III and Queen Tii in gilded hieroglyphics on a blue ground

From a photograph

IMITATION VASES

These small vases are of plaster and solid, not hollow

had been plundered by the thief of long ago. First breaking one of the "sledges" and throwing mummy-cases hither and yon, he had taken from both mummies everything of intrinsic value except a plate of gold closing the aperture through which the heart of one had been removed by the embalmers. Not a jewel, and only part of one necklace, remained of all those with which the dead must once have been bedecked. But if such trophies were lacking, others of surpassing splendor and significance still packed the tomb-chamber from wall to wall. In the bottom of a mummy-case, from which the thief had moved the cover, he had left a cushion and a graceful alabaster vase. In another mummy-case he had neglected an alabaster jar and the cover of an embroidery-box which he must have carried across the chamber to a second bed, on which it now lay beside a superb gilded chair. Near by, where the floor suddenly fell one deep step to a lower level, he had thrown, among a multitude of sealed jars, half of the gilded openwork casing which had encircled one of the mummies. Near these jars again he had propped a coffin-cover against one corner of the tomb. Here, too, he had left a third bed and one of the most important of all finds in the tomb, a chariot, the curving front and wheel-rims of which shone through the darkness golden and scarlet.

From a photograph

BLACK CHAIR

The gilded animal carving on the side represents a gazelle; the carvings on the back, also gilded, represent the god Bes between two figures of the goddess Taurt. The cushion in the chair is stuffed with feathers.

Except for its broken pole and the partly bare spokes of its gilded wheels, this chariot was in perfect condition; with the yoke already found in the corridor and a whip soon to be discovered, it lacked nothing to be complete; and, as M. Maspero later pointed out, it illustrated a dashing theory

of his about the ancient Egyptians' funeral rites and their views of the life after death. But significant as the chariot might be, certain aspects of the tomb itself had, for the moment, a keener—indeed, almost a tantalizing—interest. Not only were the walls wholly undecorated, but this lower level of the floor was marked with chisel gashes, suggesting that here was the beginning of a shaft. A mass of chippings piled against the step from the higher floor-level confirmed this suggestion of unfinished work. But why the work had been abandoned, and why the workmen's debris had not been removed, were problems to which the hewn rock and the chippings gave no clue. Luckily, the modern Egyptologist is a detective of varied resource. Blocked on one path, he turns to another. So M. Maspero, baffled by the tomb itself, went back to the mummies of its occupants; and, candle in hand,

From a photograph

CANOPIC JAR OF ALABASTER

This jar, ornamented with an inscription from the Book of the Dead, contains mummified viscera of one of the parents of Tii. The top of the little mummy is covered with a head of gilded metal, here seen appearing above the mouth of the jar. When the jar is closed the little head is concealed by the large head of alabaster.

From a photograph

ALABASTER VASE AND PITCHER

In the oval to the left of the inscription on the vase is the name of Amenhotep III; in the oval on the right is that of Queen Tii. The pitcher, the mouth of which was formerly covered by the torn cloth still hanging from the neck, is said to contain honey.

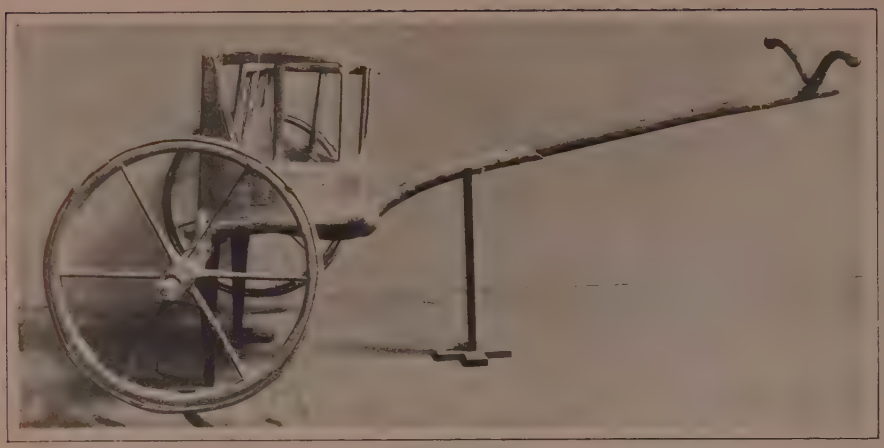
studied the hieroglyphics on their gleaming mummy-cases.

III

"TIOUA," he read after a time; and after further study he went on, "Ioua, hereditary prince, chief friend among the friends of the sovereign."

Ioua and Tioua—these were the names of the dead in the tomb; and these dead, as M. Maspero therefore knew, had been the father and mother of Tii, a much-discussed queen of the eighteenth dynasty, whose changing of the national religion had once caused such uproar and violence that the burial of her parents in the sacred Valley of the Kings would have had to be hasty and secret.

The probable history of the tomb, accordingly, was clear. During a period of unrest Queen



From a photograph

CHARIOT WITH POLE AND YOKE

The open front of this chariot, which is about three and a half feet high, should be covered with a piece of stamped and gilded leather, not shown in this picture

Tii, who wished a royal burial for her father and her mother, either chose an old tomb on which work had been abandoned, or stopped work on one which was being specially hewn out. In it she had placed the mummies, with their funeral offerings, till the tomb could be reopened and finished, or its contents transferred to a fitter resting-place. Quiet times had perhaps never returned during her reign; and however that may be, the tomb had been reopened not by Queen Tii, but first by a robber, and now, at last, by modern archæologists.

Their wish, of course, was less, like the thief's, to seize on treasure, than, like Queen Tii's, to move the funeral offerings and mummies of the dead to a place of honor and safety. The first survey over, M. Maspero and Mr. Davis left the tomb, accordingly, in charge of Mr. Quibell. With one of the Anglo-American guard of the night before, he got the necessary records in hand; and, with the same and other helpers, both English and Italian, he was soon carrying the objects in alabaster, bronze, and gilded or silvered wood cautiously out into the dazzle of Egyptian sunlight.

After such long burial, alabaster is at first curiously fragile, then firm again and strong; and gold leaf is so delicate that it may peel off at a touch. Yet alabaster and gold leaf—cloth, too, and veiling—were almost absolutely uninjured. The graceful alabaster vase, three beds, three chairs, the mummy-cases, came glowing, flashing and glittering into the day. A box containing "canopic" jars of alabaster—jars, that is, in which the viscera of the dead are preserved; the little sentry-boxes, each of them holding a *ushapti* figure, or image of a servant for the dead; tarred objects of vague form, recognizable by archæologists as the boxes containing mummies of ducks, legs of mutton, and other meats; seventy-two sealed jars full of fruits,—all these things and more emerged from their long burial, as fresh and dustless as when the tomb had first been closed. And as a certain alabaster pitcher appeared, a wasp came buzzing up and sipped what M. Maspero maintained was the still fluid honey poured into it more than three thousand years ago to satisfy the immortally human cravings of Ioua and Tioua.

Such munificent provisioning has hardly been surpassed, unless in the tomb of Ptahhotep at Sakkâra. There the walls are superbly carved with a pictorial bill of fare, stating how many ducks, geese, and so forth are at Ptahhotep's disposal. Of the geese, for instance, there are just five thousand and six; but as they consist of one stone goose in bas-relief, plus the hieroglyph for five thousand and six, the larder suffers the eclipse of a certain unreality when compared with these solid meats, these fruits, and this perennially fluid honey.

So a trivial onlooker might have reflected. But when the mummies of Ioua and Tioua were carried up the steps,

their faces bare to the sky, their closed eyes warmed by the sunlight, then even a hardened triviality must have failed. Dark and somewhat shrunken as they were, their look compelled awe So living was it in its stillness, so changeless in its vitality, that death seemed only the sleep of immortality. Each face, as in life, was individual: the woman's delicate, almost wistful; the man's strong-featured and keen, with a smile of strange adroitness. And the contrast was not transient, but immutable. The essence, the very soul of each, was stamped on the body as if for eternity.

Not reverence, however, but efficiency was the need of the moment; and valiantly it was met. With important sight-seers, some of them almost royal, pressing to view the "loot," with native thieves of genius on the alert to plunder, and only two or three English and Americans to ward them off, Mr. Quibell separately and tenderly swathed and wrapped, packed firmly and boxed, Ioua and Tioua, his chariot, her jewel-box, the mummy-cases of both, their larder, their beds, their chairs, and their servant-statuettes—in short, each and all of the thousand trophies with which the tomb had been crammed; and these he loaded on the backs of six camels and the shoulders of one hundred and fifty men. Guarded by soldiers, they came through the winding valley of rock and sand and over stretches of fertile flatness to the Nile; always under the soldiers' oversight, they were ferried to Luxor. There the boxes, transferred to freight-cars, were closed in behind sealed doors; and so, with only a few inches of mummy-cloth stolen, they came safe with their guard to Cairo and the museum.

IV

THERE for the first time one could see at leisure the whole of a find more nearly unprecedented than even the feat of moving it safely through a land where every third native is a thief and every thief a juggler. And great was the wonder and many were the controversies which it aroused. Into these last, the sport and the dueling of archæologists, only a curiosity akin to malice could have prompted one to hurry. But some study of the treasures themselves and of their meaning was too alluring to postpone.

After the sheer mass and splendor of the whole, the importance of individual specimens was what most impressed the mind. Four of the alabaster canopic jars,

From a photograph

TRUNK OR PROVISION-BASKET

This ventilated trunk or provision-basket, which contains a tray, is made of wood and of rushes

with their covers delicately carved into heads, with the eyes painted white and black, were not only fine in workmanship, but almost unsurpassed. Among the ushapti figures, a few of which were wooden, one of alabaster, two gilded, and two covered with silver made exquisitely iridescent by time, at least one figure showed a perfection of modeling that ranked it very high. The impassive gold mask which had covered the face of Tioua was held by some to possess the unique importance of being the only one ever found covered with veiling; and though competent authorities pooh-poohed this whole contention, the simple beauty of the head itself, and the richness of its jasper, carnelian, and lapis lazuli, inlaid necklace, were patent to all. The three beds, graceful of frame, with bottoms of braided flax, marvelously intact, and heads and corners white with ivory or bright with gilded hieroglyphs and grotesque gods, were surely not to be outranked.

Of the three chairs, one, as M. Maspero said, seemed almost in the style of Louis XVI, and another in the style of the French Empire. All, in fact, were strangely modern; but all were of an elegance or a solidity which ranked two of them among the very few fine specimens in the world, and placed one perhaps second only to the superb chair of Hatshepsah in the British Museum. Finally the chariot, with the flower-like ornaments of its gilded front, with its crimson-rimmed wheels, its pole, and its yoke, stood out complete and excelled, if at all, only by the somewhat larger, gaunt car in Florence.

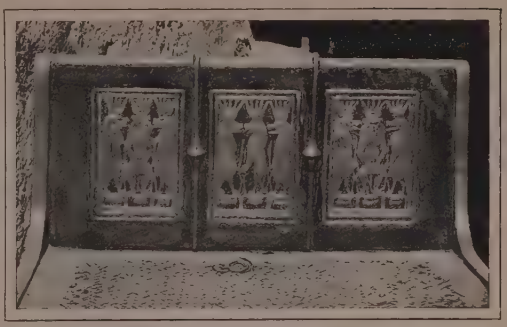
To the non-professional observer, however, intrinsic beauty made a more spontaneous appeal than questions of relative ranking; and beauty abounded both in these and in the rest of the trophies. Four small metal heads, topping the mummied contents of the canopic jars, were modeled with a formality not lacking in charm, and ornamented harmoniously with gold and brick-red and two shades of green. On a larger scale, and with greater wealth of material, the mummy-cases had much the same characteristics. Perhaps the finest of them, the mummy-like gilded figure which was one of the coverings of Tioua, had a face whose sweetly reposeful mouth was strangely uncontradicted by the steady gaze of the jet-black shining eyes. These gained only solemnity from

From a photograph

ONE OF THE THREE BEDS

The bottom of this bed, or lounge, is of braided flax. The wooden frame is purposely curved, as may be seen by the angle of the gilded corners at the foot.

the hard, dark blue lines of enamel eyebrows and eyelids inlaid in the gold surrounding them. The same blue inlaid with carnelian and jasper enriched a collar-like ornament like that of the veiled mask, but ending at each shoulder in a chubby little bird's head, with deep blue eyes and bill. Where the clenched hands were crossed on the breast, this color, with carnelian and jasper again, was inlaid in a bracelet-like design, emphasizing the glow of the surfaces around; and these stretched to the figure's very feet, smooth, golden, untouched with color, yet varied with delicate, very flat reliefs: first, below the breast, Osiris, kneeling with arms outstretched and wings spread beneath them; then, like the binding-cloths of a mummy, one longitudinal and three widely separated transverse bands, all curiously wrought with hieroglyphic eyes, tools, owls, and stars.



From a photograph owned by Mr. Theodore M. Davis

HEAD OF THE BED, INSIDE

The skill through which such strange charm and splendor had been achieved showed itself also in the inlaying of enamel and of semi-precious stones in the vigorously drawn vulture of another superb mummy-case. This skill was evident again in a little embroidery-box, the surfaces of which, tinted with sky-like blue, had been partly covered with gilded plaster bas-reliefs—among them the kneeling Osiris—framed with wood and ivory in a design whose straight brown and white lines bordered and separated alternate gay squares of bright blue and red. A more homely skill appeared in the perfection of many minute implements, models of hoes, water-buckets, and tiny yokes to carry them. Finally, with an aspect of startling modernity, this varied Egyptian skill cropped out in the build of a ventilated rush trunk and of a large blue embroidery-box, each of which was upheld not merely at the corners by legs, but at intervening points by wooden rods in the truss-like forms of a steel bridge.

From a photograph owned by Mr. Theodore M. Davis

HEAD OF THE BED, OUTSIDE

The gilded carvings here, and in the picture above, represent Taurt, the hippopotamus goddess, and the god Bes

This identity of forms more than three thousand years ago and to-day made time seem to shrink and shrivel; and as one turned from trunk or embroidery-box to the blue, glazed pencil of hollow earthenware from which Tioua may have taken paint for her toilet, or to the goose-feather pillow against which she may have leaned, or the chair on the worn arms of which Ioua's hands may have rested; then she and he seemed alive again, their closed eyes seemed to open, and their gaze to meet the gaze of the mind's eye.

Fantastic as the impression was, it had a certain justification in one aspect of the objects which called it up. Unlike the vast majority of offerings found in Egyptian tombs, many of these were not mere models or symbols of meats, vases, beds,

Drawn by Joseph Lindon Smith

HEAD OF THE MUMMY OF TIOUA, THE MOTHER OF QUEEN TII

and chairs, but the things themselves. In contrast with the few small plaster models found in this tomb, the seventy-two sealed jars were hollow, real, and well filled with provisions. The vase and the honey-pitcher were equally genuine. While the charming little "Louis XVI" chair was obviously a model lightly built and covered with gilded low-reliefs in fragile and thinly gilded plaster, the "Empire" chair,[1] with its solid wooden back deeply carved with grotesque gods, was so strongly built that, in spite of light gilding, it was almost certainly real. The third chair was doubtful; but the graceful beds must all surely have come from a house of the living. In short, as M. Maspero put it, the find, on the whole, suggested that some store-room crowded with furniture had been emptied into the tomb.

V

TURNING at last from the find itself, what, one asked, was its meaning? What light did it shed on ancient days? What, for the future, was its promise? And though definite answers could only gradually be worked out, M. Maspero was ready with some tentative opinions.

First as to ancient funeral rites. From

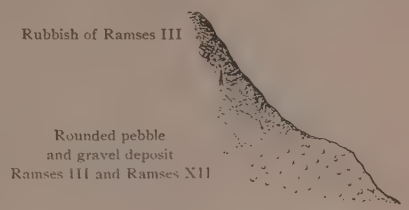
[1] On the outside of the left arm of the "Empire" chair (see page 61) are figures of the god Bes; on the inside of the right arm, maid-servants carrying rings of gold; on the inside of the back, Queen Tii and her daughter Set-Ammon. The inscription on the upper part of the back states that the gold with which all these figures are gilded came from south of Egypt, i. e., from Nubia.

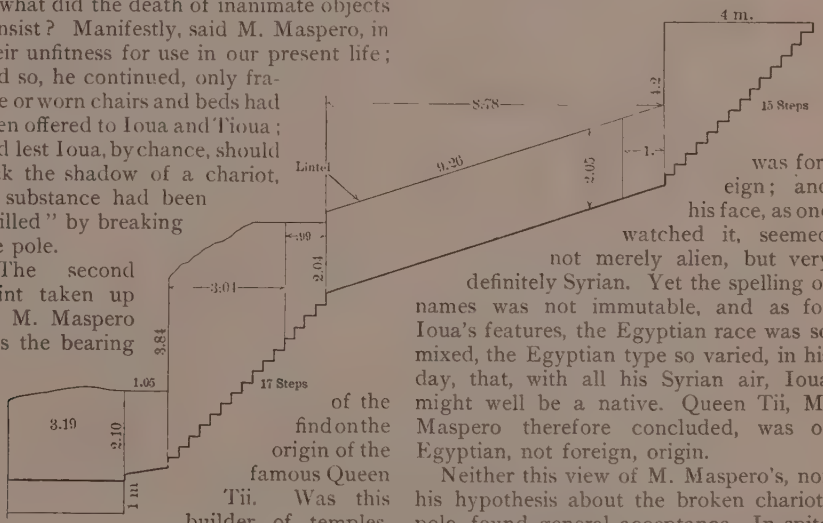
Drawn by Joseph Lindon Smith

HEAD OF THE MUMMY OF IOUA, THE FATHER OF QUEEN TII

very early times it had been customary to place little images of servants in tombs, and to crowd the walls of them with pictured viands, so that the soul or double of each might serve or nourish the dead in their life beyond the grave. Real meats, of course, were quite as serviceable; and not only meats, but chairs, beds, and cushions had been placed in this tomb. For the doubles of such things to increase the comfort of the world of shadows, it was only necessary for them to be dead. But in what did the death of inanimate objects consist? Manifestly, said M. Maspero, in their unfitness for use in our present life; and so, he continued, only fragile or worn chairs and beds had been offered to Ioua and Tioua; and lest Ioua, by chance, should lack the shadow of a chariot, its substance had been "killed" by breaking the pole.

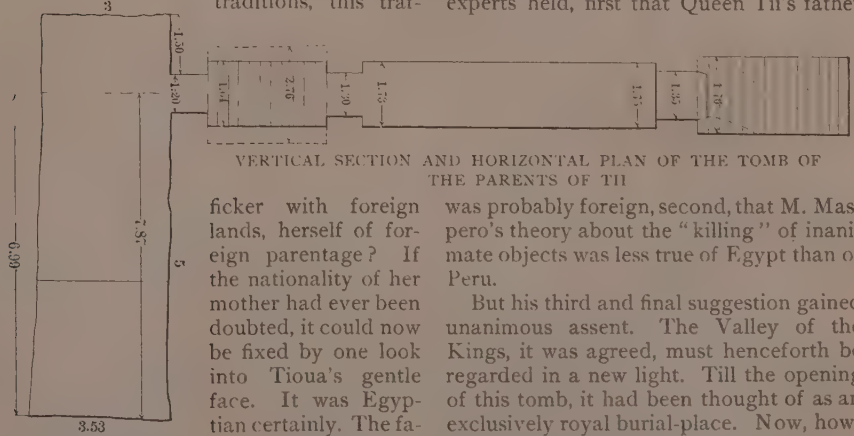
The second point taken up by M. Maspero was the bearing of the find on the origin of the famous Queen Tii. Was this builder of temples, this disturber of traditions, this trafficker with foreign lands, herself of foreign parentage? If the nationality of her mother had ever been doubted, it could now be fixed by one look into Tioua's gentle face. It was Egyptian certainly. The father's nationality, however, was not so obvious. The frequently varied spelling of his name lent color to the idea that he was foreign; and his face, as one watched it, seemed not merely alien, but very definitely Syrian. Yet the spelling of names was not immutable, and as for Ioua's features, the Egyptian race was so mixed, the Egyptian type so varied, in his day, that, with all his Syrian air, Ioua might well be a native. Queen Tii, M. Maspero therefore concluded, was of Egyptian, not foreign, origin.





Neither this view of M. Maspero's, nor his hypothesis about the broken chariot-pole, found general acceptance. In spite of his unsurpassed reputation, competent experts held, first that Queen Tii's father was probably foreign, second, that M. Maspero's theory about the "killing" of inanimate objects was less true of Egypt than of Peru.

But his third and final suggestion gained unanimous assent. The Valley of the Kings, it was agreed, must henceforth be regarded in a new light. Till the opening of this tomb, it had been thought of as an exclusively royal burial-place. Now, however, that Ioua and Tioua, mere connections of royalty, had been found buried in the valley, it seemed possible, even prob-



VERTICAL SECTION AND HORIZONTAL PLAN OF THE TOMB OF THE PARENTS OF TII

able, that many another princely personage might rest under its sands. A month ago only a short vista had opened before excavators in this region; for all but a few of the kings buried there had already been found. To-day the Valley of the Kings lies open to Egyptologists, a place for discoveries perhaps even richer than this last. And in this hope the valley will be searched with a new energy and thoroughness that should receive a superb reward.

A SUMMONS HOME

BY ELEANOR H. PORTER

WITH PICTURES BY W. L. JACOBS

MRS. THADDEUS CLAYTON came softly into the room and looked with apprehensive eyes upon the little old man in the rocking-chair.

"How be ye, dearie? Yer hain't wanted fer nothin', now, have ye?" she asked.

"Not a thing, Harriet," he returned cheerily. "I 'm feelin' real pert, too. Was there lots there? An' did Parson Drew say a heap o' fine things?"

Mrs. Clayton dropped into a chair and pulled listlessly at the black strings of her bonnet.

"'T was a beautiful fun'ral, Thaddeus—a beautiful fun'ral. I—I 'most wished it was mine."

"Harriet!"

She gave a shamefaced laugh.

"Well, I did—then Jehiel and Hannah Jane would 'a' come, an' I could 'a' seen 'em."

The horrified look on the old man's face gave way to a broad smile.

"Oh, Harriet—Harriet!" he chuckled, "how could ye seen 'em if you was dead?"

"Huh? Well, I—Thaddeus,"—her voice rose sharply in the silent room,—"every single one of them Perkins boys was there, and Annabel, too. Only think what poor Mis' Perkins would 'a' given ter seen 'em 'fore she went! But they waited—*waited*, Thaddeus, jest as everybody does till their folks is dead."

"But, Harriet," demurred the old man, "surely you 'd 'a' had them boys come ter their own mother's fun'ral!"

"Come! I 'd 'a' had 'em come before, while Ella Perkins could 'a' feasted her eyes on 'em. Thaddeus,"—Mrs. Clayton rose to her feet and stretched out two gaunt hands longingly,—"Thaddeus, I get so hungry sometimes fer Jehiel and Hannah Jane, seems as though I jest could n't stand it!"

"I know—I know, dearie," quavered the old man, vigorously polishing his glasses.

"Fifty years ago my first baby came," resumed the woman in tremulous tones; "then another came, and another, till I 'd had six. I loved 'em, an' tended 'em, an' cared fer 'em, an' did n't have a thought but was fer them babies. Four died,"—her voice broke, then went on with renewed strength,—"but I 've got Jehiel and Hannah Jane left; at least, I 've got two bits of paper that comes mebbe once a month, an' one of 'em 's signed 'your dutiful son, Jehiel,' an' the other, 'from your loving daughter, Hannah Jane.'"

"Well, Harriet, they—they 're pretty good ter write letters," ventured Mr. Clayton.

"Letters!" wailed his wife. "I can't hug an' kiss letters, though I try to, some-

Drawn by W. L. Jacobs. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

"THADDEUS, I GET SO HUNGRY SOMETIMES FER JEHIEL AND HANNAH JANE"

times. I want warm flesh an' blood in my arms, Thaddeus; I want ter look down into Jehiel's blue eyes an' hear him call me 'dear old mumsey!' as he used to. I would n't ask 'em ter stay—I ain't unreasonable, Thaddeus. I know they can't do that."

"Well, well, wife, mebbe they 'll come—mebbe they 'll come this summer; who knows?"

She shook her head dismally.

"You 've said that ev'ry year for the last fifteen summers, an' they hain't come yet. Jehiel went West more than twenty years ago, an' he 's never been home since. Why, Thaddeus, we 've got a grandson 'most eighteen, that we hain't even seen! Hannah Jane 's been home jest once since she was married, but that was nigh on ter sixteen years ago. She 's always writin' of her Tommy and Nellie, but—I want ter see 'em, Thaddeus; I want ter see 'em!"

"Yes, yes; well, we 'll ask 'em, Harriet, again—we 'll ask 'em real urgent-like, an' mebbe that 'll fetch 'em," comforted the old man. "We 'll ask 'em ter be here the Fourth; that 's eight weeks off yet, an' I shall be real smart by then."

Two letters that were certainly "urgent-like" left the New England farm-house the

Drawn by W. L. Jacobs. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

"'JEHIEL! HANNAH JANE! I 'M HERE, RIGHT HERE—ALIVE'"

next morning. One was addressed to a thriving Western city, the other to Chattanooga, Tennessee.

In course of time the answers came. Hannah Jane's appeared first, and was opened with shaking fingers.

"DEAR MOTHER [read Mrs. Clayton aloud]: Your letter came two or three days ago, and I have hurried round to answer it, for you seemed to be so anxious to hear. I 'm real sorry, but I don't see how we can get away this summer. Nathan is real busy in the store, and, some way, I can't seem to get up energy enough to even think of fixing up the children to take them so far. Thank you for the invitation, though, and we should enjoy the visit very much; but I guess we can't go just yet. Of course if anything serious should come up that made it necessary—why, that would be different; but I know you are sensible, and will understand how it is with us.

"Nathan is well, but business has been pretty brisk, and he is in the store early and late. As long as he 's making money, he don't mind; but I tell him I think he might rest a little sometimes, and let some one else do the things he does.

"Tom is a big boy now, smart in his studies and with a good head for figures. Nellie loves her books, too; and, for a little girl of eleven, does pretty well, we think.

"I must close now. We all send love, and hope you are getting along all right. Was glad to hear father was gaining so fast.

"Your loving daughter,

"*Hannah Jane.*"

The letter dropped from Mrs. Clayton's fingers and lay unheeded on the floor. The woman covered her face with her hands and rocked her body back and forth.

"There, there, dearie," soothed the old man, huskily; "mebbe Jehiel's will be diff'rent. I should n't wonder, now, if Jehiel would come. There, there! don't take on so, Harriet! don't! I jest know Jehiel 'll come."

A week later Mrs. Clayton found another letter in the rural delivery box. She clutched it nervously, peered at the writing with her dim old eyes, and hurried into the house for her glasses.

Yes, it was from Jehiel.

She drew a long breath. Her eager thumb was almost under the flap of the envelop when she hesitated, eyed the letter uncertainly, and thrust it into the pocket of her calico gown. All day it lay there, save at the times—which, indeed, were of frequent occurrence—when she took it from its hiding-place, pressed it to her cheek, or gloried in every curve of the boldly written address.

At night, after the lamp was lighted, she said to her husband in tones so low he could scarcely hear:

"Thaddeus, I—I had a letter from Jehiel to-day."

"You did—and never told me? Why, Harriet, what—" He paused helplessly.

"I—I have n't read it, Thaddeus," she stammered. "I could n't bear to, someway. I don't know why, but I could n't. You read it!" She held out the letter with shaking hands.

He took it, giving her a sharp glance from anxious eyes. As he began to read aloud she checked him.

"No; ter yerself, Thaddeus—ter yerself! Then—tell me."

As he read she watched his face. The light died from her eyes and her chin quivered as she saw the stern lines deepen around his mouth. A minute more, and he had finished the letter and laid it down without a word.

"Thaddeus, yer don't mean—he did n't say—"

"Read it—I—I can't," choked the old man.

She reached slowly for the sheet of paper and spread it on the table before her.

"DEAR MOTHER [Jehiel had written]: Just a word to tell you we are all O. K. and doing finely. Your letter reminded me that it was about time I was writing home to the old folks. I don't mean to let so many weeks go by without a letter from me, but somehow the time just gets away from me before I know it.

"Minnie is well and deep in spring sewing and house-cleaning. I know—because dressmaker's bills are beginning to come in, and every time I go home I find a carpet up in a new place!

"Our boy Fred is eighteen to-morrow. You 'd be proud of him, I know, if you could see him. Business is rushing. Glad to hear you 're all right and that father's rheumatism is on the gain.

"As ever, your affectionate and dutiful son,

"*Jehiel.*

"Oh, by the way—about that visit East. I reckon we 'll have to call it off this year. Too bad; but can't seem to see my way clear.

"By-by, "*J.*"

Harriet Clayton did not cry this time. She stared at the letter long minutes with

wide-open, tearless eyes, then she slowly folded it and put it back in its envelop.

"Harriet, mebbe—" began the old man, timidly.

"Don't, Thaddeus—please don't!" she interrupted. "I—I don't want ter talk." And she rose unsteadily to her feet and moved toward the kitchen door.

For a time Mrs. Clayton went about her work in a silence quite unusual, while her husband watched her with troubled eyes. His heart grieved over the bowed head and drooping shoulders, and over the blurred eyes that were so often surreptitiously wiped on a corner of the gingham apron. But at the end of a week the little woman accosted him with a face full of aggressive yet anxious determination.

"Thaddeus, I want ter speak ter you about somethin'. I 've been thinkin' it all out, an' I 've decided that I 've got ter kill one of us off."

"Harriet!"

"Well, I have. A fun'ral is the only thing that will fetch Jehiel and—"

"Harriet, are ye crazy? Have ye gone clean mad?"

She looked at him appealingly.

"Now, Thaddeus, don't try ter hender me, please. You see it 's the only way. A fun'ral is the—"

"A 'fun'ral'—it 's murder!" he shuddered.

"Oh, not ter make believe, as I shall," she protested eagerly. "It 's—"

"Make believe!"

"Why, yes, of course. You 'll have ter be the one ter do it, 'cause I 'm goin' ter be the dead one, an'—"

"Harriet!"

"There, there, *please*, Thaddeus! I 've jest got ter see Jehiel and Hannah Jane 'fore I die!"

"But they—they 'll come if—"

"No, they won't come. We 've tried it over an' over again; you know we have. Hannah Jane herself said that if anythin' 'serious' came up it would be diff'rent. Well, I 'm goin' ter have somethin' 'serious' come up!"

"But, Harriet—"

"Now, Thaddeus," begged the woman, almost crying, "you must help me, dear. I 've thought it all out, an' it 's easy as can be. I sha'n't tell any lies, of course. I cut my finger to-day, did n't I?"

"Why—yes—I believe so," he acknowledged dazedly; "but what has that to do—"

"That 's the 'accident,' Thaddeus. You 're ter send two telegrams at once—one ter Jehiel, an' one ter Hannah Jane. The telegrams will say: 'Accident to your mother. Funeral Saturday afternoon. Come at once.' That 's jest ten words."

The old man gasped. He could not speak.

"Now, that 's all true, ain't it?" she asked anxiously. "The 'accident' is this cut. The 'fun'ral' is old Mis' Wentworth's. I heard ter-day that they could n't have it until Saturday, so that 'll give us plenty of time ter get the folks here. I need n't say whose fun'ral it is that 's goin' ter be on Saturday, Thaddeus! I want yer ter hitch up an' drive over ter Hopkinsville ter send the telegrams. The man 's new there, an' won't know yer. You could n't send 'em from here, of course."

Thaddeus Clayton never knew just how he allowed himself to be persuaded to take his part in this "crazy scheme," as he termed it, but persuaded he certainly was.

It was a miserable time for Thaddeus then. First there was that hurried drive to Hopkinsville. Though the day was warm, he fairly shivered as he handed those two fateful telegrams to the man behind the counter. Then there was the homeward trip, during which, like the guilty thing he was, he cast furtive glances from side to side.

Even home itself came to be a misery, for the sweeping and the dusting and the baking and the brewing which he encountered there left him no place to call his own, so that he lost his patience at last and moaned:

"Seems ter me, Harriet, you 're a pretty lively corpse!"

His wife smiled, and flushed a little.

"There, there, dear! don't fret. Jest think how glad we 'll be ter see 'em!" she exclaimed.

Harriet was blissfully happy. Both the children had promptly responded to the telegrams, and were now upon their way. Hannah Jane, with her husband and two children, were expected on Friday evening; but Jehiel and his wife and boy could not possibly get in until early on the following morning.

All this brought scant joy to Thaddeus.

There was always hanging over him the dread horror of what he had done, and the fearful questioning as to how it was all going to end.

Friday came, but a telegram at the last moment told of trains delayed and connections missed. Hannah Jane would not reach home until nine-forty the next morning. So it was with a four-seated carryall that Thaddeus Clayton started for the station on Saturday morning to meet both of his children and their families.

The ride home was a silent one; but once inside the house, Jehiel and Hannah Jane, amid a storm of sobs and cries, besieged their father with questions.

The family were all in the darkened sitting-room—all, indeed, save Harriet, who sat in solitary state in the chamber above, her face pale and her heart beating almost to suffocation. It had been arranged that she was not to be seen until some sort of an explanation had been given.

"Father, what was it?" sobbed Hannah Jane. "How did it happen?"

"It must have been so sudden," faltered Jehiel. "It cut me up completely."

"I can't ever forgive myself," moaned Hannah Jane, hysterically. "She wanted us to come East, and I would n't. 'T was my selfishness—'t was easier to stay where I was; and now—now—"

"We 've been brutes, father," cut in Jehiel, with a shake in his voice; "all of us. I never thought—I never dreamed—Father, can—can we see—her?"

In the chamber above a woman sprang to her feet. Harriet had quite forgotten the stove-pipe hole to the room below, and every sob and moan and wailing cry had been woefully distinct to her ears. With streaming eyes and quivering lips she hurried down the stairs and threw open the sitting-room door.

"Jehiel! Hannah Jane! I 'm here, right here—alive!" she cried. "An' I 've been a wicked, wicked woman! I never thought how bad 't was goin' ter make *you* feel. I truly never, never did. 'T was only myself—I wanted yer so. Oh, children, children, I 've been so wicked—so awful wicked!"

Jehiel and Hannah Jane were steady of head and strong of heart, and joy, it is said, never kills; otherwise, the results of that sudden apparition in the sitting-room doorway might have been disastrous.

As it was, a wonderfully happy family party gathered around the table an hour later; and as Jehiel led a tremulous, gray-haired woman to the seat of honor, he looked into her shining eyes and whispered:

"Dear old mumsey, now that we 've found the way home again, I reckon we 'll be coming every year—don't you?"

Drawn by W. L. Jacobs. Half-tone plate engraved by R. C. Collins

"FIRST THERE WAS THAT HURRIED DRIVE TO HOPKINSVILLE"

WITH WALT WHITMAN IN CAMDEN

MR. HORACE TRAUBEL, one of Walt Whitman's literary executors, for some time kept daily record of the poet's conversation in his later years. From the manuscript we quote the following paragraphs and letters. They give pleasant glimpses of the old poet's last days, with occasional looks backward.—THE EDITOR.

April 15, 1888. Later at Harned's. No strangers present. "With each month that passes I feel more and more uncertain on my pins." "But you don't worry about the pins as long as you are all right at the top?" "I don't worry either way. But I guess I am all right at the top—at least as near right as Walt Whitman ever was. You know how crazy I have always been to some people." He talked with us a long time. "When I got up Monday morning last I had three sets of verses in hand. I sent one to the 'Herald,' one to the CENTURY, and one to the '——.' The CENTURY folks sent me a check at once. The piece sent to the 'Herald' was used according to our standing arrangement. The '——' editor rejected me. He wrote a note saying the poem did not attract him —he suggested that I should submit other matter." The poem refused was "To get the final lilt of songs."

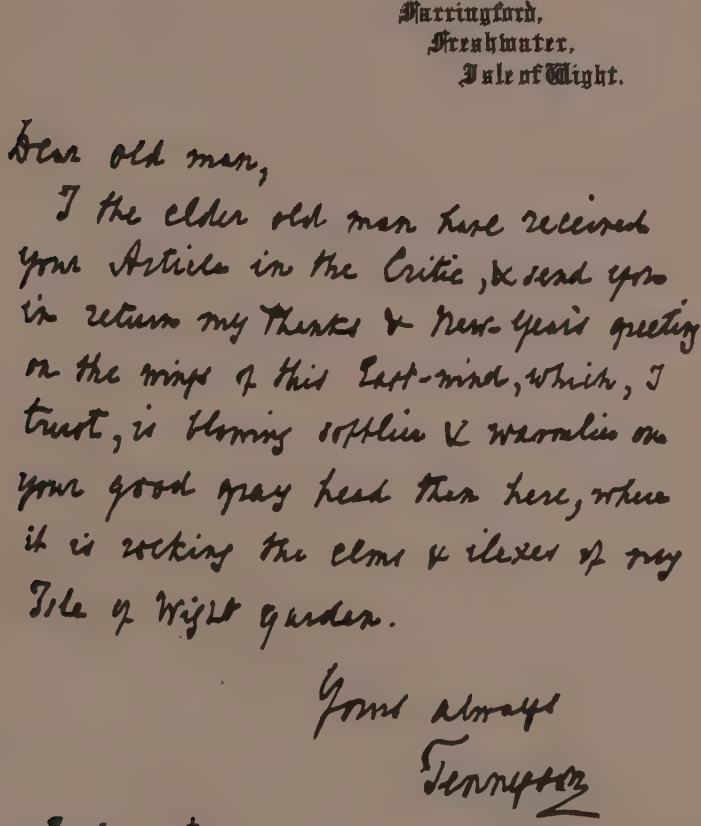
April 16, 1888. Speaking of the "strain of American life," W. declared that "every man is trying to outdo every other man—giving up modesty, giving up honesty, giving up generosity, to do it: creating a war, every man against every man: the whole wretched business falsely keyed by money-ideals, money-politics, money-religions, money-men."

April 22, 1888. I took W. a volume of Goethe-Carlyle correspondence. "This Goethe-Carlyle business seems to have been an affair of respect rather than of love. It was not beautiful to me, like Goethe's love for Schiller, like Schiller's love for Goethe." I said: "You never seem to enter into such literary companionships." "No—I do not: they are hardly possible to me: I do not seek them. I do not value literature as a profession. I feel about literature what Grant did about war. He hated war. I hate literature. I am not a literary West Pointer: I do not love a literary man as a literary man, as a minister of a pulpit loves other ministers because they are ministers: it is a means to an end, that is all there is to it: I never attribute any other significance to it. Even Goethe and Schiller—exalted men, both, very, very—were a little touched by the professional consciousness." "Then you do not accept the notion of art for art's sake?" "Not a bit of it—that would be absurd on the face: the phrase seems to me to mean nothing. Take Tolstoi: there are things about him that do not attract me—some that are even offensive —his asceticism, for instance—and yet Tolstoi comes to about the right amount: he counts up to a high figure."

April 25, 1888. Some anarchist was in to see W. to-day. Whitman did not know his name. "He was a stranger to me—a Russian, I think: clean, earnest, with a beautiful face—but too insistent: he would have me, whether I would or would not, say yes to his political, or revolutionary, program. We had no quarrel—I only made it plain to him that I was not to be impressed into that sort of service. Everybody comes here demanding indorsements: indorse this, indorse that: each man thinks I am radical his way: I suppose I am radical his way, but I am not radical his way alone. Socialists, single-tax men, communists, rebels of every sort and all sorts, come here. I don't say they should n't come—that it 's unreasonable for them to come: the 'Leaves' is responsible for them, and for more than them. But I am not economically informed; I do not see the fine—

even the coarse—points of difference between the contestants. I said to the Russian to-day: 'Don't ask me for too many definitions. Be satisfied with my general was more patient, was more willing to wait their talk out."

May 3, 1888. W. said: "My taste has been modeled on another theory—in the


Farringford,
Freshwater,
Isle of Wight.

Dear old man,

I the elder old man have received your Article in the Critic, & send you in return my Thanks & New-Year's greeting on the wings of this East-wind, which, I trust, is blowing coolness & warmalia on your good gray head then here, where it is rocking the elms & ilexes of my Isle of Wight garden.

Yours always
Tennyson

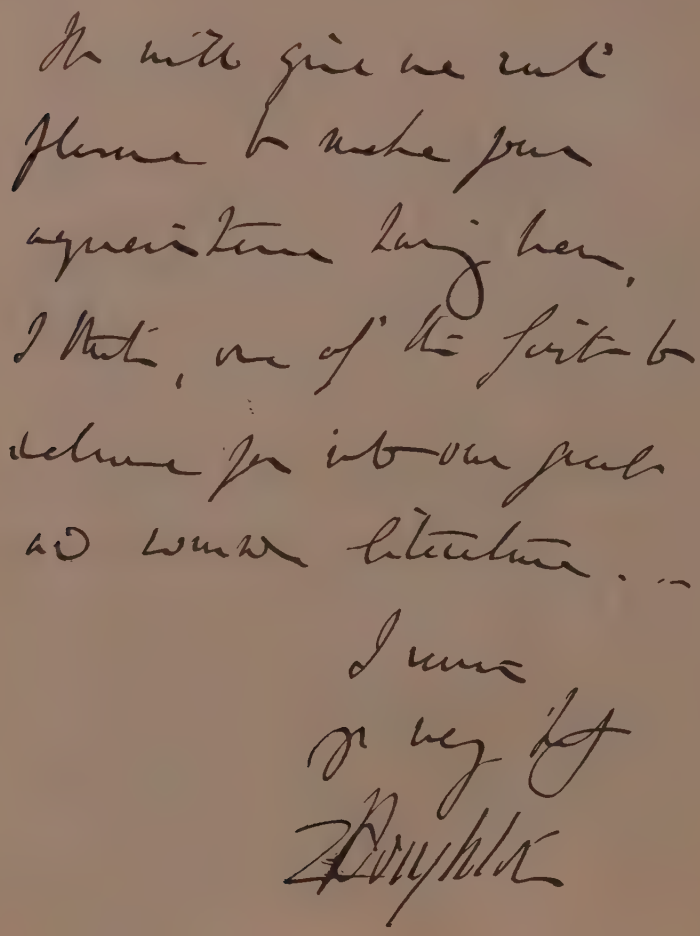
Jan. 15th

1887

LETTER FROM LORD TENNYSON TO WALT WHITMAN, GIVEN BY THE LATTER TO MR. TRAUBEL

assurance. My heart is with all you rebels—all of you, to-day, always, wherever: your flag is my flag. Why should you want me to give you more?' The fellow was sensible—said he had learned a thing or two—and went away. I think Emerson was sweeter with such men than I am—school of Scott, of Cooper, of some others of the older writers. How much I am indebted to Scott no one can tell—I could n't tell it myself—but it has permeated me through and through. If you could reduce the 'Leaves' to their elements, you would see Scott unmistakably

active at the roots. I remember the 'Tales of My Landlord,' 'Ivanhoe,' 'The Fortunes of Nigel'—yes, and 'Kenilworth'—its great pageantry; then there 's 'The Heart of Midlothian,' which I have read a dozen times. Is all this old-fashioned? I am not sworn to the old things—not at all—that is, not to old things at the expense of new; but some of the oldest things are the newest. I should not refuse to see and



NOTE FROM LORD HOUGHTON TO WALT WHITMAN

"It will give me real pleasure to make your acquaintance, having been, I think, one of the first to welcome you into our great old world literature."

times and more. I might say just about the same thing about Cooper, too. He has written books which will survive into the farthest future. Try to think of literature, of the world, of boys, to-day, without 'Natty Bumppo,' 'The Spy,' 'The Red Rover'—O 'The Red Rover'! it used to stir me up clarion-like. I read it many times. Is all this old-fashioned? I am not sworn to the old things—not at all—that is, not to old things at the expense of new; but some of the oldest things are the newest. I should not refuse to see and welcome any one who came to violate the precedents—on the contrary, I am looking about for just such men; but a lot of the fresh things are not new—they are only repetitions, after all: they do not seem to take life forward, but to take it back. I look for the things that take life forward—the new things, the old things, that take

life forward. Scott, Cooper, such men, always, perpetually, as a matter of course, always take life forward—take each new generation forward."

May 6, 1888. W. said: "I believe in immortality, and by that I mean *identity*. I know I have arrived at this result more by what may be called feeling than formal reason—but I believe it: yes, I know it. I am easily put to flight, I assure you, when attacked, but I return to the faith, inevitably—believe it, and stick to it, to the end. Emerson somewhere speaks of encountering irresistible logic and yet standing fast to his conviction. There is judgment back of judgment—defeat only seems like defeat: there is a fierce fight: the smoke is gone—your enemies are nowhere to be seen—you are placidly victorious, after all—the finish of the day is yours. Logic does very little for me: my enemies say it, meaning one thing—I say it, meaning another thing."

May 7, 1888. W. spoke of material successes in civilization. "What do they show? Not necessarily much: we make a big noise about the things we have done, accumulated—what we can do and will do: with some of this I have some sympathy: but, after all, the main question is, what is all this doing for the men, women, children of America? The goods are worthless alone: they might demonstrate failure as well as success. Do you think goods can succeed and men can fail? They must succeed or fail together—they are damned or saved together. Against the things we call successes I see other, counter, tendencies working—an increased indisposition of certain classes to do the honest labor of the world, and the solidification of the money powers against the fraternity of the masses. Either one of these might, both of them are sure, to ruin the republic if nothing appears to contravene them." . . .

Whitman handed me an envelop marked as follows—"Sent about Aug 15 or 16 '63—letter to S B Haskell Breeseport Chemung Co N Y"—and said: "I promised to give you some sample memoranda about the hospitals. Here is a letter—the draft of a letter—I sent to the parents of a boy who died. It was a pitiful, though after all only a specimen, case: they died all about us there just about in the same way—noble, sturdy, loyal boys. I always kept an outward calm in going among them—I had to, it was necessary, I would have been useless if I had n't—but no one could tell what I felt underneath it all—how hard it was for me to keep down the fierce flood that always seemed threatening to break loose." I read the letter. I must have shown I was much moved. W. said gently: "I see that you understand it. Well, I understand it, too. I know what you feel in reading it, because I know what I felt in writing it. When such emotions are honest they are easily passed along." I asked W.: "Do you go back to those days?" "I do not need to. I have never left them. They are here, now, while we are talking together—real, terrible, beautiful days!" W. was in a very quiet mood. "Kiss me good-night!" he said. I left. The Haskell letter was this:

Washington August 10 1863.

MR. & MRS. HASKELL,

Dear Friends I thought it would be soothing to you to have a few lines about the last days of your son Erastus Haskell, of Company K 141st N Y Vol—I write in haste, but I have no doubt anything about Erastus will be welcome.

From the time he came into Armory Square Hosp until he died there was hardly a day but I was with him a portion of the time—if not in the day then at night—(I am merely a friend visiting the wounded and sick soldiers). From almost the first I felt somehow that Erastus was in danger, or at least was much worse than they supposed in the hospital. As he made no complaint they thought him nothing so bad. I told the doctor of the ward over and over again he was a very sick boy, but he took it lightly, and said he would certainly recover; he said, "I know more about these fever cases than you do—he looks very sick to you, but I shall bring him out all right"—Probably the doctor did his best—at any rate about a week before Erastus died he got really alarmed, and after that he and all the doctors tried to help him but it was too late. Very possibly it would not have made any difference. I think he was broken down before he came to hospital here—I believe he came here about July 11th—I took to him. He was a quiet young man, behaved always so correct and decent, said little—I used to sit on the side of his bed—I said once, jokingly, "You don't talk much, Erastus; you leave me to do all the talking." He only answered quietly, "I was never much of a talker"—The doctor wished every one to cheer him up very lively—I was always pleasant and cheer-

ful with him, but never tried to be lively. Only I tried once to tell him amusing narratives &c but after I had talked a few minutes I saw that the effect was not good, and after that I never tried it again—I used to sit by the side of his bed generally silent, he was opprest for breath and with the heat, and I would fan him —occasionally he would want a drink—some days he dozed a good deal—sometimes when I would come in he woke up, and I would lean down and kiss him, he would reach out his hand and pat my hair and beard as I sat on the bed and leaned over him—it was painful to see the working in his throat to breathe.

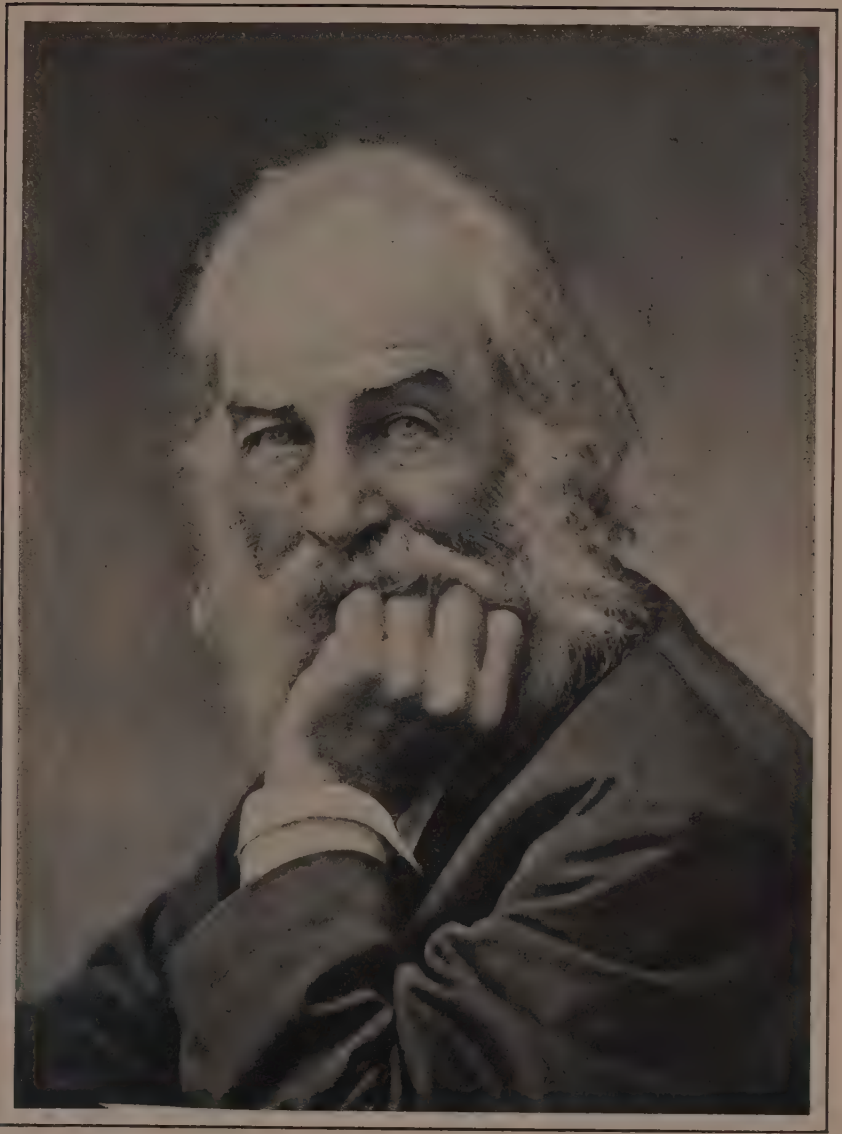
They tried to keep him up by giving him stimulants, wine &c—these affected him and he wandered a good deal of the time—I would say, "Erastus, don't you remember me—don't you remember my name, dear son?" Once he looked at me quite a while when I asked him, he mentioned over a name or two, (one sounded like Mr. Satchell)—and then he said, sadly, quite slow, as if to himself, "I don't remember,—I don't remember,—I don't remember." It was quite pitiful—One thing was he could not talk very comfortably at any time, his throat and chest were bad—I have no doubt he had some complaint besides the typhoid. In my limited talks with him he told me about his brothers and sisters, and his parents, wished me to write to them and send them all his love—I think he told me about his brothers being away, living in New York city or elsewhere. From what he told me I take it that he had been poorly for several months before he came. The first week in July I think he told me he was at the regimental hospital, at a place called Baltimore Corners, down not very many miles from White House, on the Peninsula. For quite a long time previous, although he kept around, he was not well—did n't do much—was in the band as a fifer—while he lay sick here he had the fife on the little stand by his cot,—he once told me that if he got well he would play me a tune on it, "but," he says, "I am not much of a player yet"—

I was very anxious he should be saved and so were they all—he was well used by attendants—he was tanned and looked well in the face when he came, was in pretty good flesh, never complained, behaved manly and proper —I assure you I was attracted to him very much.—Some nights I sat by his cot till far in the night, the lights would be put out and I sat there silently hour after hour—he seemed to like to have me sit there, but he never cared much to talk—I shall never forget those nights, in the dark hospital, it was a curious and solemn scene, the sick and wounded lying all around, and this dear young man close by me, lying on what proved to be his death-bed. I do not know his past life, but what I saw and know of he behaved like a noble boy. I feel if I could have seen him under right circumstances of health &c I should have got much attached to him—he made no display or talk—he met his fate like a man—I think you have reason to be proud of such a son and all his relatives have cause to treasure his memory. He is one of the thousands of our unknown American young men in the ranks about whom there is no record or fame, no fuss made about their dying unknown but who are the real precious and royal ones of this land, giving up, aye even their young and precious lives, in the country's cause. Poor dear son, though you were not my son, I felt to love you as a son, what short time I saw you, sick and dying there.—But it is well as it is—perhaps better. Who knows whether he is not far better off, that patient and sweet young soul, to go, than we are to stay? Farewell, dear boy,—it was my opportunity to be with you in your last days,—I had no chance to do much for you, nothing could be done—only you did not lay there among strangers without having one near who loved you dearly, and to whom you gave your dying kiss.

Mr. & Mrs. Haskell, I have thus written rapidly whatever came up, about Erastus, and must now close. Though we are strangers, and shall probably never see each other, I send you and all Erastus' brothers and sisters my love.

I live when at home in Brooklyn, New York, in Portland Avenue, 4th door north of Myrtle.

May 12, 1888. By —— ——'s Boston "Herald" letter it would look as though W. had recited lines from his own poems on the occasion of her visit. W. demurred positively. "There was nothing at all like that: I never do quote, repeat lines—indeed, could not do it even if I wished to: I remember very few things out of the mass I have written—I could repeat but very few complete lines. Any one of you fellows knows more about my book than I do myself. I wrote the book—why should I be expected to remember it? The best people will tell you I ought to forget it as fast as I can. Anyway, I am not a reciter. Every now and then some woman or man comes in here and chats a while with me—doing most of the chatting themselves, most of them—and then go off and picture me as standing out in the middle of the room and spouting my own poetry. I am not a poetic acrobat—not in the least. When the visitors come—you see lots of 'em yourself—I sit very still and try to be good—don't I? But they



From a photograph by Spieler. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

WALT WHITMAN

Drawn by Harry Fenn. Half-tone plate engraved by C. Schwarzburger

MICKLE STREET, NEAR FOURTH, IN CAMDEN, NEW JERSEY

Walt Whitman's was the two-story house at the right

won't let me be good—I am made in their reports to step out in the full light and go through contortions and behave queer. Then they say: 'See, this is Walt Whitman: did n't we tell you he was odd here and there and a bit off in general?'" W. got a lot of fun out of this recitative. I remember that W. at Harned's, when called upon to do so, could not repeat the three lines of the little poem "Twilight" which had recently appeared in THE CENTURY. We had to get the magazine for him.[1] He tried on another occasion to recover the "Death Carol," but could get only a line here and there—not one whole verse: probably knew a dozen lines in all. By the way, the little "Twilight" poem, like his Emperor William poem, brought him some excited correspondence. "I suppose I had a dozen letters objecting to the last word, 'oblivion.' That word, they said, was out of place, not my word, inconsistent with my philosophy. I do not feel it to be necessary to fight for my words—I use them and let them go, and that 's an end on it. But oblivion as I use it there is just the word, both as furnishing sense and rhythm to the idea I had in mind. It seems strange to me (perhaps it should n't seem strange) how my friends always want to keep me on their track—want me to go the way they think I ought to go: choose even my words for me and declare penalties for disobedience. I suppose every writer has more or less the same experience: the world says jump and he must jump—the world says die and he is dead."

Whitman again: "I have not been without friends even among the Catholics. I have had friends in the priesthood—half a dozen of them. So far as concerns the Catholic Church, however, I have had in the main to look at it from the outside—I have seen a little of its pageantry and read with deep interest of the royal, gorgeous, superb displays in the

[1] The following is the poem, in THE CENTURY for December, 1887:

TWILIGHT

The soft voluptuous opiate-shades,
The sun just gone, the eager light dispelled—(I
too will soon be gone, dispelled),
A haze—nirvana—rest and night—oblivion.

Walt Whitman.

cathedrals, especially those down in Rome —in St. Peter's. It is grand, grand—O how grand! Yet it has one defect: it lacks simplicity—it has allowed too much to the environment. I could tell you of a wonderful counter-experience—of an incident in which all the elements were simpler—were more directly related to life. It was in Washington, during the war, in one of the wards of a hospital—a poor room, with cheaper furniture than this you see in my parlor, which is poor enough: a three-legged stool for an altar-piece—no light but the light of a candle: then a priest came and administered the sacrament to a poor soldier. The room was spare, blank —no furnishings: the hearers in the other beds seemed altogether incredulous or else altogether convinced: there was an element of quackery, humbuggery, in the whole performance: no one among the observers except me was respectful. I stood aside and watched, aroused in places to sympathy, though mainly impressed by the spectacular features of the event—by its human emotional features. All of it was done solemnly, without noise—done in a way to appeal to your sense of right weight and measure—proportion, proportion. It is necessary for you to know with what sort of emphasis such an incident affected me if you want to get a just perception of my esthetics. No magnificent cathedral could quite so well have rounded up my simple picture. I remember another scene—a regiment, once made up of a thousand or twelve hundred men, returned from the war—from the battles, sieges, skirmishings, halts, marches, goings on—coming into Washington, perhaps on an errand only, for provisioning—God knows what: only there on duty for a day or more: now reduced from its proud twelve hundred to its humble one or two hundred men, trailing in, as it may be said, what remained of it, with their colors in rags and their faces emaciated, worn, but with their hearts true. Don't that beat a cathedral picture? I think it does—God! it does, it does! It makes your heart bleed. Then you worship—get down on your real knees."

After a brief pause W. went on: "I

From a photograph owned by Mrs. Talcott Williams

PORTRAIT OF WALT WHITMAN IN HIS CAMDEN HOME

have seen the preparations for the great dinners of state at Washington—then the sumptuous fare: the swell military grandees, the political fol-de-rol, the brilliant lights—social form and superficial manners: it is all very staggering in a hollow sort of way. But I have seen something more convincing than that—a simple group of half a dozen veterans gathered about a plain board table, with plenty and good to eat, in a house that was perfectly plain, telling their stories—stories of things done and missed being done, stories of heroism and cowardice, stories of meanness and generosity—stories, yes, of death, of suffering, of sacrifice: all told so quietly, too, with no feathers, no tufts, no one wanting to call special attention to himself—everything being kept on a level lower than false ostentation, higher than

Portrait plate copyright, 1887, by George C. Cox. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davis & Co.

WALT WHITMAN IN 1887

false humility. Don't you think that, too, beats the cathedral picture? I do—I do!"

After ruminating: "I may have written these pictures in words somewhere: have I? at any rate, they show what I mean. You know, Horace, I don't object to the refinements—to finger-bowls, to napkins, to fresh linen, to glassware, to costly china, to laces—I don't object to them: I only ask them some questions. I ask them why they think they are of equal importance with human affection—with what is directly and irrefragably the initialing root of the social organism. And as to the priesthood—well, I have nothing against the priesthood except my general objection to any class as a class. The priests—Protestant, Catholic, secular, I don't care which—don't study man as though they were themselves men, but as though they were themselves priests. Now, I never object to a man—any kind of a man—but I object to a priest—any kind of a priest. The instant a priest becomes a man I am on his side—I no longer oppose him."

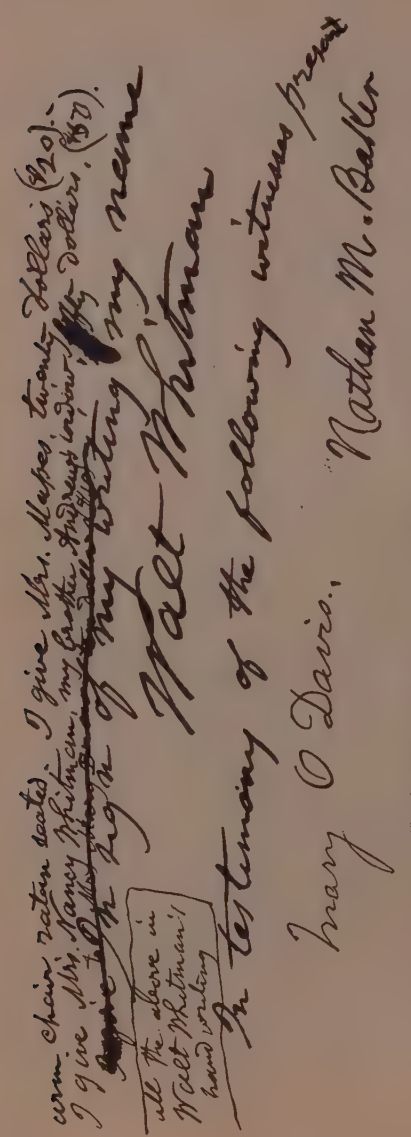
May 15, 1888. . . . Brinton had said to W.: "You give us no consistent philosophy." W. replied: "I guess I don't—I should not desire to do so." I put in: "Plenty of philosophy, but not *a* philosophy." To which W. answered: "That 's better—that 's more the idea." W. again: "Stedman thinks I should be happy to have my Lincoln poem classed with Lowell's ode. I am happy, of course—am bound to be happy—but not for the reason Stedman cites, I can assure you: and yet I do not myself consider the Lincoln poem the best of them." . . .

Referring to "Passage to India": "There 's more of me, the essential ultimate me, in that than in any of the poems. There is no philosophy, consistent or inconsistent, in that poem—there Brinton would be right—but the burden of it is evolution—the one thing escaping the other—the unfolding of cosmic purposes." . . .

Again: "I have something of Shelley's distaste for history—so much of it is cruel, so much of it is lie. I am waiting for the historians who will tell the truth about the people—about the nobility of the people: the essential soundness of the common man. There are always—there have been always—a thousand good deeds that we say nothing about for every bad deed that we fuss over. Think of the things in every-day life—we see them everywhere—that never are exploited in print. Nobody hunts them up—nobody puts them into a story. But let one base thing happen and all the reporters of all the papers are on the spot in a moment. That don't seem to give goodness a fair deal—though I don't know: maybe goodness don't need a fair deal—maybe goodness gets along on its own account without the 'historian.'" Harned asked: "Have you ever had any experiences to shake your faith in humanity?" "Never! Never! I trust humanity: its instincts are in the main right: it goes false, it goes true, to its interests, but in the long run it makes advances. Humanity always has to provide for the present moment as well as for the future: that is a tangle, however you look at it. Why wonder, then, that humanity falls down every now and then? There 's one thing we have to remember—that the race is not free (free of its own ignorance)—is hardly in a position to do the best for itself: when we get a real democracy, as we will by and by, this humanity will have its chance—give a fuller report of itself."

May 16, 1888. W. again: "There was a kind of labor agitator here to-day—a socialist, or something like that: young, a rather beautiful boy—full of enthusiasms: the finest type of the man in earnest about himself and about life. I was sorry to see him come: I am somehow afraid of agitators, though I believe in agitation: but I was more sorry to see him go than come. Some people are so much sunlight to the square inch. I am still bathing in the cheer he radiated. O he was a beautiful, beautiful boy!" "What was his name? Where did he come from?" "I could not catch the name—he was from the West. He said he just came in to say, 'How d' ye do,' and go again: that he was sure 'Leaves of Grass' would do more for the new dispensation than anything else he knew. I don't see how anything could do more for the new dispensation than such a boy himself. Horace—he had your blue eyes: there was a flavor of the German in him: he said he was the son of an emigrant. Well—you might crowd this room with emperors and they would only be in the way, but that boy—O he was a beautiful boy—a wonderful day-beam: I shall probably never see his face again—yet he left something here with me that I can never

quite lose. Cheer! cheer! Is there anything better in this world anywhere than cheer—just cheer? Any religion better? —any art? Just cheer!"



THE CONCLUSION OF WALT WHITMAN'S DISCARDED WILL

May 18, 1888. Discussed good and bad in men. Harned seemed to be in a skeptical mood. W. protested: "He 's got it all, Tom,—not only the cruel, beastly, hoggish, cheating, bedbug qualities, but also the spiritual—the noble—the high-born." Harned said: "Democracy, while abstractly right, is a hard doctrine to practise." W. shook his head. "I do not find it so." H.: "But you are rather an exceptional man." W. would not have that. "That is not the explanation, Tom. Democracy is the thing for us—for America: that 's what we 're here for—individuals, all of us: yes, and these States. America will not dare to be false to its promised democracy. We 're heaping up money here in a few hands at a great rate —but our men? What 's becoming of our men in the meantime? We can lose all the money and start again—but if we lose the *men?* Well, that would be disaster. But I have no fears. We will have our troubles getting on, but the end, the victory, is sure. I should feel like warning the moneyed powers in America that threaten to stand in the way: history will deal in a very drastic way with opposition like that, should it become too stubborn." I related a couple of recent night experiences in the street. W. said: "That all goes to corroborate my argument—it proves my own experience—my own excursions everywhere among what were called the common people, even in the rather notoriously criminal circles. You have heard what Horace says, Tom? He goes everywhere—he has never had any sort of encounter with anybody. That was exactly my case. It is the respect men pay to a young man who goes quietly about without the spirit of bravado: observing, sharing, absorbing the general life. I must insist upon the masses, Tom—they are our best, they are preservative: I insist upon their integrity as a whole—not, of course, denying or excusing what is bad. Arnold is all wrong on that point: it is good, not bad, that is common. The older I grow the more I am confirmed in what I have done—in my earliest faith—the more I am confirmed in my optimism, my democracy."

May 22, 1888. W. alluded to Carlyle as "that terrible fellow—that terrible octopus, who kept forever growling out to us that we were all going wrong here in America—all the democrats—all the radicals: all going after a mistake—a delusion: all, all: going only to come back. Well, I am holding myself under restraint; as they

say out West, I 'hold my horses': perhaps that best expresses me—radicalism plus philosophy. Tennyson is constantly saying the same things with regard to us—bringing us up against our conceit, perhaps: he seems to have no faith in our democracy. My leanings are all toward the radicals: but I am not in any proper sense of the word a *révolutionnaire:* I am an evolutionist, and not in the first place a révolutionnaire."

May 23, 1888. W. gave me what he called a "document" to go among my "war records"—the rough draft of a letter written by him (marked on the envelop, "sent Oct 1 1863") to W. S. Davis, Worcester, Massachusetts. "It will help along some other memoranda you have—give you some more material. I clean house from time to time: save you the bits, hunt them, that I think will be of service to you—service or interest. The rest (the most of things) go into the fire." He laughed quietly: "I know you are jealous of that fire," he added. "Well—that stuff is trash, notwithstanding your appetite: I know best what it is: trash, trash, trash." This is the Davis letter, which I stopped right where we were to read.

The noble gift of your brother Joseph P. Davis of $20 for the aid of the wounded, sick, dying soldiers here came safe to hand—it is being sacredly distributed to them—part of it has been so already—I may another time give you special cases—I go every day or night in the hospitals a few hours—As to physical comforts, I attempt to have some—generally a lot of—something harmless and not too expensive to go round to each man, even if it is nothing but a good home-made biscuit to each man—or a couple of spoonfuls of blackberry preserve—I take a ward or two of an evening and two more next evening &c—as an addition to his supper—sometimes one thing, sometimes another, (judgment of course has to be carefully used)—then after such general round I fall back upon the main thing, after all, the special cases, alas too common—those that need some special attention, some little delicacy, some trifle—very often far above all else, soothing kindness wanted—personal magnetism—poor boys, their sick hearts and wearied and exhausted bodies hunger for the sustenance of love or their deprest spirits must be cheered up—I find often young men, some hardly more than children in age yet—so good, so sweet, so brave, so decorous, I could not feel them nearer to me if my own sons or your brothers—Some cases even I could not tell any one, how near to me, from their yearning ways and their sufferings—it is comfort and delight to me to minister to them, to sit by them—some wind themselves around one's heart and will be kissed at parting at night just like children—though veterans of two years of battle and camp life—I always carry a haversack with some articles most wanted—physical comforts are a sort of basis—I distribute nice large biscuit, sweet crackers, sometimes cut up a lot of peaches with sugar, give preserves of all kinds, jellies, &c. tea, oysters, butter, condensed milk, plugs of tobacco, (I am the only one that doles out this last, and the men have grown to look to me)—wine, brandy, sugar, pickles, letter-stamps, envelops and note-paper, the morning papers, common handkerchiefs and napkins, undershirts, socks, dressing-gowns, and fifty other things—I have lots of special little requests. Frequently I give small sums of money,—shall do so with your brother's contribution—the wounded are very frequently brought and lay here a long while without a cent. I have been here and in front 9 months doing this thing and have learned much—the soldiers are from 15 to 25 or 6 years of age—lads of 15 or 16 more frequent than you have any idea—seven-eighths of the army are Americans, our own stock—the foreign element in the army is much overrated and is of not much account, anyhow. There are no hospitals (there are dozens of them in and around Washington) you must understand like the diseased half-foreign collections under that name common at all times in cities—in these here, the noblest cleanest stock I think of the world, and the most precious.

When I was through W. said: "There is some history in that letter. Sometimes I am myself almost afraid of myself—afraid to read such a letter over again: it carries me too painfully back into old days—into the fearful scenes of the war. I don't think the war seemed so horrible to me at the time, when I was busy in the midst of its barbarism, as it does now, in retrospect."

May 28, 1888. Spoke of Hugo. "I do not like his insularity. He never said a good word for us—was rather inclined toward the Carlylean point of view with respect to America. Hugo was full of contempt for all things not Parisian—at least, not French. Castelar: oh! how much greater—how quickly, surely, through his poetic insight, did he catch our points—do us justice. And I think of Garibaldi—a beautiful character—nobly noble—the most unworldly man of them all. How

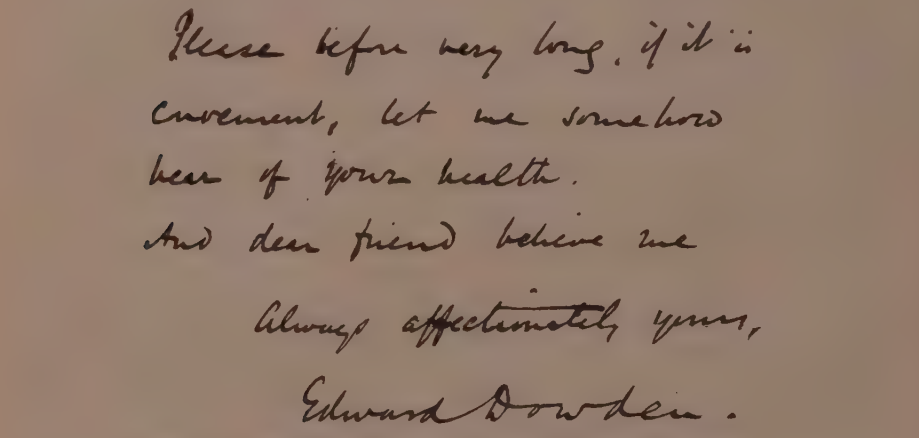
much comes from the South—from Italy, from Spain—that is rich and permanent! I have such vast love for Mazzini—he, too, was so unworldly, so sacrificing, full of dreams, dreams of human progress—full, too, of courage, courage!" . . .

Whitman gave me a Dowden letter. "That last passage hits me very hard—is memorable for letter-writing. 'You make no slaves, however many lovers.' Dowden has divined the whole secret. Any love that involves slavery is a false love—any love. If I wished to put a final signature upon the 'Leaves,' a sort of consummating entablature, some phrase

8 Montenotte
Cork, Ireland.
Sept. 5, 1871

MY DEAR SIR It was very kind of you to send me the photographs of yourself, which I value much. I had previously received one, carte de visite size, from Mr. Rossetti, in which you wear your hat. These I like better, though I liked *that.*

I will name some of your friends on this side of the water whom I know myself. I wish I could make it appear how various these natures are which have come into relation with you. There is a clergyman who finds his truth halved between John H. Newman (of Oxford celebrity) and you. There is a doctor



PART OF A NOTE FROM EDWARD DOWDEN TO WALT WHITMAN

to round its story—give it the seal, sanction of my motive—I would use that epigram of Dowden: 'To make no slaves, however many lovers.' Dowden is a confirmed scholar—the people who call my friends ignoramuses, unscholarly, off the streets, cannot quarrel with the equipment of Dowden. Dowden has all the points they insist upon—yet he can tolerate Walt Whitman. There is something to be explained in that." "Explain it." "I don't have to—let the other fellows explain it." Again: "That is one of Dowden's early letters—one of the first: he has lasted, still firmly adheres to his original view. I have seen many defections—have had quite an experience of that sort: young fellows who take to me strong, then, as they get older, recede—sometimes come to entirely disavow me."

—a man of science, and a mystic—a Quaker; he has had a wish to write on the subject of your poems, and may perhaps accomplish it. There is a barrister, an ardent nature, much interested in social and political principles—he overflows with two authors, Carlyle and yourself. There is a clergyman, the most sterling piece of manhood I know—he has I daresay taken you in more thoroughly than any of us, in proportion to his own soundness and integrity of nature. There is Tyrell whom I named before (a fellow of Trinity College, an excellent Greek scholar). There is a woman of most fine character and powerful intellect, ——. She, I hope, will at some time write and publish the impression your writings have made upon her, as she is at present about to do in the case of Robert Browning. Then I know three painters in London, all men of decided genius, who care very much for all you do: ——, ——(who has, I believe,

in MS. some study of your poems, which at some time may come to be printed)—and Nettleship, whom Rossetti knows, and who has published a book on R. Browning. I have been told that Nettleship at one time when "Leaves of Grass" was out of print and scarce, parted with his last guinea or two to buy a copy.

All I have named, (and I myself may be included) are young, and may, I think, be fairly taken to represent ideas in literature which are becoming, or which will become, dominant.

One thing strikes me about every one who cares for what you write—while your attraction is most absolute, and the impression you make as powerful as that of any teacher or vates, you do not rob the mind of its independence, or divert it from its true direction. You make no slaves, however many lovers.

Very truly yours
Edward Dowden

May 30, 1888. . . . "Arnold always gives you the notion that he hates to touch the dirt—the dirt is so dirty! But everything comes out of the dirt—everything: everything comes out of the people, the every-day people, the people as you find them and leave them: not university people, not F. F. V. people: people, people, just people!" W. laughed. He had handed me a folded sheet of paper. I opened the paper and read it. It contained the penciled draft of a note written by W. to Miss Gregg, a hospital worker, during the war. "Read it," said W., "if you can: it is a chirographic mix-up, but you are a printer and will get through with it. It cuts to the marrow—at least to my marrow: is a sort of confession of faith on my part. Can you imagine Arnold going into such work, standing all its wrenchings, wreckings—coming out whole?" Before I started to read, W. added: "I don't mean that for egotism: I mean it only as indicating a distinction which it is entirely proper for us to make. You of course understand that plenty of others then did and always will do as I did: I do not admit that we will ever fall short of that simple first sympathy, man for man, which drove me as it drove others into hospital work during the war. What I did object to in so much that we call education, culture, scholarship, is that it seems to invest its avatars with contempt for the elemental qualities in character. The hospitals put our feet right on the ground—put us into immediate association with the bottom facts of virtue." I read W.'s note.

Sept. 7, '63

DEAR FRIEND. You spoke the other day, partly in fun, about the men being so undemonstrative. I thought I would write you a line as I hear you leave the hospital to-morrow for a few weeks. Your labor of love and disinterestedness here in Hospital is appreciated. I have heard the ward A patients speak of you with gratitude, sometimes with enthusiasm. They have their own invariable ways (not outside éclat, but in manly American hearts, however rude, however undemonstrative to you). I thought it would be sweet to your tender and womanly heart to know what I have so often heard from the soldiers about you as I sat by their sick cots. I too have learnt to love you, seeing your tender heart, and your goodness to these wounded and dying young men—for they have grown to seem to me as my sons or dear young brothers.

As I am poor I cannot make you a present, but I write you this note, dear girl, knowing you will receive it in the same candor and good faith it is written.

June 10, 1888. A long day of unspeakable anxieties. W. had written on the Dowden envelop: "from Dowden Feb. 6 & Feb 16 1876." Sorry I could not talk with him more about it. I recall this further note on Dowden by him to me some days ago: "Dowden represents the English literary élite—not the caste élite but the spiritual élite: the finer development of that English consciousness which articulates itself these days in the language of the international democracy. Dowden is a book-man: but he is also and more particularly a man-man: I guess that is where we connect."

July 3, 1888. . . . I handed him some proofs. He was happy over it. "This looks like getting on the move again"—asking me: "Does Ferguson make any comments on my snail-like method of work?" Osler was over to-day. Says: "Do not take a gloomy view of Whitman's case—he will come around." W. says of Osler: "He 's a fine fellow and a wise one, I guess: wise, I am sure—he has the air of assurance. Doctor Bucke was to select a man—selected Osler: said Osler was at the head of the band. Osler goes to the University, or somewhere—lectures students." Some one set some fire-crackers off right under his window. W. said of it:

"Don't that beat the devil? Mary wanted to go out to-day and raise a racket about the firing, but I would not let her. I would rather have a headache than interfere with the boys."

Whitman pulled out of a pile of letters on the table a Burroughs envelop. "It is a June letter—worthy of June: written in John's best out-of-doors mood. Why, it gets into your blood and makes you feel worth while. I sit here, helpless as I am, and breathe it in like fresh air. I enjoyed it better reading it to-day than I did when it came, which was during the worst of my very bad spell. It was salvation to John to get back on the land: he was fast getting useless, as he says: he took the bull by the horns—made the jump."

West Park, N. Y., June 11, '88.

DEAR WALT: I hear through Kennedy that you are ill or were so last Monday. I do hope you are well again. Drop me a card if you are able and tell me how you are. I want to find time soon to come down and see you, if company does not bore you. I shall think of you as able to be out occasionally enjoying these June days. The world has not been so beautiful to me for a long time as this spring; probably because I have been at work like an honest man. I had, in my years of loafing, forgotten how sweet toil was. I suppose those generations of farmers back of me have had something to do with it. They all seem to have come to life again in me and are happy since I have taken to the hoe and crowbar. I had quite lost my interest in literature and was fast losing my interest in life itself, but these two months of work have sharpened my appetite for all things. I write you amid the fragrance of clover and the hum of bees. The air is full these days of all sweet meadow and woodland smells. The earth seems good enough to eat.

I propose for a few years to come to devote myself to fruit-growing. I have 17 acres of land now, nearly all of it out in grapes and currants and raspberries. I think I can make some money and maybe renew my grip upon life.

I was glad to see Kennedy. I like him much.

How I wish you were here, or somewhere else in the country where all these sweet influences of the season could minister to you! Your reluctance to move is just what ought to be overcome. It is like the lethargy of a man beginning to freeze.

We are all well. Julian goes to school in Po'keepsie, and is a fine boy. He goes and returns daily on the little steamer. I hope O'Connor is no worse. Do drop me a line. With much love,

John Burroughs.

"You see," said W., "John writes letters—real letters. He does not strike you as a maker of phrases. I get so many letters that are distinctly literary—written for effect—labored over—worked upon to be made just so, just so: every phrase nicely balanced—all the words in place. John has the real art—the art of succeeding by not trying to succeed: he is the farmer first, the man, before he is the writer: that is the key, index, anything you may call it, of his success." I quoted a remark made by Stoddard to Brinton or a friend of Brinton (Brinton repeated it to me): "Whitman is sore on the literary class." W. laughed: "It 's the other way about—the literary class is sore on me." "Does it make you feel bad?" "Not at all. If it did I should go and train with them instead of staying and training with myself."

July 5, 1888. . . . "There are all the fellows about everywhere to write to—I must neglect them all: you must do what you can to get, keep, in touch with them, for your sake, for mine. In all this world there's nothing so precious—in all this world, nothing. Good night! Good night!"

July 6, 1888. . . . When he felt ready he went on about Burroughs: "John is one of the true-hearts—one of the true-hearts—warm, sure, firm—I feel that he has never wavered in his friendship for me: never doubted or gone off—that I can count on him in all exigencies: and I think affection plays a great part in John's regard for me, as it does in mine for him. John is making an impression on his age, has come to stay—has veritable, indisputable, dynamic gifts." Referring to Frank Harned's kindness in repeatedly making photos to please him, W. said: "Frank has *kindness* as a first quality: and kindness should be first—should not be only incidental."

July 7, 1888. 7:45 P.M. W. sitting by the window fanning himself. Greeted me heartily. And his health? "Oh, I am improved just this minute, but I have been bad all day!" Adding, after looking in my face: "Don't feel bad about it—I don't." I said to W.: "That was a mine of great treasure you gave me last night."

"Do you think so? Well—so do I. Love is always a great treasure—always: these fellows have been very dear to me when I most needed adhesion. They may be wrong in what they say of my book, but they are not wrong in their love: love is never wrong. I never get the feeling of being bad off without getting the feeling of being well off—extra well off: for what I have missed in one thing I have gained a thousand times over in another thing. Was n't one of those letters from Dowden? O yes! Dowden: dear man—truly steadfast through the thick and thin of my darker days: I have got to sort o' look to him for good will: and there was Noel, too: Noel says he wants to be counted in always—always: and Rossetti—what can I say of Rossetti? When I think of the friends I have had I forget the enemies I have made."

July 8, 1888. . . . "As I said to you yesterday, the best thing about all these fellows—yes, about any fellows—is the noble quality of their love. When some people were here awhile ago, and one of them said he was sorry I was poor, I made a kick. Who was poor? Not I. I thought of just a few of the fellows—William, John, Dowden, Symonds, others: thought of them—the thought of them almost choked me with gladness. Was I poor? Others may be deceived because I have no money in the bank: I am not deceived."

July 9, 1888. . . . Then he said with a laugh: "Bless you!" Got a check for forty dollars from "New York Herald" last week. Returned it. Had not written anything for the past month. The check reappeared. "That 's what I call very unbusinesslike in the 'Herald,'" he said, adding, however, more seriously: "That was downright decent in somebody. Who is the somebody?"

July 12, 1888. . . . Our printer Mirick had been much interested in W.'s Bowery piece going into the book. "Whitman must have been one of the boys," said Mirick. "So I was," said W. "I spent much of my time in the theaters then—much of it—going everywhere, seeing everything, high, low, middling—absorbing theaters at every pore. That was a long, long time ago—seems back somewhere in another world. In my boyhood—say from nineteen on to twenty-six or seven—New York was in its prime for theatricals—still possessed the fine old extra-efficient stock companies. In these days the stage is made up of giants and nobodies: back in that other time nobody was a nobody—there were reasons for the existence of everybody concerned in the production of a play. I gradually found myself alienated from the stage: there was the best justification for my withdrawal, too. The reality that was has ceased to be. The true old comedies and tragedies have given way to lightness, frivolity, spectacle, dazzle: the expression of power—of mind, of body—of stately manners, of noble bearing—is no longer required, called for, or approved if it appears." I spoke of Salvini. W. had not seen him. "I am willing to admit the exceptions—all that I have heard of Salvini seems to confirm your view—I feel somehow as if he must be our man—a 'Leaves of Grass' man: tell me more about him." And after I had spent ten minutes obeying his injunction he added: "I feel that all you say is true: it sounds like correct criticism—discrimination. Oh! I have seen just such combinations of power—of tremendous force—with delicacy, in the same persons. It is rare, but it occurs. The elder Booth was an example. I do not regard Edwin as quite the same grade of man: he never moved me: I saw him often and often—but never—except in 'Richelieu,' perhaps—have been much drawn to his work or excited in his presence. There are moments in 'Richelieu'—it is so great, so subtle, so fine—which incline me to regard it as Booth's most palpable hit. I always found that I respected Booth: he had the quality of good wine—it is clean, it is uplifting—but Edwin was never supreme—had for me no supermundane moments—never unreservedly carried me away. But, as I said, I am no longer a theater-goer—perhaps I have lost the theatrical perspective—I have not seen plays for a long time. I mean this concerning Edwin: that he always left me about as you see me now—never made me forget everything else and follow him, as the greatest fellows, when they let themselves go, always do. Perhaps that was the one defect of Booth—that he did not let himself go. I never met Forrest personally, but of course saw him act—often saw him: and we had mutual friends: I watched his career with both my eyes."

In lifting the letter off the table I caught

along with it a little slip of paper which dropped at my feet. I stooped to pick it up. W. saw what I was doing. "Did you lose something?" he asked. "I threw this off the table." Holding the slip in the air, "What is it?" There was little light over by the bed. I moved toward the lowered gas-jet. Read the memorandum. W. had preserved a "for sale" advertisement from the "Natchez Free Trader" of May 11, 1848. I read it aloud:

NEGROES FOR SALE

I have just arrived from Missouri with ten Negroes, which I will sell at a bargain for cash. I have several boys about 21 years of age that are very likely, strictly No. 1. One fine seamstress and house servant, very likely. Those who wish to purchase and will buy the lot I will most certainly give a great bargain.

Asa L. Thomson.

Forks Road, Natchez, May 2, 1848.

When I had finished W. at once spoke out: "I recognize it. Don't you think it's a wonderful specimen case? Such a thing means enough to make you both laugh and cry. And all in the '*Free* Trader,' too! What a lot of nonsense has got current in the world with that word; it has been made to stand for both the most devilish and most divine of human instincts. The way Mr. Thomson expresses himself is very cute. You might think he was handling a line of reduced goods in a department store: a bargain, so much off, for one day only. How would it sound to say: 'I have a couple of scribblers of doubtful ages that are very likely, strictly No. 1? Stand forth, Walt Whitman and Horace Traubel!' How would that sound? Horace, a thousand years of history has been lived in the forty years since Mr. Thomson advertised his bargains in human souls. Tragedy and comedy—both have been lived. We still suffer slaveries of one sort or another—particularly industrial slaveries—but nothing quite so raw as this could be quoted in America to-day. It is a good thing to keep around as a reminder—yes, a warning."

July 14, 1888. . . . "The French have wonderful knack in certain directions—for extreme finesse, often—why, it is so good sometimes it seems almost natural. Here is a thing from Joubert: 'Where there is no delicacy there is no literature.' How much there is in that! Don't you think so? Oh! how subtle! You feel it—it gets into you and spreads about!" W. said again: "The French writer contradicts himself on several points. Here is another of his magnificent phrases: 'Virility is a fine thing, but the ideal is finer.' I have long thought of literature by just such light as this man throws on it. The easy touch of French writers does not necessarily come from frivolity, insincerity: Arnold was wrong if he ever thought that. There are incomparable things in Hugo—in some others of the French litterateurs: immense, immortal things: things that belong to every day of all time. I have often pointed to—always adhered, referred to—Millet. Millet was a new world in himself: was long doubted, but finally came to his own. O'Connor, who reads French, who is perfectly at home in its literature, stands by the French—insists upon French supremacy: and William, you know, of all my friends and supporters, seems to me the most scholarly—the best possessed in literary treasures—the love of books: and William has this added fact to his credit—that his bookishness, tremendous, even extreme as it may appear, has in no way affected, reduced, his individuality: he towers over all the books: he is always a vital being. I often say of Emerson, that the personality of the man—the wonderful heart and soul of the man, present in all he writes, thinks, does, hopes—goes far toward justifying the whole literary business—the whole raft good and bad, the entire system. You see, I find nothing in literature that is valuable simply for its professional quality: literature is only valuable in the measure of the passion—the blood and muscle—with which it is invested—which lies concealed and active in it."

THE SPIRIT OF SCHOOL AND COLLEGE SPORT

II. ENGLISH AND AMERICAN FOOTBALL[1]

BY RALPH D. PAINE

AN ancient alumnus of Phillips Andover Academy recently returned to the campus of his youth and sadly made comment:

"In my old school-days every boy able to run could play football, and everybody used to take a hand in the crude baseball of the time. The sports have changed their character, and the evolution has transformed the simple into the complex, a healthful recreation into a *tour de force* no longer open to the whole school. It is not an edifying spectacle to old-fashioned prejudice to see a score of young fellows in fantastic costume have the play all to

[1] See the first article, on "American and English Rowing," in THE CENTURY for August.

From a photograph by James Burton

A CHEERING FACTION AND ITS LEADER AT AN AMERICAN CHAMPIONSHIP GAME

From a photograph by Burr McIntosh

THE "KICK-OFF"—THE YALE-PRINCETON CHAMPIONSHIP MATCH AT PRINCETON, NOVEMBER, 1904

themselves, while two hundred of their comrades sit about and look on the whole afternoon."

This critic would have been more disturbed in mind if he had been informed that the "Athletic Committee" of his preparatory school found it necessary to distribute the following circular letter:

The influences thus hinted at, which threaten the welfare of youth even in its school years, are wafted straight from the American college world. There would be no vexing "athletic problem" among the secondary schools if the intensity of rivalry among the older heroes of the gridiron and the diamond could be kept within whole-

From a photograph by James Burton

PRACTICE WITH THE "TACKLING DUMMY," TO TOUGHEN THE HUMAN FRAME

DEAR SIR: In order to protect ourselves against possible professionalism in our athletic teams, we are sending copies of this letter to various persons who are acquainted with the men that may represent us on our teams. Do you know anything about —— which may be counted against his strictly amateur standing as it is understood in American schools and colleges? This letter does not imply that any suspicion is alleged against the man. It is being sent with respect to all athletic candidates entering the school during the coming year.

some bounds. The lad in his teens, however, hears echoing from those universities in which the standards of gentle manhood and ideals of conduct are supposed to be nurtured, such attacks upon honor, habitually occurring, as would bring penalty of expulsion from any reputable club. Every autumn rings with accusations flung between famous seats of learning associated in football rivalries, which mean nothing less than this:

"We believe that So-and-So, who is

playing on your eleven, has no right to be there. Either he is paid for his services in cash or in other unlawful inducements, or his previous athletic career puts him under the ban. Therefore you are trying to deceive us, or he is deceiving you by lying about his right to play on your team."

Thus the lie is passed between individuals, or between the managements of athletic interests. It has come to pass that candidates for university teams must answer on honor long lists of printed questions which search,

LONDON WELSH AGAINST NEWPORT, AT QUEEN'S CLUB, LONDON. A TACKLE

LONDON SCOTTISH AGAINST CAMBRIDGE. A SCRIMMAGE

ENGLAND AGAINST WALES, AT SWANSEA. AN ATTEMPT TO PASS THE BALL

From photographs by Bowden Brothers

A RUSH (SHOWING THE OPEN GAME), QUEEN'S CLUB GROUNDS

ENGLISH "RUGBY FOOTBALL," WHOSE BEST FEATURES HAVE BEEN "IMPROVED" OUT OF THE GAME BY AMERICAN COLLEGIANS

TACKLED IN THE AIR

END RUN BEHIND INTERFERENCE

HURDLING THE LINE

From photographs by James Burton and R. W. Tebbs

A PLUNGE THROUGH TACKLE

AMERICAN COLLEGE FOOTBALL, WITH ARMOR-CLAD PLAYERS, IN DESPERATE ATTACK AND DEFENSE BY CLOSELY MASSED GROUPS

with microscopic detail, their past records and their motives for matriculating. Such methods make a virtual suspect of every student bound by them. A young man honestly working his way through college cannot take a prominent part in athletics without being accused of receiving "help" in some disguised form.

In the wide-spread clamor for increasingly complex rules against what is called "professionalism" in American school and college sport, many of the agitators have befogged the main issue. To forbid a lad to play on his baseball nine through his three or four college years because when he was fifteen years old he ran a foot-race at a county

From photographs by Bowden Brothers

1. BUTTING THE BALL. 2. CLEVERLY TAKING AWAY THE BALL. 3. A CORNER. 4. FOUR MEN IN THE AIR—THE PLAYER FALLING FORWARD HAS BUTTED THE BALL

"ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL," REQUIRING FLEETNESS AND AGILITY, IN PLACE OF WEIGHT AND BRAWN

fair for a cash prize of two dollars, and to inflict no penalty upon a football rusher who consistently plays a brutal and unfair game, is to reduce the control of college athletics to an absurdity.

The best and worst features of campus sport are found most sharply defined in football. Now, the fact seems often overlooked that the average American youth is both honest by instinct and keen for fair play. He enters college with a normal fondness for outdoor pastime. As one of his first impressions, he learns that the football team is a "complicated machine of infinite exactitude," from which the youth of average physical equipment is well-nigh barred. Then he discovers that the kind of game played by the few picked heroes is so difficult and exhausting that the three months' season suggests slavery far more than sport. He grasps the fact that rowing is a pursuit which demands a long and arduous training period in order to drill eight men into absolute harmony of action, and he does not see how working for the crew could be made any easier. But football, in bracing autumn weather, looks as if it ought to offer a fair field to any strong and plucky youth willing to endure hard knocks. Really, there ought to be much fun in it, he thinks.

From a photograph by Kimball

A TYPICAL AMERICAN SCHOOL-BOY ELEVEN AT GROTON, MASSACHUSETTS

He finds, however, that players, trainers, and coaches are thinking of nothing else than welding together eleven brawny giants into certain battering-ram formations the impetus of which shall be more deadly and lasting than that of a rival mass of beef and muscle on a certain afternoon three months distant. The freshman, standing in disconsolate idleness on the side-lines, perceives also that in a university of perhaps two or three thousand students it is not considered possible to assemble eleven men of the standards of physique and intelligence required to form a "championship team," wherefore it is necessary to recruit among the preparatory schools, and to throw out drag-nets for promising material among the smaller colleges. And this youngster of ours may be wise enough to glimpse the fact, which has eluded most of his perplexed elders busy with making more "rules," that the problem of keeping football clean in school and college rests not so much with the player as with the game itself.

In other words, a pastime which is so hard to play well, which contains so few of the essential elements of sport, and which cannot find its raw material among thousands of willing young men within its own bounds, is certain to breed perverted

From a photograph

ANDOVER-EXETER CHAMPIONSHIP FOOTBALL GAME AT ANDOVER, MASSACHUSETTS, 1904

From a photograph by Kimball

HOCKEY AT ST. PAUL'S SCHOOL, CONCORD, NEW HAMPSHIRE

American school-boys are snow-bound at a time when English youth continue to play football

ideas of the spirit and object of normally conducted athletics for the benefit of the greatest possible number. "Professionalism" in football would be shorn of its temptations to "win at any cost" if the game were such as the average student could learn to play well and to enjoy.

When the English Rugby game was

From a photograph

ETON AND HARROW CRICKET MATCH AT LORD'S

The scene at the luncheon interval illustrates the holiday spirit of English school sports

introduced at Yale and Harvard thirty years ago it was a primitive pastime in which natural strength and agility were the qualities needed. There was little, if any, "team play," and the ball emerged to the hovering "backs" from a mob-like scrimmage which kicked it out in a cheerful, haphazard fashion. When the ball was clear of this formless struggle, it was run with, passed, or kicked until a "down" was made (that is, until the ball was brought to earth with the runner), when another scrimmage was formed to get the ball in play again.

Unhampered by tradition or knowledge of the rules, the American pioneers were free to set their inventive talent at work. They wished to organize the pastime, fired by the same kind of zeal which infused the crude game of "rounders" with method and system and made baseball of it. This Rugby football offered the most tempting opportunities for improvement along the lines of team play, in combining the muscle and intelligence of the side which held the ball. Without knowing it, the early football leaders were employing the talent for combination, concentration, and economy of effort which has been shown in the wider field of American business methods. They were no more than following their natural bent when they began to "tinker with" the imported article of football.

It was soon discovered that the attack could be vastly strengthened if the team knew where the ball was going and who was to get it, instead of leaving all to chance. Step by step, then, an "eleven" was evolved in which every man knew how the play was to be directed before the ball was passed out of the scrimmage, which became a "rush-line" working like a machine. It was necessary to devise a signal-code to indicate to his comrades which man was to run with the ball, in order that they might help clear a path for him. This kind of aid was flatly forbidden by the English rules, but it could not be checked in the logical development of the American game, and was therefore made lawful as "interference."

As soon as it became possible to group the heaviest players around the ball by prearranged signal, and then to charge for-

From a photograph

THE AMERICAN SCHOOL-BOY ABSORBED IN THE ISSUE

The grand stand at a baseball championship game between the Lawrenceville (New Jersey) and Hill (Pennsylvania) Schools

From a photograph by Bowden Brothers

THE DIGNIFIED ENGLISH SCHOOL-BOY AT A CRICKET MATCH BETWEEN ETON AND HARROW AT LORD'S

ward in a compact mass to protect the runner behind a flying screen of this interference, American football was ripe for the application of the shrewdest rules of military strategy and tactics. The attack could be unexpectedly directed against the weakest point of the enemy's line, or one flank could be menaced by a feint attack while the real onslaught was hurled elsewhere. Then a Napoleon of the game discovered that by getting this human battering-ram under way before the ball was put in play, a terrific momentum was gained against the foe, whom the rules compelled to wait in their tracks. The side on the defensive must fight by diving under, over, or through this hurtling mass, while the one or two men directly opposed in the rush-line must bear the shock of collision with half a dozen interlocked assailants.

It was ruled that the side having the ball could keep it as long as they advanced toward the opposing goal a total distance of five yards in three "downs." Therefore a team would not kick the ball until forced to by failure to gain this distance, and advancing it by sheer weight of massed attack became the chief end of football tactics. Twelve years ago public outcry compelled a modification of this style of play, which had become excessively brutal in execution and most wearisome to behold. Nothing daunted, strategic talent worked out even more cunning and scientific methods of concentrating weight in machine-like formations which hit the opposing line with great violence. The premium upon weight and momentum was really increased, and these formations, by which four or five powerful men were hurled against one man of the other side with the open intent of battering him into a helpless condition, were perfected by means of the most complex signal-systems.

The training for successful interference

required months of exhausting preparation, and equally hard work of course was needed to make ready to oppose and check it. More and more weight was demanded until fit men for the back-field and end-rush positions, where speed and agility were once the essentials, were sought among the two hundred-pound candidates. Practice was begun during the spring term before the autumn campaign, and football squads were mobilized in the mountains or at the sea-shore during the summer months.

Mechanical devices were invented to help harden the human frame against the shocks of this pastime. The "tackling-dummy" is still in common use. A football suit stuffed with straw is suspended from a wooden gallows, and the player is taught to hurl himself at this figure and bring it to earth with the fury of a terrier after a rat. A "charging-machine" is reaping profits for its inventor. The player throws himself against its padded frame, and the foot-pounds, or -tons, of his impact are automatically recorded on a dial.

As the wear and tear on the football hero increased the padding of his garments was elaborated until he became armored in head-gear, nose-guard, shoulder-pieces, elbow-guards, monstrously swollen hips and knees, shin-plates and ankle-braces, all for an afternoon's recreation. Not long ago a rule was passed that American collegians should not wear steel

THE FIELD GAME BETWEEN MASTERS AND OLD ETONIANS

From photographs by Bowden Brothers

THE WALL GAME BETWEEN COLLEGERS AND OPPIDANS. THE BALL COMING OUT OF "BELLY"

ST. ANDREW'S DAY AT ETON

and copper plates under the padding of their heads, thighs, and shins. While this heroic protection was most effective, it was too disastrous to the opponent against whom the human projectile was launched.

The highly specialized squad of athletes, set apart to fight for a very admirable something called the glory of their alma mater, must take the game as they find it. From early in September they are steadily keyed up until the great matches late in November. The professional coach receives exorbitant wages for his services, and is greedy of his personal reputation as a man who can be relied upon to turn out winners. The work of the class-room cannot hold its normal importance in his point of view. While the amateur coach is no less severe in his methods, he is content to give the team and the institution some share of the glory.

The rewards of victory before thirty thousand raving spectators, the honor of winning a championship, and the newspaper notoriety which magnifies the feat, breed in coaches and players a feverish desire to win. Nothing else counts. Here, for example, is the way in which a prominent head coach would have the university eleven exhorted on the eve of a championship game:

"Each man is wrought up to the highest pitch. The test of skill for which he has trained for months, perhaps for more than one season, is about to be made. He is to stand before his college bearing its colors, and to fight for them with all his resource and courage. A good time to have a quiet talk with them is in the evening of the day before the game. Picture to them exactly what defeat must inevitably mean. Give them a realizing sense of the fact that the game cannot be played over again, but that the defeat must be final, and will stand as a record for all time to come. The suggestion, skilfully made, of what victory will mean is a fitting accompaniment to the portrayal of the significance of defeat."

This is the spirit that fills the whole training season until the strain upon the players' nerves is sometimes more than they can bear. That they perform wonders of pluck and daring, that their combined skill is a triumph of faithful effort, and that their headlong contempt of danger to life and limb is truly splendid, cannot cover the fact that what ought to be a pastime has become a dogged and trying business.

At the close of the football season of 1904, public sentiment rose in an impressive protest against a game which had become so exacting and scientific that it was stupid for the layman to witness and a caricature of sport for the player. The championship matches which Yale played with Harvard and Princeton, for example, were little more than repeated collisions of seemingly confused masses of men, varied by an infrequent glimpse of the ball during a compulsory kick. The demand for a radical overhauling of the rules came from every corner of the country, and voiced the overwhelming sentiment of an interested public, which saw football enlisting its tens of thousands of players on every school and college field. It was reinforced by experts in an aftermath of intelligent discussion that lasted through the winter. There was every reason to expect that the gentlemen who have been intrusted with the important duty of molding this pastime would pay heed to this uprising, which was one of the most notable expressions of opinion in the history of college athletics.

This authority is vested in a "Football Rules Committee," consisting of Mr. Walter Camp of Yale, Mr. John C. Bell of the University of Pennsylvania, Mr. R. D. Wrenn of Harvard, Professor J. B. Fine of Princeton, Professor L. M. Dennis of Cornell, Professor Paul Dashiell of the United States Naval Academy, and Professor A. A. Stagg of the Chicago University. Most of them were famous players in their college days, and all are presumed to be technically competent to deal with the most intricate football problems. This committee did valuable work in bringing college football under a common set of playing-rules, but since the achievement of that first large task its policy has been one of the most timid and even harmful conservatism. The climax of this ineffectiveness was reached during the present year, when the seven experts could not agree upon one solitary amendment in response to public demand. They left the rules as they were, except for a few changes so trifling as to invite laughter.

The game of football, therefore, which is now in furious activity from one end of the country to the other, is, curiously

enough, of a kind heartily condemned by the opinion of the majority of those entitled to a hearing in the matter. The alterations which this opinion sought were both reasonable and feasible. They are summed up in the phrase "open game." This means that the massing of attack should be forbidden, that the individual should no longer be submerged in the team, and that the spectator should be permitted now and then to see the ball and the player trying to advance it. President Eliot of Harvard went so far as to couple with his sweeping condemnation of the present style of play a hint that Harvard students might not be allowed to take part in the game unless radical changes were made.

This physical evolution of American football has been interwoven with vital influences on the side of morals and ethics. So long as the game was open to the average youth of vigorous build and stout heart and its technic could be easily mastered, there was no temptation to enroll players by questionable methods. But the existing game, which requires such exceptional material and so much unremitting toil, makes the player who has won a reputation in preparatory school or minor college vastly preferable to the raw recruit. The "recruiting system," by which players were seduced from their college allegiance, and even from the mines and factories, to take "special courses" of instruction and regular courses in football, infected the game so rapidly that a flood of restrictive legislation began to rise as far away as the early nineties.

But these "eligibility rules" hack at the branches and not at the root of the trouble. Last year one of the leading university elevens was taken from the class-rooms for two weeks of the autumn term in order that the players might recuperate at health resorts before their championship contests. This episode, standing by itself, would seem to show that the question at issue is whether the game is "eligible" for the players, and not whether a player here and there is "eligible" to take part in the game.

To the American "tackle" or "plunging half-back" who recalls his three months at the training-table, the defensive armor in which he incased himself, the bruising shock of daily practice, the small army of trainers and attendants, and the swarm of angry coaches, the following opinion of an eminent English football authority sounds like jesting:

"It is the duty of the football captain to urge upon his men the importance of keeping fit. University or school captains need have no fears on this score. The great danger in their case is that they may get too much training. It is difficult to find a reason, but it is certain that Rugby football does not require her devotees to train by the hard-and-fast rules of a university crew or athletic team. It is better to come to the scratch short a few gallops than to be too finely drawn. To varsity men, then, and boys at school, I would say most emphatically, do not deviate from your ordinary ways of living, provided they be healthful, and beware of staleness."

Every college of Oxford and Cambridge supports both a Rugby "fifteen" and an Association "eleven," and many of them turn out second teams. In the university, therefore, nearly fifty teams are playing. Their practice is of the most casual and happy-go-lucky kind, and they put most of their playing energies into contests with one another. To the American campaigner "contest" is a stiff word for these encounters. There is almost no coaching, for the players are presumed to have learned the rules of the game in school, while such team play as there is can be picked up in a few afternoons. Even the varsity fifteen is selected with a like cheerful indifference to system. Two matches are played to sift the candidates, with perhaps one or two informal games besides. These "varsity blues" are chosen chiefly on public-school reputation, or for good work on their college fifteens. The painful process of developing players is unknown, and of course recruiting material is undreamed of. Practice need not be jammed into the autumn months, for the mild English winter permits as long a season of play as the athletes wish to make it.

After the university Rugby team has been picked, its training consists of a game or two a week against the strong club fifteens of England, with some informal kicking practice betweentimes. When the weather is disagreeable the team does not practice. As the result of these easy-going habits, you will not see American standards of football in an Oxford-Cambridge Rugby match. The deadly and

concerted aggressiveness, the clean-cut interdependence of the team, the swift, sure tackling, the deft handling of the ball, and the superb endurance are lacking, and often the play seems crude and even bungling. But English Rugby has remained a pastime, and this counts mightily in its favor.

The heavy work falls in the scrimmage, or "scrum," as they call it; but this mass of rushers does not try to slam half a dozen close-locked giants over one particular victim and stamp him into the landscape. In a grunting, swaying mob the forwards push with heads down until the ball pops out of the ruck. An able-bodied British youth with good wind and weight can get into his "scrum" and learn the knack of shoving with the "pack" in a brace of afternoons. When the ball emerges to a waiting half-back, it is passed to one of the three quarter-backs, who tosses it to another comrade if he is menaced by a tackler. This swift passing on the run is the showiest feature of the game; and once out of the "scrum," all the play is in the open field, with kicking, running, passing, dribbling with the feet, tackling, and dodging always in sight.

This game has made little progress in tactics since the American experimenters overhauled it and made it something very different. Nor will English Rugby ever make any headway on American fields. But the Association game of football has been recently introduced at Harvard, and is already so popular that an intercollegiate league is forming. For brilliant and versatile "open play," which a long-suffering American public seeks in vain, the Association football merits the highest praise; and unless the college game is changed, it is not rash to predict that the English pastime will seriously invade its territory within the next five years. It is purely football, in that the ball is not touched with the hands, but is either kicked or butted with the head in amazingly skilful fashion. "Dribbling" the ball along the ground with the feet from one player to another is the shining art of the Association game; and nothing prettier can be seen in sport than a line of active forwards stretching half across the field as they deftly weave the ball out of danger, always rushing toward the distant goal. This is team play of a high order, but it requires the training of the track athlete rather than that of the battering American warrior. And the English player, in trim jersey costume, with bare arms and knees, gives the impression of a young man bent on enjoying himself.

Oxford or Cambridge football is never afire with the flaming spirit of sacrifice and daring which our college game inspires in its champions. Football in the English student life is simply one feature of outdoor play, which draws its thousands also to the cricket-fields and river. The American youth prefers his kind of football, just as he would scorn the notion of substituting the placid and tedious rivalry of cricket for the swift crises compressed within nine sharp innings of baseball. From his standpoint, something vital is missing from sport where players can find cheerfulness in defeat, and where onlookers arouse to no more enthusiasm than at a matinée. When an American crew is training for a Henley invasion, or a track team dares try conclusions with the flower of Oxford and Cambridge, it would be rank disloyalty not to strain every effort, at whatever sacrifice, to be as fit as possible. On the other hand, English athletes have allowed the visitors to beat them time and again in such events as hammer-throwing, shot-putting, hurdling, and sprinting, because these are specialties demanding careful and intelligent training for first-class achievement. Therefore the young Briton thinks they are not worth learning to do very well, because the work is not worth the cost, and there is no fun in it. Of football it is especially true that the Englishman would see no sport in a style of game in which winning form is to be gained only by prodigious exertion and a very martyrdom of training. In the ordeal of American football are bred splendid qualities for manhood and a discipline which none will decry. That six feet of mighty youth should sob his heart out after defeat is not to his discredit, and he will fight life's battles the better for it. He takes his sport, as he does his business, far more seriously than the Briton, and with a fair field he excels him in both. Yet he can learn from his cousin across the water that play should not be all work, and that sport can flourish unmarred by eligibility squabbles.

The head masters and principals of American preparatory schools find that

even they must fight with eternal vigilance the spirit of trying too hard to win. Principal Stearns of Andover uses this story to point a moral:

"Last fall, just before the term opened, a young man walked into my office, dropped his grip on the floor, and said simply:

"'I 'm O'Brien.'

"He seemed slightly chagrined that I did not know him by reputation, and went on to explain with a pleasing frankness that he had come to enter the school, but that he had no money and saw no way of paying even the first term's tuition required of all students on entrance. I asked him what he expected to do, and whether he had planned for any self-supporting work around the academy or in the town.

"'No,' said O'Brien; 'not a bit of it. But I played tackle last year on such a team [naming a college in Maine], and I can run a hundred yards in ten and a fifth, and I had a dandy batting and fielding average last season. A pal of mine in Worcester told me to come up here, and it would be all right; that I could make some sort of an arrangement to go to school and play on the eleven and the nine. I 'm O'Brien, and you have n't got many lads in my class as an athlete.'

"O'Brien left town by the next train, and I don't know whether he found an opening for his unusual talents somewhere else. Now this boy got the impression that he could use athletics to put him through school from the common talk of such practices among the colleges, and you can scarcely blame him for getting his point of view twisted."

It is the outside rivalry with other schools which fosters this eagerness to win victories wholly for the sake of winning; and in order to make sport a means of recreation for the student body, it has been found necessary to stimulate rivalries within the school itself. Series of games among dormitories, classes, and clubs have helped to widen the interest which the enthusiasm of American youth, if left to itself, prefers to focus on one great championship match.

The task of wholesome control is specially difficult at Exeter and Andover because their boys have almost collegiate freedom from the close supervision exercised in most other preparatory schools. But their sturdy democracy of spirit works for sane athletics because every lad feels bound in loyalty to rally to the support of the school teams with might and main.

The system of St. Paul's School, Concord, deserves special notice in this connection, because its three hundred and fifty boys have no contests with other schools. They show the liveliest ardor in all branches of sport, with no other stimulus than an inter-club rivalry. Half a century of tradition, however, bulwarks the hotly defended prestige of these organizations. The school rallies to the colors of the Isthmian, Adelphian, and Old Hundred clubs with such enthusiasm that eighteen elevens are on the football fields. This club competition flourishes also in baseball, cricket, track athletics, hockey, and tennis. The fun of the game and the honor of the club supply the incentive to outdoor play which the college cannot find without the spur of outside competition.

Groton School, even more closely modeled on English lines, also leads its hundred and fifty boys out of doors by means of the club system. In their football matches the boys are graded according to size and strength, and sturdy young fellows of twelve and fourteen play their hardest for "Wachusett" or "Monadnock." The older boys have their playing-fields set apart, and their masters play with them. Every boy in the school is expected to play football. With St. Mark's School, where sports are similarly organized, Groton plays an annual football match, but the first eleven has no more practice than the remainder of the little army of club players. The head master, the Rev. Endicott Peabody, believes that "football has many valuable qualities for training mind and body so long as outside influences are barred."

Lawrenceville School has cultivated competition within its own borders by means of the "House" system of games, in which the boys of the several residence buildings are matched through a stirring list of sports. The school teams are allowed to play a few matches away from home, and the championship rivalry is fought out with the Hill School of Pottstown. But the chief concern of the masters, in their attitude toward athletics, is that the "House" contests shall flourish, for these games take the average boy to

the playgrounds during his recreation hours, and he is not discouraged from sport because he fails to win a place on the "first team."

Hill School views the growing boy as so much raw material, and cultivates his physical well-being according to a precise and scientific system. The physical director will tell you:

"The school-boy should be assigned to the sport best suited for him. After our physical and medical examinations are tabulated, the records of physical defects are analyzed. A list of questions has been previously submitted to their parents to cover physical history and hereditary tendencies. Special classes take in hand those below the average standard, and soon the whole school is drafted, some to football or baseball, others to tennis, golf, or the track athletic squad, with a certain number of required hours for exercise in the week."

To the English school-boy such vigilant and complex paternalism as this would sound as forbidding as a lecture course on "Calvinistic Particularism." But those American schools which have best succeeded in sweeping all their boys out of doors have been forced to develop intelligent systems of supervision to combat the tendency to leave athletics in the hands of the first eleven and the first nine. This is the policy also of such institutions as the Mackenzie School at Dobbs Ferry, the Hotchkiss School at Lakeville, the St. Paul's School at Garden City, and many others which aim to surround sound minds with sound bodies.

By way of striking contrast, English school-boy life needs none of this fostering care in its athletic pastimes. The stimulus of outside rivalry is a rare factor, and interscholastic contests are almost unknown. Eton plays cricket-matches with Harrow and Winchester, and Rugby plays Marlborough; but these meetings are spectacular and leisurely gatherings of smart society, in which sport as pure pastime is seen in the bloom of perfection. Football, the climax of interscholastic rivalry in America, is played wholly on his home grounds by the English lad preparing for Oxford or Cambridge. This is perhaps because each of the leading public schools has its peculiar style of game fixed by ancient tradition.

The Wall Game at Eton could be played nowhere else in the world, because an ancient wall by the road to Slough is one boundary, another is a garden wall in which a door is used as one goal, while a third is a venerable elm. One might as well talk of transplanting Windsor Castle as of finding another field for this game. The chief glory of the Wall Game, the rules of which are so bewilderingly complicated that no American has yet mastered them, is the annual match on St. Andrew's Day between the Oppidans and Collegers of Eton. The Field Game is far more popular, and is played by the whole school during Michaelmas term. "It is indeed," said an old Etonian, "the one game which unites the whole school. In other terms different boys are attracted to different pastimes, and in the summer term especially the river and the playing-fields divide the school into two equal but wholly distinct parts. In the football season alone this distinction disappears, the terms 'wet-bob' and 'dry-bob' are laid aside, and every boy becomes a football-player, and a football-player only."

The spirit of rampant rivalry is confined among the "House" teams, which meet in a long series of preliminary matches in the sifting process for the final glory of playing for the "House Cup." This game is a mixture of Rugby and Association, with a "bully," or scrimmage, out of which comes much dribbling and passing, and the liveliest kind of compact formation play, yet without ever touching the ball with the hands.

At Westminster and Charterhouse schools the game is more closely akin to Association football. It is the game of the individual player instead of the mass, without any tackling or running with the ball. Winchester School plays a game in which one side of the field is bounded by a net, into which the ball may be kicked and played on the rebound. This game, as is true of other peculiar forms of English school football, was evolved because the fields were very narrow and ingenuity must overcome territorial handicaps. It has been said that tackling and running with the ball were early eliminated because clothes were dear and rough play had economic drawbacks. Rugby alone has preserved the essential features of the old English game, which inspired Carew to write in 1602:

"It makes their bodies strong, hard, and

nimble, and puts a courage into their hearts to meet an enemy in the face."

The English lad goes to the public school as his father did before him, and plays football, or cricket, or rows, not so much because the system requires it, as because he likes it and could not lead a normal life without it. He is out of doors through the winter, and there are no breaks in his year's program of activities. When football slackens, and before cricket begins, he is on the river, or following the pack of school beagles on foot, or panting along with the cross-country runners, or dancing about the fives-courts. The gymnasium, with its cut-and-dried air of business, and its enforced exercise by scale and chart, is not raising in his young breast a dislike for athletics, which, with the best intentions, the American system is apt to do.

The whole difference, then, lies in the fact that in England athletics are ruled by the spirit of sport; in the United States, by the spirit of competition. The sweeping popularity of American football is the most conspicuous feature of a national awakening to the importance of hardy, outdoor play as a vital part of modern education. It is true, however, that the young American is not genuinely fond of organized athletic sports unless they carry the chance of "whipping" somebody else, which is why he makes of them a "problem" instead of a pastime through his campus years.

THE NEXT OF KIN

BY EDITH M. THOMAS

ONE night they spake of me—my kin,
Wide-wandered from the earth!
The dew that fell was from her eyes,
Who here did give me birth;
My father's voice was in the wind:
"I sowed, but there is dearth,
Or bitterness, as of the ash
The gale lifts from my hearth!"

My little sister (flown in Spring)
Leaned past the evening star:
"Till now I waited for thee here
Beside the crystal bar;
But that which thou hast done, alas!
From thee removes me far;
And in the wreath I made for thee
The flowers all weeping are!"

They spake of me, of me,—my kin,
In lengthened line arrayed;
From one to other passed the word,
On blanching lips effrayed;
They mounted far,—an ancient host,
By scorn or pity swayed!
Of me they all together spake,
Yet none would give me aid.

Then from the lessening line, came one
With mine own form and face:
"Thy grandsire's grandsire knew me not,
Yet am I of thy race;
Thy good—thy ill—and all thou art,
To me mayst surely trace;
And, next of kin, I 'll stand by thee,
In the dread Judgment Place!

"I best can say how that wild blood,
Which ruled thine erring will,
Ran, undiverted, from my spring,
Thy fragile cup to fill;
And, when the rest thy doom invoke,
From Heaven's midnight hill,
Thy next of kin for thee will plead,
And they shall hold them still!"

ALL GOLD CAÑON

BY JACK LONDON

IT was the green heart of the cañon, where the walls swerved back from the rigid plan and relieved their harshness of line by making a little sheltered nook and filling it to the brim with sweetness and roundness and softness. Here all things rested. Even the narrow stream ceased its turbulent down-rush long enough to form a quiet pool. Knee-deep in the water, with drooping head and half-shut eyes, drowsed a red-coated, many-antlered buck.

On one side, beginning at the very lip of the pool, was a tiny meadow, a cool, resilient surface of green that extended to the base of the frowning wall. Across the pool a gentle slope of earth ran up and up to meet the opposing wall. Fine grass covered the slope—grass that was spangled with flowers, with here and there patches of color, orange and purple and golden. Below, the cañon was shut in. There was no view. The walls leaned together abruptly and the cañon ended in a chaos of rocks, moss-covered and hidden by a green screen of vines and creepers and boughs of trees. Up the cañon rose far hills and peaks, the big foothills, pine-covered and remote. And far beyond, like clouds upon the border of the sky, towered minarets of white, where the Sierra's eternal snows flashed austerely the blazes of the sun.

There was no dust in the cañon. The leaves and flowers were clean and virginal. The grass was young velvet. Over the pool three cottonwoods sent their snowy fluffs fluttering down the quiet air. On the slope the blossoms of the wine-wooded manzanita filled the air with springtime odors, while the leaves, wise with experience, were already beginning their vertical twist against the coming aridity of summer. In the open spaces on the slope, beyond the farthest shadow-reach of the manzanita, poised the mariposa-lilies, like so many flights of jeweled moths suddenly arrested and on the verge of trembling into flight again. Here and there that woods harlequin, the madrone, permitting itself to be caught in the act of changing its pea-green trunk to madder-red, breathed its fragrance into the air from great clusters of waxen bells. Creamy white were these bells, shaped like lilies-of-the-valley, with the sweetness of perfume that is of the springtime.

There was not a sigh of wind. The air was drowsy with its weight of perfume. It was a sweetness that would have been cloying had the air been heavy and humid. But the air was sharp and thin. It was as starlight transmuted into atmosphere, shot through and warmed by sunshine, and flower-drenched with sweetness.

An occasional butterfly drifted in and out through the patches of light and shade. And from over all rose the low and sleepy hum of mountain bees—feasting Sybarites that jostled one another good-naturedly at the board, nor found time for rough discourtesy. So quietly did the little stream drip and ripple its way through the cañon that it spoke only in faint and occasional gurgles. The voice of the stream was as a

drowsy whisper, ever interrupted by dozings and silences, ever lifted again in the awakenings.

The motion of all things was a drifting in the heart of the cañon. Sunshine and butterflies drifted in and out among the trees. The hum of the bees and the whisper of the stream were a drifting of sound. And the drifting sound and drifting color seemed to weave together in the making of a delicate and intangible fabric which was the spirit of the place. It was a spirit of peace that was not of death, but of smooth-pulsing life, of quietude that was not silence, of movement that was not action, of repose that was quick with existence without being violent with struggle and travail. The spirit of the place was the spirit of the peace of the living, somnolent with the easement and content of prosperity, and undisturbed by rumors of far wars.

The red-coated, many-antlered buck acknowledged the lordship of the spirit of the place and dozed knee-deep in the cool, shaded pool. There seemed no flies to vex him and he was languid with rest. Sometimes his ears moved when the stream awoke and whispered; but they moved lazily, with foreknowledge that it was merely the stream grown garrulous at discovery that it had slept.

But there came a time when the buck's ears lifted and tensed with swift eagerness for sound. His head was turned down the cañon. His sensitive, quivering nostrils scented the air. His eyes could not pierce the green screen through which the stream rippled away, but to his ears came the voice of a man. It was a steady, monotonous, singsong voice. Once the buck heard the harsh clash of metal upon rock. At the sound he snorted with a sudden start that jerked him through the air from water to meadow, and his feet sank into the young velvet, while he pricked his ears and again scented the air. Then he stole across the tiny meadow, pausing once and again to listen, and faded away out of the cañon like a wraith, soft-footed and without sound.

The clash of steel-shod soles against the rocks began to be heard, and the man's voice grew louder. It was raised in a sort of chant and became distinct with nearness, so that the words could be heard:

"Tu'n around an' tu'n yo' face
Untoe them sweet hills of grace
(D' pow'rs of sin yo' am scornin'!).
Look about an' look aroun',
Fling yo' sin-pack on d' groun'
(Yo' will meet wid d' Lord in d'mornin'!)."

A sound of scrambling accompanied the song, and the spirit of the place fled away on the heels of the red-coated buck. The green screen was burst asunder and a man peered out at the meadow and the pool and the sloping side-hill. He was a deliberate sort of man. He took in the scene with one embracing glance, then ran his eyes over the details to verify the general impression. Then, and not until then, did he open his mouth in vivid and solemn approval:

"Smoke of life an' snakes of purgatory! Will you just look at that! Wood an' water an' grass an' a side-hill! A pocket-hunter's delight an' a cayuse's paradise! Cool green for tired eyes! Pink pills for pale people ain't in it. A secret pasture for prospectors and a resting-place for tired burros, by damn!"

He was a sandy-complexioned man in whose face geniality and humor seemed the salient characteristics. It was a mobile face, quick-changing to inward mood and thought. Thinking was in him a visible process. Ideas chased across his face like wind-flaws across the surface of a lake. His hair, sparse and unkempt of growth, was as indeterminate and colorless as his complexion. It would seem that all the color of his frame had gone into his eyes, for they were blue eyes—startlingly blue. Also, they were laughing and merry eyes, within them much of the naïveté and wonder of the child; and yet, in an unassertive way, they contained much of calm self-reliance and strength of purpose founded upon self-experience and experience of the world.

From out of the screen of vines and creepers he flung ahead of him a miner's pick and shovel and gold-pan. Then he crawled out himself into the open. He was clad in faded overalls and black cotton shirt, with hobnailed brogans on his feet, and on his head a hat whose shapelessness and stains advertised the rough usage of wind and rain and sun and camp-smoke. He stood erect, seeing wide-eyed the secrecy of the scene and sensuously inhaling the warm, sweet breath of the cañon-garden through nostrils that dilated and quivered with delight. His eyes narrowed

to laughing slits of blue, his face wreathed itself in joy, and his mouth curled in a smile as he cried aloud:

"Jumping dandelions and happy hollyhocks, but that smells good to me! Talk about your attar o' roses an' cologne factories! They ain't in it!"

He had the habit of soliloquy. His quick-changing facial expressions might tell every thought and mood, but the tongue, perforce, ran hard after, like a second Boswell, repeating it all over again.

The man lay down on the lip of the pool and drank long and deep of its water. "Tastes good to me," he murmured, lifting his head and gazing across the pool at the side-hill, while he wiped his mouth with the back of his hand. The side-hill attracted his attention. Still lying on his stomach, he studied the hill formation long and carefully. It was a practised eye that traveled up the slope to the crumbling cañon-wall and back and down again to the edge of the pool. He scrambled to his feet and favored the side-hill with a second survey.

"Looks good to me," he concluded, picking up his pick and shovel and gold-pan.

He crossed the stream below the pool, stepping agilely from stone to stone. Where the side-hill touched the water he dug up a shovelful of dirt and put it into the gold-pan. He squatted down, holding the pan in his two hands and partly immersing it in the stream. Then he imparted to the pan a deft circular motion that sent the water sluicing in and out through the dirt and gravel. The larger and lighter particles worked to the surface, and these, by a skilful dipping movement of the pan, he spilled out and over the edge. Occasionally, to expedite matters, he rested the pan and with his fingers raked out the large pebbles and rocks.

The contents of the pan diminished rapidly until only fine dirt and the smallest bits of gravel remained. At this stage he began to work very deliberately and carefully. It was fine washing, and he washed fine and finer, with a keen scrutiny and delicate and fastidious touch. At last the pan seemed empty of everything but water; but with a quick semicircular flirt that sent the water flying over the shallow rim into the stream, he disclosed a layer of black sand on the bottom of the pan. So thin was this layer that it was like a streak of paint. He examined it closely. In the midst of it was a tiny golden speck. He dribbled a little water in over the depressed edge of the pan. With a quick flirt he sent the water sluicing across the bottom, turning the grains of black sand over and over. A second tiny golden speck rewarded his effort.

The washing had now become very fine —fine beyond all need of ordinary placer-mining. He worked the black sand, a small portion at a time, up the shallow rim of the pan. Each small portion he examined sharply, so that his eyes saw every grain of it before he allowed it to slide over the edge and away. Jealously, bit by bit, he let the black sand slip away. A golden speck, no larger than a pin-point, appeared on the rim, and by his manipulation of the water it returned to the bottom of the pan. And in such fashion another speck was disclosed, and another. Great was his care of them. Like a shepherd he herded his flock of golden specks so that not one should be lost. At last, of the pan of dirt nothing remained but his golden herd. He counted it, and then, after all his labor, sent it flying out of the pan with one final swirl of water.

But his blue eyes were shining with desire as he rose to his feet. "Seven," he muttered aloud, enumerating the specks for which he had toiled so hard and which he had so wantonly thrown away. "Seven," he repeated, with the emphasis of one trying to impress a number on his memory.

He stood still a long while, surveying the side-hill. In his eyes there was a curiosity, new-aroused and burning. There was an exultance about his bearing and a keenness like that of a hunting animal catching the fresh scent of game.

He moved down the stream a few steps and took a second panful of dirt.

Again came the careful washing, the jealous herding of the golden specks, and the wantonness with which he sent them flying into the stream when he had counted their number.

"Five," he muttered, and repeated, "five."

He could not forbear another survey of the hill before filling the pan farther down the stream. His golden herds diminished. "Four, three, two, two, one," were his

memory-tabulations as he moved down the stream. When but one speck of gold rewarded his washing, he stopped and built a fire of dry twigs. Into this he thrust the gold-pan and burned it till it was blue-black. He held up the pan and examined it critically. Then he nodded approbation. Against such a color-background he could defy the tiniest yellow speck to elude him.

Still moving down the stream, he panned again. A single speck was his reward. A third pan contained no gold at all. Not satisfied with this, he panned three times again, taking his shovels of dirt within a foot of one another. Each pan proved empty of gold, and the fact, instead of discouraging him, seemed to give him satisfaction. His elation increased with each barren washing, until he arose, exclaiming jubilantly:

"If it ain't the real thing may God knock off my head with sour apples!"

Returning to where he had started operations, he began to pan up the stream. At first his golden herds increased—increased prodigiously. "Fourteen, eighteen, twenty-one, twenty-six," ran his memory-tabulations. Just above the pool he struck his richest pan—thirty-five colors.

"Almost enough to save," he remarked regretfully as he allowed the water to sweep them away.

The sun climbed to the top of the sky. The man worked on. Pan by pan, he went up the stream, the tally of results steadily decreasing.

"It 's just booful, the way it peters out," he exulted when a shovelful of dirt contained no more than a single speck of gold.

And when no specks at all were found in several pans he straightened up and favored the side-hill with a confident glance.

"Ah, ha! Mr. Pocket!" he cried out, as though to an auditor hidden somewhere above him beneath the surface of the slope. "Ah, ha! Mr. Pocket! I 'm a-comin', I 'm a-comin', an' I 'm shorely gwine to get yer! You heah me, Mr. Pocket? I 'm gwine to get yer as shore as punkins ain't cauliflowers!"

He turned and flung a measuring glance at the sun poised above him in the azure of the cloudless sky. Then he went down the cañon, following the line of shovel-holes he had made in filling the pans. He crossed the stream below the pool and disappeared through the green screen. There was little opportunity for the spirit of the place to return with its quietude and repose, for the man's voice, raised in ragtime song, still dominated the cañon with possession.

After a time, with a greater clashing of steel-shod feet on rock, he returned. The green screen was tremendously agitated. It surged back and forth in the throes of a struggle. There was a loud grating and clanging of metal. The man's voice leaped to a higher pitch and was sharp with imperativeness. A large body plunged and panted. There was a snapping and ripping and rending, and amid a shower of falling leaves a horse burst through the screen. On its back was a pack, and from this trailed broken vines and torn creepers. The animal gazed with astonished eyes at the scene into which it had been precipitated, then dropped its head to the grass and began contentedly to graze. A second horse scrambled into view, slipping once on the mossy rocks and regaining equilibrium when its hoofs sank into the yielding surface of the meadow. It was riderless, though on its back was a high-horned Mexican saddle scarred and discolored by long usage.

The man brought up the rear. He threw off pack and saddle, with an eye to camp location, and gave the animals their freedom to graze. He unpacked his food and got out frying-pan and coffee-pot. He gathered an armful of dry wood, and with a few stones made a place for his fire.

"My!" he said, "but I 've got an appetite. I could scoff iron-filings an' horse-shoe nails an' thank you kindly, ma'am, for a second helpin'."

He straightened up, and, while he reached for matches in the pocket of his overalls, his eyes traveled across the pool to the side-hill. His fingers had clutched the match-box, but they relaxed their hold and the hand came out empty. The man wavered perceptibly. He looked at his preparations for cooking and he looked at the hill.

"Guess I 'll take another whack at her," he concluded, starting to cross the stream.

"They ain't no sense in it, I know," he mumbled apologetically. "But keepin' grub back half an hour ain't goin' to hurt none, I reckon."

A few feet back from his first line of

test-pans he started a second line. The sun dropped down the western sky, the shadows lengthened, but the man worked on. He began a third line of test-pans. He was crosscutting the hillside, line by line, as he ascended. The center of each line produced the richest pans, while the ends came where no colors showed in the pan. And as he ascended the side-hill the lines grew perceptibly shorter. The regularity with which their length diminished served to indicate that somewhere up the slope the last line would be so short as to have scarcely length at all, and that beyond could come only a point. The design was growing into an inverted "V." The converging sides of this "V" marked the boundaries of the gold-bearing dirt.

The apex of the "V" was evidently the man's goal. Often he ran his eye along the converging sides and on up the hill, trying to divine the apex, the point where the gold-bearing dirt must cease. Here resided "Mr. Pocket"—for so the man familiarly addressed the imaginary point above him on the slope, crying out:

"Come down out o' that, Mr. Pocket! Be right smart an' agreeable, an' come down!"

"All right," he would add later, in a voice resigned to determination. "All right, Mr. Pocket. It 's plain to me I got to come right up an' snatch you out bald-headed. An' I 'll do it! I 'll do it!" he would threaten still later.

Each pan he carried down to the water to wash, and as he went higher up the hill the pans grew richer, until he began to save the gold in an empty baking-powder can which he carried carelessly in his hip-pocket. So engrossed was he in his toil that he did not notice the long twilight of oncoming night. It was not until he tried vainly to see the gold colors in the bottom of the pan that he realized the passage of time. He straightened up abruptly. An expression of whimsical wonderment and awe overspread his face as he drawled:

"Gosh darn my buttons! if I did n't plumb forget dinner!"

He stumbled across the stream in the darkness and lighted his long-delayed fire. Flapjacks and bacon and warmed-over beans constituted his supper. Then he smoked a pipe by the smoldering coals, listening to the night noises and watching the moonlight stream through the cañon. After that he unrolled his bed, took off his heavy shoes, and pulled the blankets up to his chin. His face showed white in the moonlight, like the face of a corpse. But it was a corpse that knew its resurrection; for the man rose suddenly on one elbow and gazed across at his hillside.

"Good night, Mr. Pocket," he called sleepily. "Good night."

He slept through the early gray of morning until the direct rays of the sun smote his closed eyelids, when he awoke with a start and looked about him until he had established the continuity of his existence and identified his present self with all the days previously lived.

To dress, he had merely to buckle on his shoes. He glanced at his fireplace and at his hillside, wavered, but fought down the temptation and started the fire.

"Keep yer shirt on, Bill; keep yer shirt on," he admonished himself. "What 's the good of rushin'? No use in gettin' all het up an' sweaty. Mr. Pocket 'll wait for you. He ain't a-runnin' away before you can get yer breakfast. Now, what you want, Bill, is something fresh in yer bill o' fare. So it 's up to you to go an' get it."

He cut a short pole at the water's edge and drew from one of his pockets a bit of line and a draggled fly that had once been a royal coachman.

"Mebbe they 'll bite in the early morning," he muttered, as he made his first cast into the pool. And a moment later he was gleefully crying: "What 'd I tell you, eh? What 'd I tell you?"

He had no reel, nor any inclination to waste time, and by main strength, and swiftly, he drew out of the water a flashing ten-inch trout. Three more, caught in rapid succession, furnished his breakfast. When he came to the stepping-stones on his way to his hillside, he was struck by a sudden thought, and paused.

"I 'd just better take a hike down-stream a ways," he said. "There 's no tellin' what cuss may be snoopin' around."

But he crossed over on the stones, and with a "I really oughter take that hike," the need of the precaution passed out of his mind and he fell to work.

At nightfall he straightened up. The small of his back was stiff from stooping toil, and as he put his hand behind him to soothe the protesting muscles he said:

"Now what d' ye think of that, by

damn! I clean forgot my dinner again! If I don't watch out I 'll sure be degeneratin' into a two-meal-a-day crank."

"Pockets is the damnedest things I ever see for makin' a man absent-minded," he communed that night as he crawled into his blankets. Nor did he forget to call up the hillside, "Good night, Mr. Pocket! Good night!"

Rising with the sun, and snatching a hasty breakfast, he was early at work. A fever seemed to be growing in him, nor did the increasing richness of the test-pans allay this fever. There was a flush in his cheek other than that made by the heat of the sun, and he was oblivious to fatigue and the passage of time. When he filled a pan with dirt he ran down the hill to wash it; nor could he forbear running up the hill again, panting and stumbling profanely, to refill the pan.

He was now a hundred yards from the water, and the inverted "V" was assuming definite proportions. The width of the pay-dirt steadily decreased, and the man extended in his mind's eye the sides of the "V" to their meeting-place far up the hill. This was his goal, the apex of the "V," and he panned many times to locate it.

"Just about two yards above that manzanita bush an' a yard to the right," he finally concluded.

Then the temptation seized him. "As plain as the nose on your face," he said, as he abandoned his laborious crosscutting and climbed to the indicated apex. He filled a pan and carried it down the hill to wash. It contained no trace of gold. He dug deep, and he dug shallow, filling and washing a dozen pans, and was unrewarded even by the tiniest golden speck. He was enraged for having yielded to the temptation, and cursed himself blasphemously and pridelessly. Then he went down the hill and took up the crosscutting.

"Slow an' certain, Bill; slow an' certain," he crooned. "Short-cuts to fortune ain't in your line, an' it 's about time you know it. Get wise, Bill; get wise. Slow an' certain 's the only hand you can play; so go to it, an' keep to it, too."

As the cross-cuts decreased, showing that the sides of the "V" were converging, the depth of the "V" increased. The gold-trace was dipping into the hill. It was only at thirty inches beneath the surface that he could get colors in his pan. The dirt he found at twenty-five inches from the surface, and at thirty-five inches, yielded barren pans. At the base of the "V," by the water's edge, he had found the gold colors at the grass roots. The higher he went up the hill, the deeper the gold dipped. To dig a hole three feet deep in order to get one test-pan was a task of no mean magnitude; while between the man and the apex intervened an untold number of such holes to be dug. "An' there 's no tellin' how much deeper it 'll pitch," he sighed, in a moment's pause, while his fingers soothed his aching back.

Feverish with desire, with aching back and stiffening muscles, with pick and shovel gouging and mauling the soft, browned earth, the man toiled up the hill. Before him was the smooth slope, spangled with flowers and made sweet with their breath. Behind him was devastation. It looked like some terrible eruption breaking out on the smooth skin of the hill. His slow progress was like that of a snail, befouling beauty with a monstrous trail.

Though the dipping gold-trace increased the man's work, he found consolation in the increasing richness of the pans. Twenty cents, thirty cents, fifty cents, sixty cents, were the values of the gold found in the pans, and at nightfall he washed his banner pan, which gave him a dollar's worth of gold-dust from a shovelful of dirt.

"I 'll just bet it 's my luck to have some inquisitive cuss come buttin' in here on my pasture," he mumbled sleepily that night as he pulled the blankets up to his chin.

Suddenly he sat upright. "Bill!" he called sharply. "Now, listen to me, Bill; d' ye hear! It 's up to you, to-morrow mornin', to mosey round an' see what you can see. Understand? To-morrow mornin', an' don't you forget it!"

He yawned and glanced across at his side-hill. "Good night, Mr. Pocket," he called.

In the morning he stole a march on the sun, for he had finished breakfast when its first rays caught him, and he was climbing the wall of the cañon where it crumbled away and gave footing. From the outlook at the top he found himself in the midst of loneliness. As far as he could see, chain after chain of mountains heaved themselves into his vision. To the east his eyes, leaping the miles between range and range

and between many ranges, brought up at last against the white-peaked Sierras—the main crest, where the backbone of the Western world reared itself against the sky. To the north and south he could see more distinctly the cross-systems that broke through the main trend of the sea of mountains. To the west the ranges fell away, one behind the other, diminishing and fading into the gentler foothills that, in turn, descended into the great valley which he could not see.

And in all that mighty sweep of earth he saw no sign of man or of the handiwork of man—save only the torn bosom of the side-hill at his feet. The man looked long and carefully. Once, far down his own cañon, he thought he saw in the air a faint hint of smoke. He looked again and decided that it was the purple haze of the hills made dark by a convolution of the cañon wall at its back.

"Hey, you, Mr. Pocket!" he called down into the cañon. "Stand out from under! I 'm a-comin', Mr. Pocket! I 'm a-comin'!"

The heavy brogans on the man's feet made him appear clumsy-footed, but he swung down from the giddy height as lightly and airily as a mountain goat. A rock, turning under his foot on the edge of the precipice, did not disconcert him. He seemed to know the precise time required for the turn to culminate in disaster, and in the meantime he utilized the false footing itself for the momentary earth-contact necessary to carry him on into safety. Where the earth sloped so steeply that it was impossible to stand for a second upright, the man did not hesitate. His foot pressed the impossible surface for but a fraction of the fatal second and gave him the bound that carried him onward. Again, where even the fraction of a second's footing was out of the question, he would swing his body past by a moment's hand-grip on a jutting knob of rock, a crevice, or a precariously rooted shrub. At last, with a wild leap and yell, he exchanged the face of the wall for an earth-slide and finished the descent in the midst of several tons of sliding earth and gravel.

His first pan of the morning washed out over two dollars in coarse gold. It was from the center of the "V." To either side the diminution in the values of the pans was swift. His lines of crosscutting holes were growing very short. The converging sides of the inverted "V" were only a few yards apart. Their meeting-point was only a few yards above him. But the pay-streak was dipping deeper and deeper into the earth. By early afternoon he was sinking the test-holes five feet before the pans could show the gold-trace.

For that matter, the gold-trace had become something more than a trace; it was a placer-mine in itself, and the man resolved to come back after he had found the pocket and work over the ground. But the increasing richness of the pans began to worry him. By late afternoon the worth of the pans had grown to three and four dollars. The man scratched his head perplexedly and looked a few feet up the hill at the manzanita bush that marked approximately the apex of the "V." He nodded his head and said oracularly:

"It 's one o' two things, Bill; one o' two things. Either Mr. Pocket 's spilled himself all out an' down the hill, or else Mr. Pocket 's that damned rich you, maybe, won't be able to carry him all away with you. And that 'd be hell, would n't it, now?" He chuckled at contemplation of so pleasant a dilemma.

Nightfall found him by the edge of the stream, his eyesight wrestling with the gathering darkness over the washing of a five-dollar pan.

"Wisht I had an electric light to go on working," he said.

He found sleep difficult that night. Many times he composed himself and closed his eyes for slumber to overtake him; but his blood pounded with too strong desire, and as many times his eyes opened and he murmured wearily, "Wisht it was sun-up."

Sleep came to him in the end, but his eyes were open with the first paling of the stars, and the gray of dawn caught him with breakfast finished and climbing the hillside in the direction of the secret abiding-place of Mr. Pocket.

The first cross-cut the man made, there was space for only three holes, so narrow had become the pay-streak and so close was he to the fountainhead of the golden stream he had been following for four days.

"Be ca'm, Bill; be ca'm," he admonished himself, as he broke ground for the final hole where the sides of the "V" had at last come together in a point.

"I 've got the almighty cinch on you, Mr. Pocket, an' you can't lose me," he said many times as he sank the hole deeper and deeper.

Four feet, five feet, six feet, he dug his way down into the earth. The digging grew harder. His pick grated on broken rock. He examined the rock. "Rotten quartz," was his conclusion as, with the shovel, he cleared the bottom of the hole of loose dirt. He attacked the crumbling quartz with the pick, bursting the disintegrating rock asunder with every stroke.

He thrust his shovel into the loose mass. His eye caught a gleam of yellow. He dropped the shovel and squatted suddenly on his heels. As a farmer rubs the clinging earth from fresh-dug potatoes, so the man, a piece of rotten quartz held in both hands, rubbed the dirt away.

"Sufferin' Sardanapolis!" he cried. "Lumps an' chunks of it! Lumps an' chunks of it!"

It was only half rock he held in his hand. The other half was virgin gold. He dropped it into his pan and examined another piece. Little yellow was to be seen, but with his strong fingers he crumbled the rotten quartz away till both hands were filled with glowing yellow. He rubbed the dirt away from fragment after fragment, tossing them into the gold-pan. It was a treasure-hole. So much had the quartz rotted away that there was less of it than there was of gold. Now and again he found a piece to which no rock clung—a piece that was all gold. A chunk, where the pick had laid open the heart of the gold, glittered like a handful of yellow jewels, and he cocked his head at it and slowly turned it around and over to observe the rich play of the light upon it.

"Talk about yer Too Much Gold diggin's!" the man snorted contemptuously. "Why, this diggin' 'd make it look like thirty cents. This diggin' is All Gold. An' right here an' now I name this yere cañon 'All Gold Cañon,' b' gosh!"

Still squatting on his heels, he continued examining the fragments and tossing them into the pan. Suddenly there came to him a premonition of danger. It seemed a shadow had fallen upon him. But there was no shadow. His heart had given a great jump up into his throat and was choking him. Then his blood slowly chilled and he felt the sweat of his shirt cold against his flesh.

He did not spring up nor look around. He did not move. He was considering the nature of the premonition he had received, trying to locate the impact of the mysterious force that had warned him, striving to sense the imperative presence of the unseen thing that threatened him. There is an aura of things hostile, made manifest by messengers too refined for the senses to know; and this aura he felt, but knew not how he felt it. His was the feeling as when a cloud passes over the sun. It seemed that between him and life had passed something dark and smothering and menacing; a gloom, as it were, that swallowed up life and made for death—his death.

Every force of his being impelled him to spring up and confront the unseen danger, but his soul dominated the panic, and he remained squatting on his heels, in his hands a chunk of gold. He did not dare to look around, but he knew by now that there was something behind him and above him. He made believe to be interested in the gold in his hand. He examined it critically, turned it over and over, and rubbed the dirt from it. And all the time he knew that something behind him was looking at the gold over his shoulder.

Still feigning interest in the chunk of gold in his hand, he listened intently and he heard the breathing of the thing behind him. His eyes searched the ground in front of him for a weapon, but they saw only the uprooted gold, worthless to him now in his extremity. There was his pick, a handy weapon on occasion; but this was not such an occasion. The man realized his predicament. He was in a narrow hole that was seven feet deep. His head did not come to the surface of the ground. He was in a trap.

He remained squatting on his heels. He was quite cool and collected; but his mind, considering every factor, showed him only his helplessness. He continued rubbing the dirt from the quartz fragments and throwing the gold into the pan. There was nothing else for him to do. Yet he knew that he would have to rise up, sooner or later, and face the danger that breathed at his back. The minutes passed, and with the passage of each minute he knew that by that much he was nearer the time when

he must stand up, or else—and his wet shirt went cold against his flesh again at the thought—or else he might receive death as he stooped there over his treasure.

Still he squatted on his heels, rubbing dirt from gold and debating in just what manner he should rise up. He might rise up with a rush and claw his way out of the hole to meet whatever threatened on the even footing above ground. Or he might rise up slowly and carelessly, and feign casually to discover the thing that breathed at his back. There was much to be said for either method. His instinct and every fighting fiber of his body favored the mad, clawing rush to the surface. His intellect, and the craft thereof, favored the slow and cautious meeting with the thing that menaced and which he could not see. And while he debated, a loud, crashing noise burst on his ear. At the same instant he received a stunning blow on the left side of the back, and from the point of impact felt a rush of flame through his flesh. He sprang up in the air, but halfway to his feet collapsed. His body crumpled in like a leaf withered in sudden heat, and he came down, his chest across his pan of gold, his face in the dirt and rock, his legs tangled and twisted because of the restricted space at the bottom of the hole. His legs twitched convulsively several times. His body was shaken as with a mighty ague. There was a slow expansion of the lungs, accompanied by a deep sigh. Then the air was slowly, very slowly exhaled, and his body as slowly flattened itself down into inertness.

Above, revolver in hand, a man was peering down over the edge of the hole. He peered for a long time at the prone and motionless body beneath him. After a while the stranger sat down on the edge of the hole so that he could see into it, and rested the revolver on his knee. Reaching his hand into a pocket, he drew out a wisp of brown paper. Into this he dropped a few crumbs of tobacco. The combination was a cigarette, brown and squat, with the ends turned in. Not once did he take his eyes from the body at the bottom of the hole. He lighted the cigarette and drew its smoke into his lungs with a caressing intake of the breath. He smoked slowly. Once the cigarette went out and he relighted it. And all the while he studied the body beneath him.

In the end he tossed the cigarette stub away and rose to his feet. He walked to the edge of the hole. Spanning it, a hand resting on each edge, and with the revolver still in the right hand, he muscled his body down into the hole. While his feet were yet a yard from the bottom he released his hands and dropped down.

At the instant his feet struck bottom he saw the pocket-miner's arm leap out and his own legs knew a swift, jerking grip that overthrew him. In the nature of the jump his revolver-hand was above his head. Swiftly as the grip had flashed about his legs, just as swiftly he brought the revolver down. He was still in the air, his fall in process of completion, when he pulled the trigger. The explosion was deafening in the confined space. The smoke filled the hole so that he could see nothing. He struck the bottom on his back, and like a cat's the pocket-miner's body was on top of him. Even as the miner's body passed on top, the stranger crooked in his right arm to fire; and even in that instant the miner, with a quick thrust of elbow, struck his wrist. The muzzle was thrown up and the bullet thudded into the dirt of the side of the hole.

The next instant the stranger felt the miner's hand grip his wrist. The struggle was now for the revolver. Each man strove to turn it against the other's body. The smoke in the hole was clearing. The stranger, lying on his back, was beginning to see dimly. But suddenly he was blinded by a handful of dirt deliberately flung into his eyes by his antagonist. In that moment of shock his grip on the revolver was broken. In the next moment he felt a smashing darkness descend upon his brain, and in the midst of the darkness even the darkness ceased.

But the pocket-miner fired again and again, until the revolver was empty. Then he tossed it from him and, breathing heavily, sat down on the dead man's legs.

The miner was sobbing and struggling for breath. "Measly skunk!" he panted; "a-campin' on my trail an' lettin' me do the work, an' then shootin' me in the back!"

He was half crying from anger and exhaustion. He peered at the face of the dead man. It was sprinkled with loose dirt and gravel, and it was difficult to distinguish the features.

"Never laid eyes on him before," the miner concluded his scrutiny. "Just a common an' ordinary thief, damn him! An' he shot me in the back! He shot me in the back!"

He opened his shirt and felt himself, front and back, on his left side.

"Went clean through, and no harm done!" he cried jubilantly. "I 'll bet he aimed all right, all right; but he drew the gun over when he pulled the trigger—the cuss! But I fixed 'm! Oh, I fixed 'm!"

His fingers were investigating the bullet-hole in his side, and a shade of regret passed over his face. "It 's goin' to be stiffer 'n hell," he said. "An' it 's up to me to get mended an' get out o' here."

He crawled out of the hole and went down the hill to his camp. Half an hour later he returned, leading his pack-horse. His open shirt disclosed the rude bandages with which he had dressed his wound. He was slow and awkward with his left-hand movements, but that did not prevent him using the arm.

The bight of the pack-rope under the dead man's shoulders enabled him to heave the body out of the hole. Then he set to work gathering up his gold. He worked steadily for several hours, pausing often to rest his stiffening shoulder and to exclaim:

"He shot me in the back, the measly skunk! He shot me in the back!"

When his treasure was quite cleaned up and wrapped securely into a number of blanket-covered parcels, he made an estimate of its value.

"Four hundred pounds, or I 'm a Hottentot," he concluded. "Say two hundred in quartz an' dirt—that leaves two hundred pounds of gold. Bill! Wake up! Two hundred pounds of gold! Forty thousand dollars! An' it 's yourn—all yourn!"

He scratched his head delightedly and his fingers blundered into an unfamiliar groove. They quested along it for several inches. It was a crease through his scalp where the second bullet had plowed.

He walked angrily over to the dead man.

"You would, would you?" he bullied. "You would, eh? Well, I fixed you good an' plenty, an' I 'll give you decent burial, too. That 's more 'n you 'd have done for me."

He dragged the body to the edge of the hole and toppled it in. It struck the bottom with a dull crash, on its side. the face twisted up to the light. The miner peered down at it.

"An' you shot me in the back!" he said accusingly.

With pick and shovel he filled the hole. Then he loaded the gold on his horse. It was too great a load for the animal, and when he had gained his camp he transferred part of it to his saddle-horse. Even so, he was compelled to abandon a portion of his outfit—pick and shovel and gold-pan, extra food and cooking-utensils, and divers odds and ends.

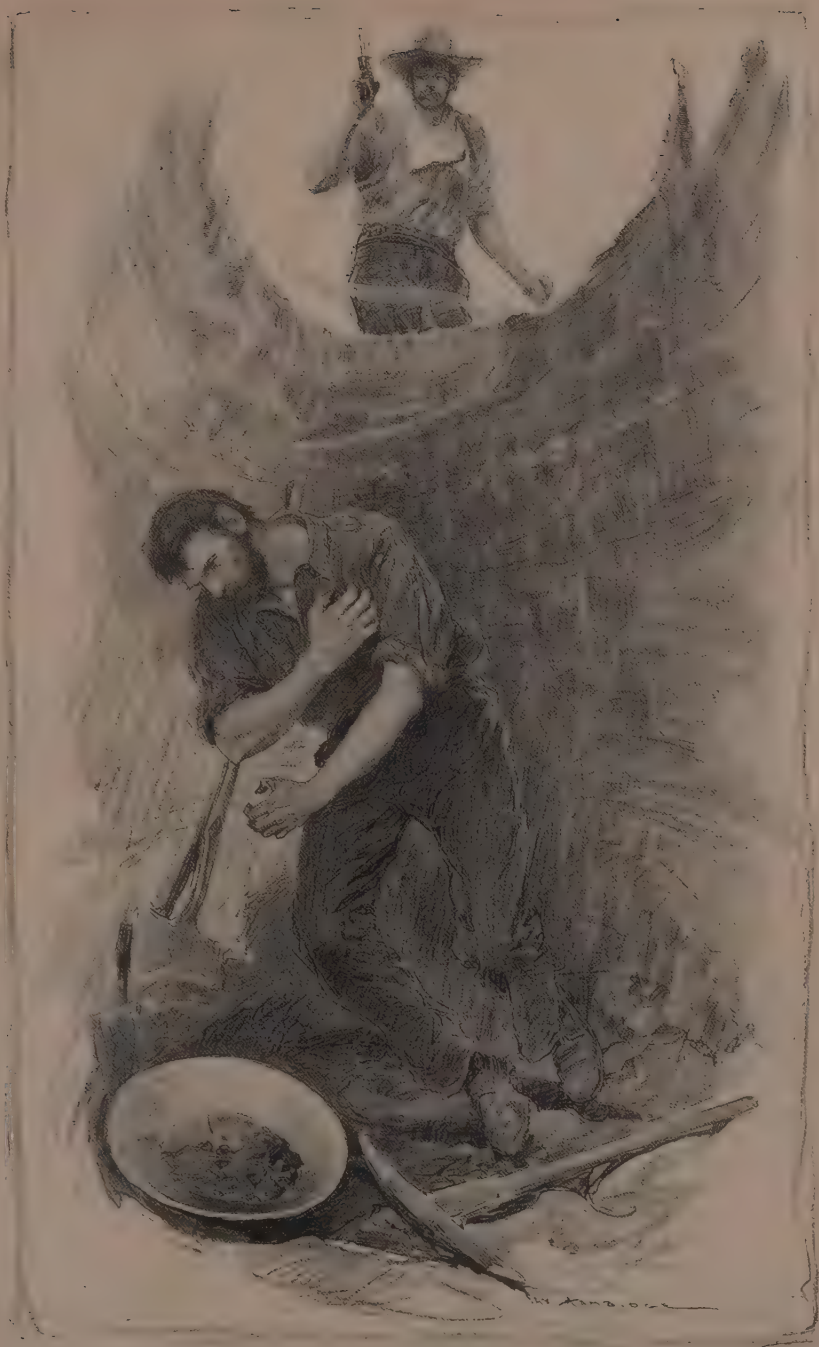
The sun was at the zenith when the man forced the horses at the screen of vines and creepers. To climb the huge boulders the animals were compelled to uprear and struggle blindly through the tangled mass of vegetation. Once the saddle-horse fell heavily and the man removed the pack to get the animal on its feet. After it started on its way again the man thrust his head out from among the leaves and peered up at the side-hill.

"The measly skunk!" he said, and disappeared.

There was a ripping and tearing of vines and boughs. The trees surged back and forth, marking the passage of the animals through the midst of them. There was a clashing of steel-shod hoofs on stone, and now and again an oath or a sharp cry of command. Then the voice of the man was raised in song:

"Tu'n around an' tu'n yo' face
Untoe them sweet hills of grace
(D' pow'rs of sin yo' am scornin'!).
Look about an' look aroun',
Fling yo' sin-pack on d' groun'
(Yo' will meet wid d' Lord in d' mornin'!)."

The song grew faint and fainter, and through the silence crept back the spirit of the place. The stream once more drowsed and whispered; the hum of the mountain bees rose sleepily. Down through the perfume-weighted air fluttered the snowy fluffs of the cottonwoods. The butterflies drifted in and out among the trees, and over all blazed the quiet sunshine. Only remained the hoof-marks in the meadow and the torn hillside to mark the boisterous trail of the life that had broken the peace of the place and passed on.



Drawn by Jay Hambidge. Half-tone plate engraved by Robert Varley

"HIS BODY CRUMPLED IN LIKE A LEAF"

THREE DUTCH TYPES FROM VOLENDAM

DRAWN BY
IRIS M. ANDREWS

Drawn by Iris M. Andrews. Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

MILKING-TIME

Drawn by Iris M. Andrews. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

WEATHER-PROOF

Drawn by Iris M. Andrews. Half-tone plate engraved by F. H. Wellington

ALWAYS KNITTING

Drawn by C. F. Underwood

THE MEN THEY USED TO BE

BY ARTHUR RUHL

WITH PICTURES BY CLARENCE F. UNDERWOOD

JUST around the corner from Madison Square, and only half a stone's throw from the avenue and the pattering hansoms, is a little, low, brick stable-building in the face of which are two or three steps and a door. If you enter this door and climb up the old wooden stairs, you will come to a dingy-carpeted locker-room, the walls of which are hung with old framed photographs of groups of ancient athletes, with solemn faces and side-whiskers, like those who used to row when six men made a crew. If you climb up a ladder,—precisely like the ladders that grow on the sides of haymows in the country,—you will emerge in an old gymnasium. The apparatus is of a pattern different from that in the gym at college; you bathe in a little sort of cupboard by filling pails from a faucet and pouring them over your head; and every time you covertly open a window in the hope of diluting an atmosphere in which are curiously balanced the smell of the stable and the vague but depressing odor of mere antiquity, it always closes mysteriously behind your back, like wounds in some invulnerable dragon.

Here, of a morning, you will find the brothers De Mar, from the music-hall a few blocks away, laboriously practising, in dingy negligé, the feats with which they nightly electrify the simple audience on the other side of the footlights. Or, perhaps, Feveril Fortescue, idol of the matinées, is devoting his genius to his biceps, against his appearance in the winter, bare-armed, in the toga of Ben Hur. In the afternoon strange victims of avoirdupois or the latest method of physical culture trot stubbornly around the little padded track. Now and then enters a dark, devious, muscle-bound youth, with a strap about his wrist, who solemnly elevates an enormous iron dumb-bell over his head a dozen times or so,—a slowly smoldering cigarette hanging from the corner of his mouth the while,—and then as solemnly retires, his exercise and sport over for the day.

Speaking in the language of other juvenile ailments, you "get" Blank's Gymnasium in your first autumn after you have come down from college to town. With the first warm breath of the following spring, if not before, you get over it. Afterward, when some one tells you that he has solved the office slave's problem of continuing the undergraduate's regulation ante-dinner sweat-cold-shower-and-rub-down, and begins to describe that classic loft,—"hardly a step from one's room," "right on your way up town,"—you have the serene pleasure of wagging your head sympathetically and saying, "Yes—yes, I know; *I* had it once."

Hathaway was beginning to feel just about that way. He was an easy-going young man with a tall and very powerful body, with which he could do a great many things easily and exceedingly well. He was one of those men who are so valuable to their college that to go in for the teams is a matter not so much of pleasure as of duty; and what with playing halfback every autumn, jumping in the indoor winter games, and training on down to the intercollegiate to win his consistent firsts in the mile in the dual meet and at Mott Haven, Hathaway was quite glad enough to cut it all out when he came down to town, to live his own lazy way, eating as much and sleeping as little as he chose, and expending all his energy in rearing the foundations for the house in town and country, the stable and steam-yacht, which seem to lie just over the horizon when one is starting in the Street. It one day came across him, harrowingly, that he was actually getting fat; and as he was not particularly keen for the Seventh or the Squadron, and not temperamentally inclined for the "earnest-worker" gyms, he drifted into Blank's. It was only a couple of blocks or so from home, and, as Hathaway observed, "I suppose a man really ought to do something."

The winter was nearly over when he began to drop in of afternoons to juggle pulley-weights for a lonesome half-hour. Presently, as the days grew warmer, he decided that one day in the middle of the week, with thirty-six holes of golf at the end of it, was enough exercise for a city man. Then a day came when he decided that, after all, even that was n't worth while. It was a warm, pretty day, the tulips were blooming in Madison Square, and even in Broadway one could tell that the spring had come in the country.

Hathaway had swung over the old rowing-machines for an imaginary mile or two, taken a turn around the little thirty-lap track, and finally flopped down on one of the mats. As he flung his arms back over his head and closed his eyes on a couple of double-chinned hippopotami who were struggling with a medicine-ball, he thought of the days when it had seemed to him "work" to go out on a rolled cinder-path and run a fifty-yard trial. Yes, they were all out of doors now—the runners on the track; the nine was getting its tan on the field; and the crew men were rowing on the river. He could hear the crack of the cricket-bats over under the Willows, and see the white figures of the tennis-players flashing in the afternoon sun, and breathe the odor of the fresh grass, and— The nervous, fretful squeaking of a rickety pulley-weight woke him back to daylight. Hathaway rolled over lazily and, with his head still resting on his bare arm, watched the man who was making the noise.

What an odd little windfall he was—undersized and knobby-jointed, with flat, thin arms and legs, like those of a boy mysteriously grown old! *Squeakity-squeak! squeakity-squeak!* went the pulley-weights; and, as his arms came up and the veins showed very blue through the white skin, the little chap stared down at his biceps with an air of mingled pride and grave concern. He was bald about the temples, there was a red spectacle-mark across his nose, and his face had that curiously gaunt, blue look which comes when a thick black beard, closely shaven, shows through a pallid skin. *Squeakity-squeak!* Hathaway watched the little chap's arms absent-mindedly, thinking of different folk's ideas of exercise and sport, and of how this man seemed to epitomize all that was mere muscle-making and lifeless and liltless and leaden, when something in his motions caught his eye. Why, sure enough, it was! The solemn little man was doing the old Mott Haven pulley-weight drill. Every year, following some occult unwritten law, the men who lead the gym squads in the winter go through the same series of boresome juggleries. And an old track-man will start off on the drill the moment his fingers touch the chest-weight handles, just as instinctively as a veteran brings his hand to his forehead when some one cries, "Salute!"

Presently the little man dropped the weights and went over to the track. The moment that he stepped off Hathaway saw that he knew how to run. There were several on the tiny oval already—a gray-haired, purple-faced ice-wagon, pounding round and round in an endeavor to reduce weight; a "strong man" in tights and velvet trunks and with a torso bowed and knotted with muscle, who scuffled along flat-footed and shamelessly, an irony in flesh: but the little windfall chap strode

daintily and, as it were, disdainfully past them all, his toes touching the track lightly, his arms and back in the rhythm, all of him well in hand. How potent an eloquence there may be in the mere holding of a pair of reins, the handling of an oar! What subtle signs strike the spark of sport's freemasonry when the "know" comes out in a man and proves him not a duffer! Hathaway watched the little man until he had sprinted around the last two turns of his twenty-lap jog, and then he smiled to himself:

"Why, he 's not such a bad sort, after all!"

When he had taken his water-bucket shower and pattered back to his locker, he found the little man seated on the bench, solemnly lubricating his limbs with wintergreen oil. Hathaway, burnishing off his left shoulder with a rough towel, looked down at him.

"What 's your time for the mile?" he inquired.

The little fellow started, and a quick smile crinkled his wizen face. He looked like one who suddenly hears his own language spoken in a strange land. But he caught himself quickly.

"Never was timed," he said. "Half 's my distance."

"Oh," said Hathaway, respectfully, "I was n't quite sure. I thought your stride looked like a miler's."

Drawn by C. E. Underwood. Half-tone plate engraved by E. H. Wellington

THE RUBBING DOWN

He meant that the little man was n't at all the sort to run a fast half-mile. He had neither the quick strength nor the stride. The little man nodded in a pleasant way.

"Well, you see, I 'm not much good," he explained. There was something reminiscent about his face, and Hathaway felt vaguely that he had seen him before. The little man pointed to the floor overhead, whence came the dull thumping of the exercisers, and shrugged his shoulders wearily.

"Beasts!" he whispered. "You 're the

first man—why, what made you think I could run?"

"I used to run a little bit myself. I know what it looks like, you know. And then I saw you at the pulley-weights," smiled Hathaway. "Nobody ever forgets that."

The little man's face lighted up with a "Then you were up there, too," and all at once Hathaway recalled the ridiculous two-mile handicap that was run in the last spring meet in his freshman year. At the limit—two hundred yards—was a gorilla-like hammer-thrower who was getting in shape for the all-round championships, and beside him a little unknown—one of those mysterious beings whom one meets in class-rooms and sees now and then in the yard, who come from nowhere, know nobody, and presently vanish, none knows whither. It was very droll to see the two start off side by side and be overtaken by the scratch man before the half-mile was run. And it was droll to see the big man fall back, and back, and come plowing in after every one had forgotten him. But the drollest part was to see the little man, not knowing at all when he was beaten, hook right on to the leaders as they passed him, and finish, all out and dead to the world, fifth or sixth, just missing a place.

"Yes," said Hathaway; "I was up there, too." The little man tossed his towel into the locker,—the second-tier lockers at Blank's are as high as one's head,—and something like a coin with a bit of ribbon attached to it dropped out on the floor. Before he could pick it up Hathaway had seen that it was a medal, and, as he looked over at the little man, the latter was blushing.

"I always keep it here," he said in an embarrassed way. "You see, I live in one of those hall bedrooms—in a boarding-house; and there 's a corset drummer lives over me that 's always coming down to borrow matches and ask questions about things in my room, and there 's a fat woman in the room next to me who stays there all day and comes in and reads my letters when I 'm gone. Oh, I know she does—I can smell her perfumery on 'em. Well, now, you don't want these women—well, —— it all! there 's some things you don't want these people to paw over and see. And besides," he added, after pausing for Hathaway's grin of assent, "I 'd rather have anything like that here. It kind of gives you a brace. It makes things seem more real."

"Sort of sporting shrine," smiled Hathaway.

"Yes," said the little man, looking hard at him; "that 's about it. That just about says it." He took the medal out of the locker again and turned it over and over in his hand. "It is n't gold; the gilt is almost worn off on this side. I call it the tin medal. You see," he explained carefully, "they were n't—that is, they were mucker games." He waited again for Hathaway's nod of approval. "You see, I had run in a two-mile handicap and I finished fifth. That was from the limit—pretty near half-way around the track. Well, that was the best I 'd ever run, and it was the last chance I 'd ever have, and along came these mucker games. I saw a notice of 'em in the paper one day—open handicap—over in East Somerville. And so I went in, and on that last race—you know how they try to stick you if they know you 're from out there—they put me at scratch." The little man wriggled his shoulders and grinned all over. "Think of that," he said—"scratch! And they had no policeman to watch the fence, and so everybody climbed over, and nobody paid at the gate, and there was n't any money, and—and so we got tin medals." There was quite a flush on the little man's face and a new look in his eyes. He was n't at all the little man who had been going through the pulley-weight drill with gritted teeth.

"And you won?" asked Hathaway.

"Yes," said the little man; "I won—from scratch. Do you know what that means—to win from scratch?"

"Yes, I know," said Hathaway. He had won his initial in his freshman year. "Great, is n't it!"

"You bet your life it 's great!" said the little man.

He was almost dressed by this time, and he turned round from the glass in front of which he had been tying his tie and examined Hathaway for an instant to see that he was n't being laughed at. "That day," said he, "that race—why, that was the biggest thing that ever happened to me!" Hathaway nodded respectfully. There were n't very many big things happening to the little man nowadays, thought

Hathaway—the little man was n't exactly one of your Napoleons, and all that sort of thing—your man born to the purple.

"It 's good enough just to be able to run," cried the little man—"just to have the strength and the wind and the spring and the stride, just to have the know and the feel of it. It 's better yet to run in a good race and be beaten out by a better man; but to start off from scratch, with men just as good as you are, and you just as good as they are, and to jump out and run 'em off their feet—"

"That 's something," assented Hathaway.

"You see, I had had plenty of the other thing, and—and I knew. I knew what it was to go in time after time, without a ghost of a show, and your heart going like a steam-riveter, and your mouth all cotton, and feeling about as game as a man who did n't know how to box would feel standing up in a twelve-foot ring against a heavy-weight pugilist. I knew what it was to run yourself out race after race and come wabbling in after the crowd had closed in across the track and the men who got places were trotting off to the locker-building. It does n't do you any good to tumble in a heap then. There is n't even a gallery to see it." The little man had grown flushed as he talked, and he shook his head and snapped his eyes excitedly as he rushed on.

"It was n't so much fun running in that handicap, on the limit-mark with a man twice your size, as though you were a Tom Thumb and the giant in a side show. I knew what the crowd thought, and I could hear 'em laughing across the field, while we waited there for the pistol. And every time we passed the stands they yelled, 'Go it!' and things like that. Oh, that was a whole lot of fun, *that* was!

"But this day—" he paused for a moment, affecting a fine air of carelessness as to what he was saying, and tossed his running-things into the locker—"this day," he repeated, and Hathaway thought he caught a bit of a quaver in the voice, "I was as good as any of 'em. I ran and I won, and I won from scratch. It was kind of a queer crowd there that day, muckers and all, straggling along the track. But they were mine, all mine, and the yells were mine, and the *thud-thud, thud-thud* of the shoes on the track, and the splashing of the cinders against your legs, and the look of the men coming back toward me when I began to move up round the lower turn, and the little brush as I passed 'em, and the tape there across the track, with nobody in front of you; and the knowing, all at once, that I had 'em beaten and nothing on earth could stop me—that was mine, all mine!" The little man caught himself and stopped. "I 'm no winner," he said; "I 'm *not* much good. But that thing 's done, and you can put your finger on it. And they can't take that away from me, can they? That 's mine."

"You 're right," assented Hathaway, smiling to himself as he thought of the many times that he had done what the little man had done but once, and of the mantelpiece lined with cups in his room at home which he had quite forgotten these many months; "they can't take that away."

They left the stuffy locker-room and walked together down the old wooden stairs. The warm spring sun was still bright, and Hathaway shook his shoulders and took a deep breath as they came into the open and he felt the gay flutter and patter of the avenue only half a block away. But the little man stared straight ahead of him, and a tired look crossed his eyes.

"No," he echoed; "they can't take that away. But this—" he swept his hand out bitterly toward the walls across the street, toward the wilderness of brick, and the dull, persistent roar of the city that hemmed them in—"this can take away something. It 's an alarm-clock jerks you into it,—when you 've forgotten,—and it 's a desk and an electric light over your head when the sun is shining outside in the morning, and it 's hanging on to a strap in the 'L' train with the crowd reading the murders and suicides in the papers when the sun 's going down—somewhere—out there behind the hills. And then—it 's the boarding-house again and the people—and nobody can speak your language and nobody can understand. I come up here every afternoon,—it seems as though you ought to hang on to it somehow,—but it goes—it keeps a-going—and I can't make it feel the same."

They had just reached the avenue now, and, as the little man's voice ran down and paused, Hathaway took his arm—and very thin and queer it felt, too, against his

own solid one—and swung him along up-town.

"All you want is a little vacation," he said. "Work *is* an awful bore."

"Oh, it is n't that!" cried the little man. "It is n't the work: it 's the forgetting. It 's when you begin to lose interest. It 's when you don't care whether you 're stoop-shouldered or straight, when you don't care whether you 've got any legs or not, when you think more of whether your trousers are pressed than whether the legs are right inside 'em. Oh, it 's when you get to be just a clothes-figure with a thinking-machine on top, and let all the poetry in your body shrivel up and die! And your arms, and all the pull and thrust in 'em, and your legs, and all the spring and stride in 'em, become just baggage to carry around. You 've run—you know what it is—just the feel of the lift and the spring as your toes catch the ground and swing you on, just the way a bit of level meadow where the grass is short, or a smooth stretch of soft roadway, will call out to you! Just the mere running!

"And yet I 've seen the day," said the little man, solemnly—"I 've seen the day when I 've envied some old bag of bones, with two feet in the grave, just because he rode up the sound every night in a steam-yacht; or some fat-faced object, who 'd die of apoplexy if he ran a block, just because, when I was walking up-town some hot night after work, I 'd meet him blowing down the avenue in an automobile—just in from the country, with a little tan on his face!"

Hathaway stopped suddenly and looked down at the little man.

"By the way," he said, "what have—have you got to do anything next Sunday? I mean—" He was thinking of their place on the sound, and the two saddle-horses in the stable, and the links just beyond the woods, and the knockabout floating in the cove—and that he did n't even know the little man's name. "I mean," stammered Hathaway, "we 'll talk it over—and—and—come along in and have a little snifter."

"Thank you—but I don't believe—"

"Oh, yes, you do," laughed Hathaway. "It 'll do you good." And he pushed the little man in ahead of him—into a room the windows of which opened on the avenue, and where the men, sitting at little tables, to whom Hathaway nodded, glanced inquiringly at his companion, as though to ask who that might be he had in tow with the faded face and the spectacles and the quaint store-clothes. Hathaway tapped a bell and gave the orders, and, dropping into a broad-armed wicker chair, gazed out at the bright stream of carriages and hansoms and the people flowing by. For a moment they sat in silence, and then he turned toward the little man and then looked back, with a shrug of the shoulders, into the street.

"There they are," he said, "and there they 'll always be, with their dinners and their *buzz-buzz* and their theaters and the rest. And here we are, in the cage, and we can't get out. And we 've got to get rich and famous, and all that—and remember that we are n't antelopes or Indians—and forget that there 's sunshine and blue water and a wind blowing, somewhere, across the moor. And they 'll never learn to speak our language, and we 've got to learn to speak theirs. And—" Hathaway smiled and shrugged his shoulders slightly—"it is n't such a bad one, either, when you get used to it; and the funny part is—the funny part is, how quick you do." He reached for his glass and twirled the stem slowly between his fingers.

"We 're getting old," said he, and he smiled as he thought of his own freshness and lazy strength; of his father as he looked seated in his club window, ruddy, solidly powerful, and good-humoredly at ease; of his grandfather, smartest of the three in a way—gaunt, fine, erect, taking his hour each morning on the bridle-path in the park. "We 're getting old," repeated Hathaway, slowly, "and the bloom 's going; but we 'll hang on to what we have left, and—and here 's to the men we once were!"

The little man stared hard at Hathaway, and raised his glass with a kind of timid smile.

"Sir, to you!" he said gravely. "'The men we once were!'"

THE PANAMA CANAL

BY WM. BARCLAY PARSONS

Member of the Isthmian Canal Commission of 1904–1905
Member of the Board of Consulting Engineers

THE story of a trans-isthmian canal begins on that day when Balboa, after struggling through a tropical jungle and up the steep flank of a mountain-range in what is now Darien, saw, to his astonishment, another great and unknown ocean. Since then there has been a steadily increasing pressure to complete the quest of Columbus and find, or, if it could not be found, then to make, a passage from the West to the far East. With the indomitable will of the freebooter of the Spanish Main, who balked at no obstacle, Balboa solved the difficulty so far as he was concerned by carrying his ships piece by piece, spar by spar, across the isthmus and fitting them out on the Pacific. The modern ship cannot be treated so lightly; and since nature has failed to pierce the narrow neck of land separating the two great seas, it is left to the men of the twentieth century, not to carry their ships as did he of the sixteenth, but to provide an artificial river through which the modern leviathans can be navigated in safety.

As soon as Balboa's discovery had been

MAP OF THE ROUTE OF THE PANAMA CANAL

From a photograph

MEMBERS OF THE COMMISSION DISCUSSING THE GAMBOA DAM, ON THE GROUND

This scene represents the reopening of the sea-level project, for the Gamboa Dam is the key to the sea-level canal. General Davis holds the umbrella; toward the right, about the map, are Mr. Burr, Mr. Parsons, Major Black, and Mr. Grunsky

followed up so as to prove the unbroken continuance of land between the main continents of the two Americas, the attention of the early explorers was drawn to the possibility of constructing a waterway, and even Cortez made surveys for one at Tehuantepec. But the great task of cutting through the Continental Divide was quite beyond the powers of any appliances then existing, or even of such as were developed during the next three hundred and fifty years.

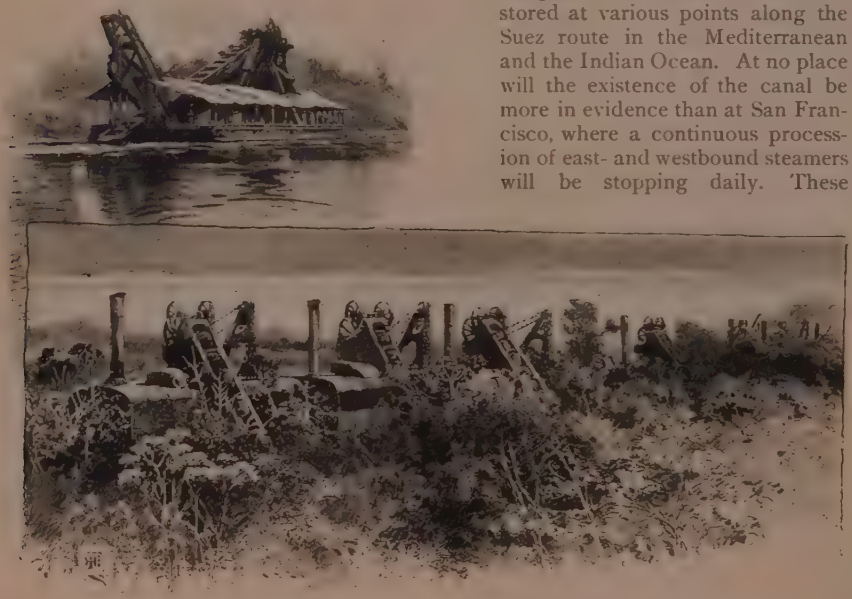
THE EAST END OF THE CANAL IS THE WEST END

BEFORE considering the canal and its details, it is well to fix in the mind the geographical location of Panama; for, extraordinary as it may appear, but few grasp the singular features of its position. The ordinary conception of North and South America is, that the two great continents are situated directly north and south of each other, and that Panama lies on about the median axis of the United States, or, say, south of the Mississippi Valley. A glance at a map, however, will show that South America does not lie due south of North America, but wholly to the east of the meridian of Florida, so that the eastern coast of Brazil lies more nearly south of London than of New York. The result is that the Isthmus of Panama is not only east of Havana and Key West, but is about on a line with Buffalo. As the Isthmus of Panama lies east and west and not north and south, as it is popularly pictured; and as the canal runs from northwest to southeast, the east end of the canal lies west of the west end, so that the west end becomes the east end. These apparent geographical paradoxes have a most important bearing upon the commercial aspects of the canal, especially as they are related to the Pacific coast.

WHY SAN FRANCISCO WILL BE THE TRUE "KEY TO THE PACIFIC"

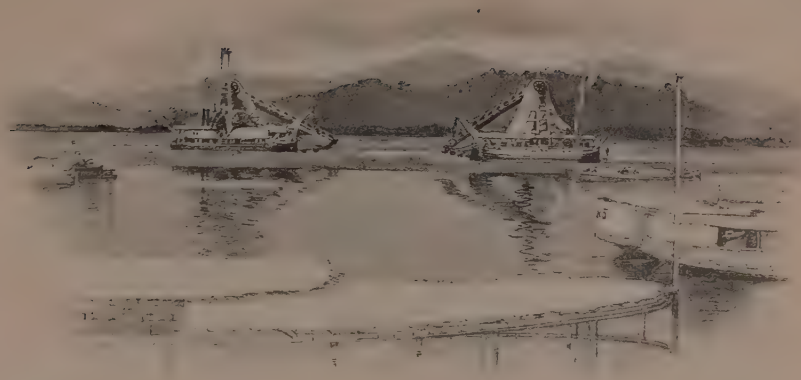
SOME years ago, when Hawaii was annexed to the United States, the advocates of annexation produced maps showing that straight lines drawn from San Francisco, or from Panama, to Japan, China, India, and Australia would intersect at or near the Hawaiian Islands, and that the bay of Honolulu would become, therefore, the "Key to the Pacific." This is true only when an ordinary map, which is

but a flat projection of a curved surface, is used. When the question of trans-Pacific routes is studied on a globe, a totally different state of affairs is found to exist, and we find that Hawaii lies near only a single trade route—namely, that from San Francisco to Australia. The shortest distance between any two points on a sphere is by a "great circle," that is, a line cut on the surface of the sphere by a plane passing through the two points in question and the center of the sphere itself. The great circle connecting Panama with Japan and China or any point on the eastern Asiatic coast passes through the Caribbean Sea, the Gulf of Mexico, Galveston, Denver, strikes the Pacific coast of the United States north of Seattle, and skirts the Aleutian Islands. The navigator will keep his ship as close to the above route between the isthmus and any port in the far East as land permits. That is, after passing through the canal, he will first go south, then northwest along the coast of Central America and Mexico, and, after clearing Cape St. Lucas, the southern end of Lower California, he will take the great circle from there to Asia, and this great circle will carry him about 1700 miles to the east of Hawaii and only 300 miles west of San Francisco. As the ordinary tramp freight-steamer cannot, or will not wish to, carry enough coal to take her from the isthmus to Asia, she will have to stop at the most convenient intermediate point for coal and supplies. This point will be San Francisco, distant 3277 miles from Panama and 4536 miles from Yokohama; and in order to make such call, she will be lengthening her passage only 110 miles, or less than half a day in time, over the shortest possible course in a total distance of 7813 miles. The extraordinary result—one apparently not generally understood by the American public—is that San Francisco will become the "key" and gateway of the Pacific, where all vessels going to the far East, not only from the Atlantic seaboard, but from Europe as well, will stop for coal and supplies. This coal, if it be not found of satisfactory quality on the Western coast, will be brought in special vessels from Alabama and West Virginia and stored, awaiting consumption, as Cardiff coal is now stored at various points along the Suez route in the Mediterranean and the Indian Ocean. At no place will the existence of the canal be more in evidence than at San Francisco, where a continuous procession of east- and westbound steamers will be stopping daily. These



Drawn by Harry Fenn, from a photograph. Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

ABANDONED FRENCH DREDGE.—ABANDONED FRENCH MACHINERY STANDING ON A RAILWAY



Drawn by Harry Fenn, from a photograph. Half-tone plate engraved by Robert Varley

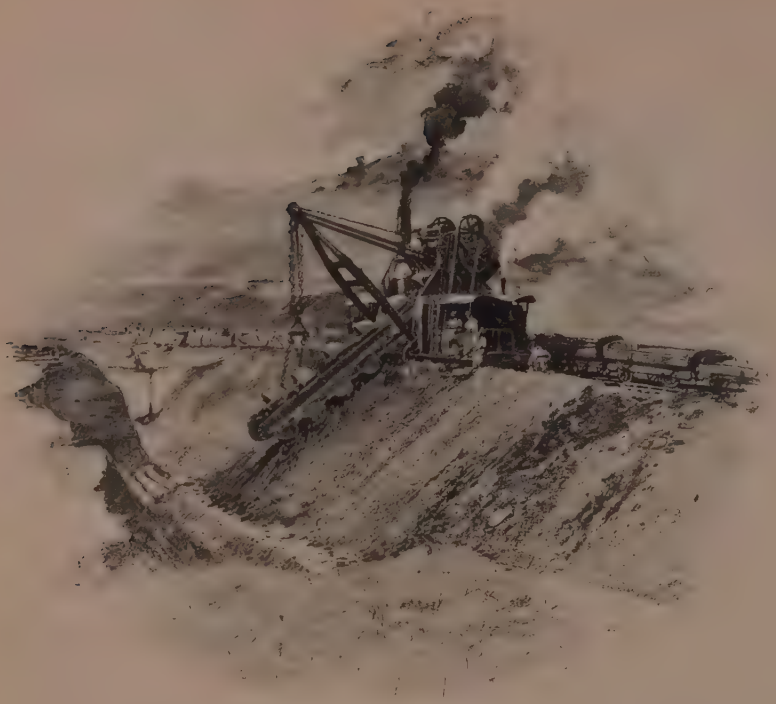
LOW TIDE.—FRENCH DREDGES BEACHED TO PREVENT SINKING, BUT STILL AVAILABLE

steamers will make San Francisco a great competitive point for through freight shipments.

PROBLEM ONE: THE CHAGRES RIVER

Geologically speaking, the Isthmus of Panama is of volcanic origin, but volcanic activity has long since ceased. From ocean to ocean in a straight line is a distance of 42 miles, with the summit of the divide 10 miles from the Pacific side, whose altitude is about three hundred and forty feet where the line of the Panama Railroad and that of the proposed canal cross it. The southern slope of the divide toward the Pacific Ocean is drained by a number of streams, none of which is of great importance. The Atlantic side is drained by the river Chagres and its tributaries, the main stream being the only one that can lay any claim to extensive navigability. For a distance reaching nearly two thirds of the way across the isthmus it can be ascended by light-draft canoes at any stage of water. From the early Spanish days, through the gold excitement in California in 1849, down to the completion of the Panama Railroad in 1855, it was a part of the great highway across the isthmus. Boats ascended as far as the little village of Las Cruces, whence there was a land portage to Panama. Under Spanish domination treasure from South America was landed at what was then the city of Panama, carried overland to Las Cruces, and then shipped down the river and loaded under the guns of Fort Lorenzo, at the mouth of the Chagres, in vessels bound for Spain or destined for capture by Drake and his associates. In 1671 Fort Lorenzo was captured by Morgan and his bucaneers, and the city of Panama was sacked and destroyed, there standing to-day only the picturesque ruins of the old watch-tower and the walls of the cathedral that the Spaniards fortified and defended to the last with their wonted valor.

The isthmus, being only from eight to nine degrees north of the equator, lies within the belt of the trade-winds, the direction of which varies from northeast to northwest. These winds carry to the isthmus large quantities of moisture in suspension, which, on striking the mountains, is deposited as heavy rains. Although the year is supposed to be divided into a wet and a dry season, the former beginning in April and extending to November, rains are to be expected on the Atlantic side in all months, and heavy storms are to be looked for even during the so-called "dry" season. At Panama, on the Pacific side, the mean annual rainfall is sixty-seven inches, while on the Colon side it is one hundred and thirty inches, the former being nearly twice that on the Atlantic coast in the latitude of New York, and the latter being more than three times as great. Ordinarily the Chagres is a small and gently



Drawn by Harry Fenn, from a photograph. Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

FRENCH EXCAVATOR AT WORK IN THE CULEBRA CUT AT THE PRESENT TIME

flowing river, and above Gamboa it is quite clear. The sudden violence of the storms —violent to a degree unknown in temperate zones—produces excessive floods that convert a stream, across which men can usually wade, into a madly rushing torrent. The Chagres has been known to rise nearly forty feet in a few hours and to pass at Bohio one hundred and forty thousand cubic feet of water per second; that is, a volume of water sufficient to fill a mile of canal, 300 feet wide on top and 35 feet deep, in five minutes, an enormous amount in view of the limited watershed. It is obvious that if such a flood were permitted to enter the restricted channel of a canal already full, it would so seriously damage the canal as to put it out of service and necessitate extensive repairs. It is not, therefore, the total discharge of the Chagres River that makes it such a formidable obstacle, the minimum discharge being very small, and even the average discharge being less than an amount that could be safely admitted directly to the canal, but rather its enormous floods, rarely exceeding a day or two in duration, sometimes only a few hours, which, by their intensity while they last, carry such tremendous potentiality of destruction.

PROBLEM TWO: THE CUT THROUGH THE DIVIDE

The second great difficulty is the huge cut through the divide. Of the length of the canal route of 49 miles, from deep water in the Atlantic to that in the Pacific, no less than 35 miles is ordinary dredging or land excavation, where, with the exception of an occasional spur, no cutting to mean tide level will exceed 30 feet, it all being work of simple character. The remaining 14 miles are across the mountain-range, where the original surface was 340 feet above ocean level, and where the average depth of cutting to the same level, exclusive of the depth of the canal, is still 140 feet, for a distance of eight miles, an excavation greatly exceeding in magnitude anything

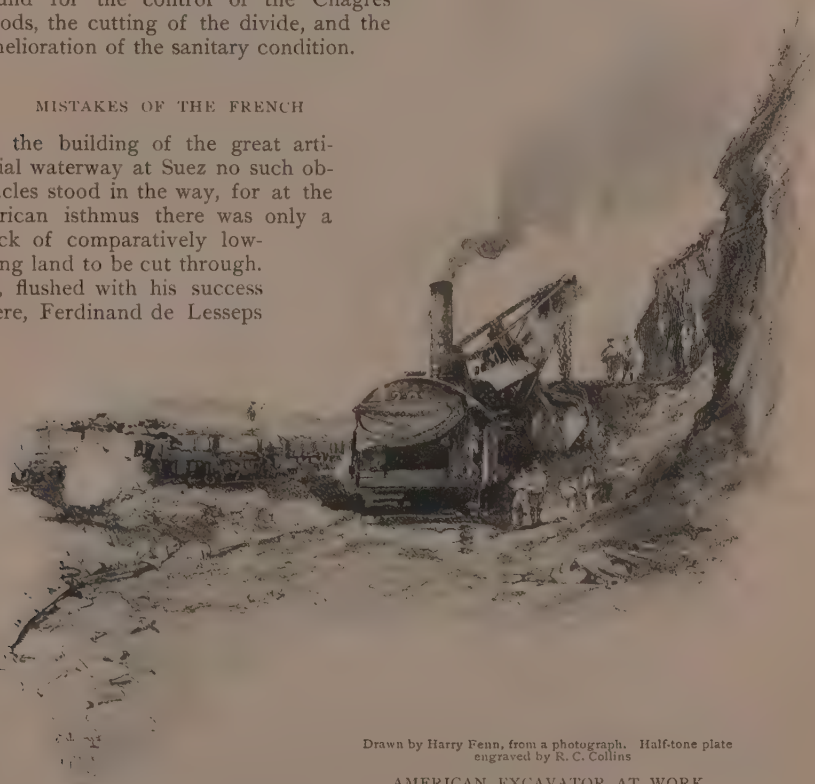
heretofore undertaken. The geological composition of the range is variable, consisting of hard basaltic rock, a shale clay, resembling rock when first excavated, but which disintegrates on exposure, slippery clays and sand.

PROBLEM THREE: THE CLIMATE

The third difficulty is the climate. Almost beneath the equatorial sun, deluged by tropical rains, with all the enervating conditions of a continually moist, hot climate, the country offers a fertile field for the development of disease. Consequently, the tropical fevers, such as yellow and malarial, to the virulent and malignant type of the latter of which has been given locally the name of Chagres fever, have always flourished, and have proved the deadly enemy to progressive foreigners. In order to complete successfully a trans-isthmian canal, a satisfactory solution must be found for the control of the Chagres floods, the cutting of the divide, and the amelioration of the sanitary condition.

MISTAKES OF THE FRENCH

In the building of the great artificial waterway at Suez no such obstacles stood in the way, for at the African isthmus there was only a neck of comparatively low-lying land to be cut through. So, flushed with his success there, Ferdinand de Lesseps turned his face to Panama. Having acquired a concession granted by the Colombian government to Lieutenant Wyse of the French navy, he set out to connect the Atlantic with the Pacific with all the light-hearted confidence begotten of a belief in his mission to correct geographical errors. Like Suez, the Panama Canal was to be *à niveau*,—that is, at sea level,—and all within a few years, and at a cost of a reasonable number of millions of francs. No plans were prepared for the great cut, no method was decided on for the control of the rampant Chagres, while yellow and Chagres fevers were treated with contempt. Contracts were made for useless machinery; locomotives and cars were delivered, built to the European gage instead of to five feet, that of



Drawn by Harry Fenn, from a photograph. Half-tone plate engraved by R. C. Collins

AMERICAN EXCAVATOR AT WORK

From a photograph

GENERAL DAVIS AND ADMIRAL WALKER ON THE INSPECTION CAR

the Panama Railroad, and equipment was bought far in excess of actual requirements. These contracts were made in order to enlist the influence, political and financial, of certain important interests in France in order to secure popular subscription to the canal company's stock. It is stated that beneath the spoil-banks there lie buried engines and machines of all kinds. They had served their purpose as the objects of corrupt contracts; they were unfitted for the work, and were not worth moving out of the way of the dumping of excavated material. Others were abandoned along the line of the canal, and soon were lost in the tropical jungle, where they became the homes of huge lizards and gaily plumed parrots. Instead of devoting their energies to that part of the work that would take the longest time to complete, —namely, the Culebra cut,—the French company pushed forward the easy and rapid work of dredging through the low lands bordering on the Atlantic and in the bed of the river Chagres. This was done in order to be able to report to Paris that a great percentage of the total quantity of excavation had been completed. The end came soon, and with it a realization that the greater part of the invested savings of the thrifty and deluded French peasants was gone beyond reclaim.

This unfortunate phase of the canal's history need not be pursued further. The French courts have passed on the questions involved, and it is now a closed incident. It is not necessary to reopen the debate as to whether de Lesseps was the dupe or the deceiver. He can be left with the glory—and great enough it is—of having been the promoter and constructor of the Suez Canal. It is well, however, to recall the story as a warning against folly, incompetence, and extravagance, "lest *we*

forget" that the gravestones of the past are the milestones that measure the path to destruction followed by that first company—a path that still exists, and one that can be easily found, even by a great government, through recklessness, foolish legislation, or over-confidence.

After the complete failure of the efforts of de Lesseps, a new corporation was organized, and for the first time a systematic study of the whole problem was undertaken. The new company found itself confronted with two great difficulties. First, the end of the concession granted by the Colombian government was in sight, and therefore a limited time only was at the disposal of the company. In the second place, the large debt inherited from its predecessor company, upon which an effort was undertaken to make some return. A board of eminent engineers promptly decided that, in view of the circumstances

From a photograph

LUNCHEON AT THE ENGINEERS' HEADQUARTERS, CULEBRA CUT

General Davis is at the near end of the table, Admiral Walker at the farther end, with Mr. Burr and Mr. Parsons at the left

of the case, a sea-level canal was out of the question. The additional cost, added to the money already squandered, would make a total so large that it would be impossible to show any commercial profit. Therefore, with some reluctance, a decision was reached to construct a canal with locks and a high summit level.

Two plans were developed in order that an estimate of the cost, both in time and money, could be ascertained. One of these plans contemplated a summit level at an elevation of ninety-eight feet, with four locks on the Atlantic side and four on the Pacific. The other plan was for a summit level at sixty-two feet, with two locks on the Atlantic side and three locks on the Pacific. In either case a lake would have to be constructed artificially at an elevation at least as great as that of the Chagres River to receive the floods of that stream. It was decided that the plan with the lower of the summit levels was the better of the two, as it approached more nearly the "Ultima Thule" of the sea-level project. The difference in the cost of the two plans was not large, the one with the high summit level being estimated, for works alone, at $101,850,000, and the other at $105,500,000. The additional locks in the one case nearly offset the increased amount of excavation in the other. The engineers estimated, however, that the plan with the high summit level could be completed within a materially shorter time than the other, and that its use would render more certain the opening of the canal before the life of the concession expired. This latter consideration was admittedly the determining factor in adopting the less desirable plan with the high summit level. Under an efficient management, the efforts of the second, or New Canal Company, as it was called, were directed to the most laborious part of the work,—namely, the excavation of the Culebra cut,—and the dredging in the low-lying lands, where the work could be completed in two or three years at the most, was left to be taken up at a more appropriate time. Improved machinery

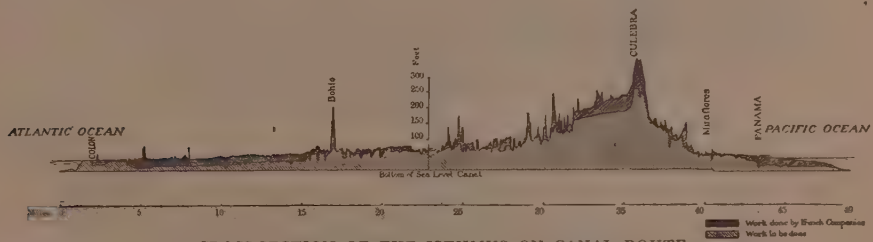
Drawn by Harry Fenn, from a photograph. Half-tone plate engraved by C. Schwarzburger

THE CONDITION OF THE CULEBRA CUT, CHRISTMAS EVE, 1904

was brought from France, and a large force of men with tools was put to work.

A glance at the profile of the canal line will enable the reader to appreciate the extent of the work accomplished by each of the French companies. The excavation in the low lands was that done by de Lesseps; that in the high ground, much the more difficult, was done by the new company.

Unfortunately, the problem of sanitation had not received the same careful consideration as the engineering problem, and yellow, Chagres, and other tropical fevers found their victims. In spite of all efforts, work could not be advanced with sufficient rapidity. South American politics barred any reasonable extension to the concession limitation, and finally the work, with all rights of the company, was transferred to the United States for $40,000,000.



CROSS-SECTION OF THE ISTHMUS ON CANAL ROUTE

THE AMERICAN GOVERNMENT IN CONTROL

For the third, and, let us hope, for the last time, a study of the Panama situation has begun. The conditions confronting the United States government differ radically, however, from those which confronted the French companies, or that would confront any private company that can be organized. For the outlay made by the American government, actual property or a full equivalent in work has been obtained, and no unnecessary capital of wasted money weighs down the enterprise. By the cession to the American government, by the new Republic of Panama, of a strip of territory ten miles wide from ocean to ocean, in perpetuity, all question of a concession life is permanently removed; and, finally, inasmuch as the American government will not have to consider a canal from the point of view of returning a large profit on an investment, and as it can obtain the necessary funds at an interest charge certainly one half of what would have to be paid by a private organization, it is obvious that plans can be considered that will involve a much larger capital investment, and that will require more time for completion. In short, the American government is free from ordinary limitations. Therefore, the question before the government and its advisers is, What is the best type of canal to construct, and how should it be constructed?

SANITATION

Although the American government is free from the vexatious conditions of time and money that confronted and finally defeated the efforts of the French, it is not free from the difficulties attendant on the sanitary condition of the isthmus. If this great work is to be accomplished with credit to the American people, a solution of this problem must first be had, so as to insure such reasonable conditions of health as are possible in a tropical climate. Fortunately, on this score a great advance has been made in medical science and knowledge. The fevers prevalent upon the isthmus were formerly considered as either inseparably connected with tropical conditions or dependent upon a general lack of cleanliness, which it did not seem possible to remedy. Experiments conducted in recent years have proved that yellow and malarial fevers are not indigenous to the soil, are not infectious, are quite independent of cleanliness, but are carried from the ill to the well by means of certain mosquitos; and that by a reduction in the number of mosquitos the chance of contagion is reduced, and by

Drawn by Harry Fenn, from a photograph. Half-tone plate engraved by S. Davis

LAS CRUCES, PRACTICALLY THE HEAD OF NAVIGATION ON THE CHAGRES RIVER

Las Cruces is a typical village of the Republic of Panama, and is historic as the place where portages began on the way to Panama, before the building of the railroad

guarding the patient in the early stages of the disease the possible spread of the contagion can be prevented. An indication of the extensive presence of malarial fevers and consequent source of contamination to be carried farther by mosquitos was shown by an examination of the inhabitants of several of the villages in the zone last year, which indicated that sixty per cent. of the population had the disease parasites in their blood. The results already achieved in Havana, in Cuba generally, and in other parts of the world where malarial diseases are found, prove beyond any question the above conclusions.

To raise the general standard of health at Panama, as has been done in Cuba; to modernize the sanitary conditions; to remove filth; and to wage war against all mosquitos, have been the efforts of the government since it took possession of the canal zone eighteen months ago. To bring about these results, the same medical officers of the army and navy who achieved such success in Havana have been detailed for similar duty at Panama.

To appreciate the magnitude of the task, the conditions existing at both Colon and Panama must be pictured. At neither place was there a system of water-supply or of sewers, except a small water-system maintained privately at Colon by the railway company for buildings owned by it. The population of twenty-five thousand persons in the city of Panama had to depend on cisterns and wells located close to unsewered houses, water from these wells being delivered from house to house by wagons and measured out in cans. Sewage and house refuse were caught in cesspools in the crowded city, or else thrown out in the streets to decay, dry, and blow away. The streets themselves were paved with small cobbles, rendering effective cleaning impossible, except by the rain deluges during the wet season. Fortunately, bubonic plague and other filth diseases are not endemic; but a chance case might at any time be brought in from abroad, and

if so, it would find a fertile field in which to develop.

Both cities were surrounded by swamps in which mosquitos could breed; but more threatening from a sanitary standpoint were the cisterns and water-containers near the houses, which served as excellent means for the propagation of mosquito life. As the mosquito which causes yellow fever is not migratory, such breeding-places among the population are more dangerous than the distant swamps.

WORK ALREADY DONE

WHAT has been done? A reservoir has been constructed in the mountains near Culebra, from which water has been piped to Panama and then to the houses by a distributing system of mains; a modern and well-designed system of sewers has been constructed; and orders have been issued for the permanent removal of cisterns and cesspools; and as soon as possible all wells will be filled up. House refuse will be discharged by the sewers into the sea, a simple matter on account of the great rise and fall of the tide. So thoroughly is the war being carried on against breeding-places for mosquitos within the city limits that an examination was made even of the basins in the cathedral containing holy water; and on finding these fairly alive with "wrigglers," the church authorities were requested to place salt in them. A department of street-cleaning has been organized, which has been made as effective as the rough surface of the roadways will permit. To produce better results, steps have already been taken to repave gradually the streets with asphalt or some other material giving a smooth surface. At Colon a reservoir site has been selected, and the small existing water-system will be reinforced for general use; while, in addition, it is purposed to raise the whole surface of the city, now only about five feet above sea level, thus permitting efficient draining and

Drawn by Harry Fenn, from a photograph. Half-tone plate engraved by R. C. Collins

HOUSES FOR WORKMEN ALONG THE LINE OF THE CANAL

sewerage. Between the cities swamps are being drained and low places filled to diminish mosquito life as far as possible. In addition to the above work, the old French hospital at Ancon, near Panama, has been put in repair and extended, the local hospital in Panama improved, and the Colon hospital made thoroughly serviceable; and new emergency hospitals have been established along the line of the canal, in which suspect cases can be immediately isolated from mosquitos, and then removed under cover to the main hospitals at either terminus. In order to control the introduction of disease from outside, a vigorous and efficient quarantine service has been established at both ports.

"MORE DIFFICULT THAN HAVANA"

THE problem at Panama is more difficult of solution than that at Havana, as the climate is more enervating, and the mainland is not so subject to control as an island; but a distinct advance has been made, and eventually success will be attained. No epidemic such as marked previous construction has appeared; and although workmen up to ten thousand at a time have been employed, the death-rate is nearly as low ... it would be in the case of a similar number in the United States. Of yellow fever, the most dreaded scourge, there were only one hundred and sixty-one cases between July, 1904, and July, 1905, with a death-roll of fifty-two, of which only seventy-nine and fourteen respectively were employees of the commission.

The large number of men employed have been engaged partly in the work of sanitation, but chiefly in canal work itself, which has been in continuous progress since the canal was acquired by the government. Although the ultimate plans for the canal have not been determined, there remains so much excavation that actual work can be energetically pushed for perhaps two years more without running counter to any plan that may be hereafter adopted. New machinery of improved modern type has been installed, enabling the government engineers to prosecute construction pending decisions as to type of canal and the letting of contracts.

AT SEA LEVEL OR WITH LOCKS?

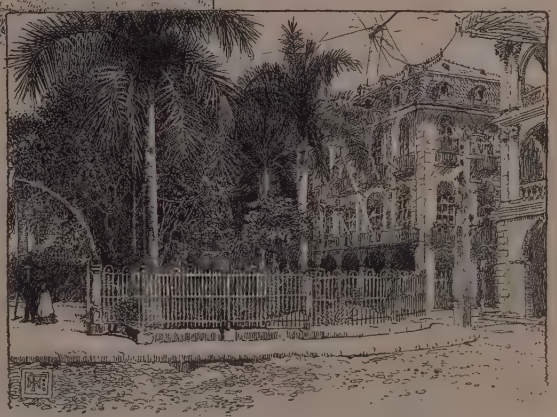
AS to the canal itself and the attendant physical difficulties to be overcome, the first question to be answered is, What shall be the type? Shall it be at sea level, or shall it have locks? On this answer depend the proper method of treating the Chagres floods and the extent of the task of cutting through the Culebra cut. At the outset, however, it must be premised that a true sea-level canal—that is, one without any locks—is an impossibility, owing to the variation in tidal levels in the two oceans.

On the Atlantic side the rise and fall vary from one to three feet, while on the Pacific side the variation is between fifteen and twenty feet, so that there may be a difference in level, depending on winds and local conditions, of about ten feet. When the first levels were run across the isthmus, a difference of several feet between high water in the two oceans was discovered, whence has come the popular fallacious belief that there was an actual variation in ocean level. The elevation of mean or half tide in the two oceans is exactly the same; that is, low tide in the Pacific is as much below low tide in the Atlantic as high tide is above high tide. Should a channel be cut through, the difference in height of ten feet in excess at the north end at low tide and at the south end at high tide would produce a current so rapid that vessels could not be handled with safety. Therefore, in any event, a tidal lock will have to be built on the Pacific side, probably at Miraflores, through which vessels south-bound will be locked down when the Pacific tide is low, and up when it is high. Twice a day at the period of mean tide, and for several hours at such period when the variation in level will not be great enough to set up a dangerous current, the lock can remain open; while during the neap tides, when the variation in level is the least, it is probable that for ordinary vessels such tidal lock will be open for more than half the day. At Suez a difference of four to four and a half feet in tidal levels in the Mediterranean and Red Seas is not sufficient to require a lock.

CONTROL OF THE CHAGRES

IN order that the remainder can be built without lock obstruction, a complete and absolute control of the Chagres River must be secured. This is possible by building a dam at Gamboa, where the Chagres

meets the route of the canal, and where in its course it makes a turn of about a quarter-circle, the hills approaching sufficiently close to permit the construction of a dam of large but reasonable dimensions. If a dam should be erected to a height of about one hundred and fifty feet above the river-bed, a lake would be formed so extensive as to require nearly a year's flow of the Chagres to fill it. Through under-sluices the mean flow of the river can be drawn off with safety into the canal, and under pressure of, say, one hundred feet its energy can be converted into electricity. When the violent rains occur the Chagres floods will rush into the lake, the surface of which will slowly rise behind the dam. When the storms are over, the steady draft on the water for power will exceed the inflow and the surface will fall. There will thus be a continual changing of the lake level, according as the inflow of the Chagres is greater or less than the average flow, and the lake will be amply large, with sufficient reserve, to store any possible excess of flood. The power thus secured will suffice to light the canal from end to end, together with the cities of Panama and Colon, and the small towns along the line within the zone, and to furnish whatever power may be required to operate works in connection with the canal and the Panama Railroad and leave a commercial surplus. By this scheme the floods of the Chagres, which have always been the great threatening obstacle to construction success, will not only be brought within control, but will be regulated and trained to be the greatest single factor in the success of future operations.



Drawn by Harry Fenn, from photographs

HOSPITAL AT PANAMA, BUILT BY THE FRENCH AND REHABITED BY THE UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT.—PALAIS DE LESSEPS, COLON.—CANAL HEADQUARTERS, PANAMA, CONSTRUCTED BY DE LESSEPS.

If, on the other hand, a plan with locks is determined on, the treatment of the Chagres River assumes a different aspect. The elevation of the bed of the river at Gamboa is about fifty feet above mean tidal level, so that by making the

Drawn by George Varian, from a photograph

A LARGE PART OF THE REVOLUTIONARY ARMY OF PANAMA

These troops were afterward disbanded, and set to work in the Culebra cut

elevation of the summit level at least as high as that, the floods will flow into the lake, forming part of the canal. The surplus water from this lake would be taken over a spillway located away from the line of the canal and led harmlessly to sea by the present channel of the Chagres River, which, from Gatum to the Atlantic, eight miles, forms no part of the canal. This lake, like the one behind a dam at Gamboa, would serve as a regulating reservoir with a fluctuating elevation of surface. A dam located at Bohio would form this summit-level lake, which in the various projects has been called Lake Bohio, and which, under several variations, has been the basis of the various lock plans heretofore proposed.

The control of the Chagres can be secured, therefore, for a sea-level canal by building a dam at Gamboa, providing a great receiving reservoir, supplemented by artificial diversion channels parallel with the canal to carry the flow of smaller streams entering below Gamboa; or for a lock canal by building an interior lake in which the floods can be received and discharged harmlessly. In neither case will the attending works be of extraordinary magnitude, but the designing and adjusting of the engineering details will require great skill.

CULEBRA CUT

THE crux of the construction, so far as unprecedented dimensions are concerned, is the cut through the divide, which at the south end is called Culebra and at the north Emperador, but which, as a whole, is referred to in this article as Culebra. The surface elevation where the French began was about 340 feet above sea level; to-day the surface is about 150 to 160 feet high, to which must be added the depth of the canal below sea level, say 35 to 40 feet. Approximately one half of the maximum depth has been cut away, though not one half of the total excavation has been removed. If this cut is to be completed to a further depth of nearly 200 feet and for a length of 8 miles, the enormous total of 250,000,000 cubic yards of rock and clay will have to be dug out and carried away. This would be as much material as would fill a city street 60 feet wide, lined with the ordinary city dwellings three and a half stories high, from house to house front,

and from pavement to roof, for a distance of 500 miles, or, say, from New York to Cleveland. To excavate this material will require the largest of digging-machines, and to remove it a thoroughly organized railway service will be required; for if it is to be done in ten years, no less than 5000 large railway-car loads of material must be hauled out every day during that period. To serve the machines and the trains will require probably 20,000 men; and as there are always absentees for some reason, to get an effective force of that number at least 25,000 names will have to appear on the pay-rolls. Such figures suffice to give a measure of the magnitude of the task, which is greater than any other engineering construction heretofore undertaken. If the canal is to be at sea level, the whole of the excavation must be removed; if with locks, only the amount down to the elevation of the summit level that may be arbitrarily fixed.

NAVIGATION OF THE CANAL

To make it possible to pass a ship from ocean to ocean, even by a high-level design, will require from six to eight years, and by one at sea level ten years, though possibly twelve. Which of the two types, all things considered, is the better is a question requiring great thought for the proper answer. On the one hand, there are required a greatly increased investment of capital and some delay in time, although the latter in the life of such an enterprise is probably of small amount. The deciding factor will probably be the practical usefulness of the type when completed. No matter what the design, the canal cannot be navigated its entire length by large steamers with the freedom that they pass up and down a broad river. It is contemplated that the width of the canal at the bottom shall be about 150 feet, giving a width on the surface of from 200 to 350 feet, according to the flatness of the side slopes, dependent on the varying local character of the rock or earth through which the canal will be dug. As large modern steamers have a beam of seventy-five feet, it is obvious that two such vessels cannot pass each other in the regular channel. On arriving at either terminus, the ship will report to the harbor-master for a permit to pass, and, if she be a sailing-vessel, for a tug to take her through. After an inspection, the taking on of coal, supplies, and a pilot, and being measured for and paying toll charges, the vessel will then receive an order entitling her to proceed. This order will be like a train order on a single-track railway, giving authority to go to a certain point, and there either to meet and pass a ship coming from the other end, or to draw to one side and permit the other ship to pass, or to get other orders to proceed further. The passing of ships will be arranged by constructing "sidings"; that is, widenings of the channel into which a vessel can draw and moor to clusters of piles. When the passing is made, the vessel then advances to the next siding where a vessel is expected, all of which will be controlled by telegraphic orders from a central despatcher's office, where there will be a chart showing the exact position of any ship at any time, corrected instantly by advices received from the local stations. Along the banks there will be semaphore signals by day, and lights by night, indicating the position of obstructions or vessels ahead so as to prevent collisions. On arriving at a lock, the steamer will find a structure similar in principle to the small canal-locks with which the reader is familiar, but vastly larger. These locks will have a length of about 1000 feet, and a width in the clear of 100 feet, in order to accommodate not only the steamers 800 feet long now building, but to allow for such increase in size as may be realized. The gates closing the locks at the down-stream end will have a height equal to the depth of the canal, the height of lift, and, say, ten feet of surplus, or a total of 75 to perhaps 100 feet, according to conditions—dimensions far in excess of those of any other lock gates in the world. As soon as the lock is entered and the ship made fast so that it cannot be moved about by the in- or outrushing water, and yet may rise or fall with the change in level, the great gates behind her will be closed and water admitted into the lock from the higher level or drawn off into the lower, as the vessel is ascending or descending. When the new level is reached the other gates are opened, and once more the vessel continues her journey between banks crowded to the water's edge with the wild tangle of a tropical jungle or the long-leafed banana-trees set out in regular rows in plantations. On arriving at the

far terminus, the pilot is dropped, and the vessel disappears at sea.

If the entry is made at Panama, it will be at a place whose white-walled houses and red-tiled roofs, surmounted by the towers of the old cathedral and the tops of the royal palms in the plaza, will suggest old Spain; then by the canal straight for the range of the Cordilleras, where, from the Pacific, there will appear no break. None was made by nature, and that made by man will not be visible from afar. After passing through this great cut, the towering sides of which will forever testify to the magnitude of the work, the level of the adjacent country will gradually fall away to the low lands at Colon. Here will be found the antithesis to Panama. Instead of old Spain, there will be a bustling place, filled with the life of the twentieth century, with its great piles of coal, warehouses with stores and supplies, and docks and shipyards for vessels needing repairs. Beyond will lie the Atlantic, whence first came those to seek, not a new world, but a way to the other side of the old.

At best the journey through the canal will be slow and subject to delays. The capacity of the canal to pass vessels, though great, will be limited, and every additional obstacle will not only increase the time of transit, but decrease the capacity. A lock, no matter how ingeniously designed or well built, is an element of delay and measurable danger. Time will be consumed not only by the mechanical functions of opening and closing the gates and filling and emptying the lock, but also in loss of vessel speed when approaching or leaving, and in the slow process of working a great ship into the basin. The shorter the time of transit, the fewer ships there will be in the canal at any moment, and so the greater will be the carrying power of the waterway. As to danger, there is always risk in drawing a great ship between masonry walls, with a clearance of only a few feet on each side, and admitting water to lift the great burden of perhaps 50,000 tons' weight, or withdrawing it to lower the burden from one level to another. Any accident puts the lock out of service, and, although the locks will be in duplicate, any interruption will be of serious moment. In the Manchester ship-canal, on at least three different occasions, steamers have been unable to check their speed on approaching locks, and have gone crashing through the gates to the lower level. Fortunately, in all cases the upper gates were closed by the rush of water, and these, although so crippled as to require rebuilding, nevertheless temporarily held back the water in the upper level and so prevented disasters.

On the other hand, the lock advocates claim that the locks with their dams will create lakes, effectively increasing the channel section, and thus enabling vessels to make higher speed sufficient to counterbalance in part the loss of time in locking. Summed up, the sea-level plan will give a canal with the shortest time for transit, the maximum capacity, and the minimum danger; while a canal with locks will save a large increase in prime cost, some time in the beginning of operation, and, according to its friends, will have sufficient capacity to meet all actual requirements, and, by the means of proper safeguards, with lock dangers reduced to a negligible quantity.

CHANGE IN CONDITIONS

THE question is frequently asked, How are conditions so radically changed since the French failure to build a sea-level canal as to permit the United States to undertake it now with any hope of success? In the first place, the first French management was incompetent and extravagant almost beyond conception. Secondly, both it and its successor, the New Company, were private corporations working for a commercial profit, and obliged to pay at least six per cent. for their capital; whereas the American government, being able to borrow at almost one third that rate, can invest nearly three times the same capital without placing any greater annual burden on the enterprise. Thirdly, great progress has taken place in machine-excavators, by which the material can be handled more cheaply, while the previously unrealizable development of electric power at Gamboa will pay for that portion of the construction. Finally, as a justification if not a reason, ships have increased so greatly in size that what would have sufficed twenty years ago would be inadequate now, and still more so when the canal will be finished a dozen years hence.

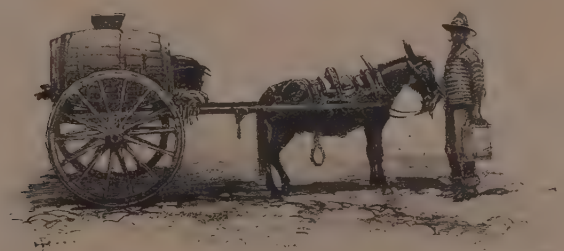
That a canal at sea level is the desired solution, as giving a waterway with the maximum capacity, minimum of time for

transit, and with least risk to passing vessels, there is no question. The late chief engineer of the canal commission has reported that such a result can be attained at an extra cost of about $80,000,000 in money and two or three years in time over a canal with locks. For an enterprise of such far-reaching influence, and to a government with great resources, $100,000,000 is not an extravagant sum, and three years only a small time, as compared with the additional benefits secured.

A CANAL FOR AMERICA

THE greatest beneficiary of the canal will be the people of the United States, so that the Panama Canal will be essentially an American canal, except that until our navigation laws are either increased or decreased the American flag from vessels' peaks will not be seen as often as those of other nations. From north European ports to India, China, and Japan the distance by either Suez or Panama will be substantially the same; and therefore vessels will probably continue to use the established trade route, except in the case of very large ships that cannot pass over the restricted depth of the Suez Canal, which limits them to a draft of twenty-eight feet. From Great Britain and Germany to Australia and New Zealand there will be a saving in distance of about fifteen hundred miles over Suez—sufficient probably to be a determining factor. For American trade the shortening will be all-important. From New York to Manila the difference is small; but to Yokohama it amounts to 3729 nautical miles; to Shanghai, 1629 miles; and, as against the route via the Straits of Magellan, to Callao, 6343 miles; and to San Francisco, 7640 miles. It will bring the grain-fields of the northwestern Pacific States 6000 miles nearer Liverpool; and it will bring the iron and coal of the Gulf States shipped from New Orleans and Pensacola, 9500 miles nearer San Francisco; giving to the former a new great market not now open, and to the latter a cheap supply of the raw materials of manufacturing. In the past the great bulk of our foreign trade has been with Europe. Great as is the trans-Atlantic trade, the trans-Pacific presents greater possibilities. On the far shores of this ocean there are 400,000,000 persons eager to do business, and rapidly awakening to an appreciation of the benefits of foreign commerce. Of these people 8,000,000, or as many as the population of all the 20 states west of the Mississippi and Missouri Rivers, excepting Kansas, Missouri, and Texas, are, if not American citizens, at least under American protection and control. The value of annual imports and exports to and from the far East from the port of New York alone amounts to almost $200,000,000, and is capable of being much developed by improved facilities. The Panama Canal will be second only to the trans-continental railways in developing American trade, both internal and foreign.

It has been announced that the American government is to give all nations equal terms and equal rights, and to levy toll without regard to commercial profit. Such a course, in bringing nearer the ends of the



Drawn by Harry Fenn, from a photograph

THE OLD WATER DEPARTMENT OF PANAMA

It was a great source of disease, and recently has been superseded by the United States Government water-works

earth and drawing closer the peoples thereof, is the greatest promise of universal peace, and a long step toward the time when disputes between nations, like those between individuals, will be adjusted without an appeal to arms.

When at last the waters of the Atlantic and Pacific are commingled there will be gathered the full fruits of the discovery by Balboa, who not only lost his life upon the isthmus, but would also have been robbed of the glory of the discovery, in favor of Cortez, if the poet Keats could have had his way when he said:

Or like stout Cortez when with eagle eyes
He stared at the Pacific, and all his men
Look'd at each other with a wild surmise,
Silent, upon a peak in Darien.

TO NIGHT

BY GEORGE CABOT LODGE

THOU canst console our sad humanity
With dreams of everlasting loveliness,
Or cast the shadow of forgetfulness
Over the haggard eyes of memory.
Thou canst appease of man's infinity
The deep, divine unrest; thy stars confess
The living soul's imprisoned loneliness,
And heart finds liberty alone in thee.
Thus may we feel how changing avatars
Shall so complete us that, perchance, when we
Transcend the throes of spiritual strife
And learn the deep tranquillity of stars,
The ineffable presence of Eternity
Shall find a mansion in the House of Life.

TOPICS OF THE TIME

MARY MAPES DODGE

THE life-work of Mary Mapes Dodge was her work for children, and was summed up in her editorship of "St. Nicholas," that unexampled pleasure-house for the little people, and in her writings for the young. In the editorship of "St. Nicholas" she eagerly and unremittingly spent her talents: talents so great as to have—before "St. Nicholas" was begun—flowered in a masterpiece of world-acceptance, the ever delightful and already classical "Hans Brinker." In her writing and her editing for children were displayed from beginning to end the wit, the vivacity, the brilliant inventiveness and the sympathy of a highly gifted nature, a nature of contagious cheerfulness even when laboring under heavy burdens.

Good humor, a sense of humor, and a mirthful wit were characteristic of her daily walk and conversation. These qualities were brightly shown in such an immediately successful sketch as "Miss Maloney on the Chinese Question" and in her writings for children, and also in her editing: for a mind like hers was necessarily provocative of endless good things from the choice spirits whom she

interested in her plans for the wholesome entertainment of her young audience.

The friends of Mrs. Dodge were always hoping that she would be moved to the composition of more masterpieces of literature for the young, or of brilliant fiction for older readers. She did write her warmly received and cherished "Donald and Dorothy," but it seemed as if she hesitated to take time enough away from the great circle of little readers, who were to her an actual presence, to lose herself in prolonged and absorbing imaginative work. So, for these many years, she entertained her young guests of "St. Nicholas" with all the energy and joyfulness of her indomitable spirit. The result, in such a magazine as "St. Nicholas," has proved a gift of inestimable value to generations of children. But the story of her editing has been told in "St. Nicholas" itself, better than we can tell it, by Mrs. Dodge's sympathetic and accomplished associate and successor, Mr. William Fayal Clarke.

Mrs. Dodge's literary talent cannot, however, be correctly estimated on the basis merely of her editing and her writing for children. Her success in this latter line has, perhaps, obscured her accomplishment as a poet. In the autumn of 1904 she gathered together and reëdited her poetical writings in a volume which she called "Poems and Verses." There is poetry of a fine quality in this small volume; and several of the poems have that novelty of thought concerning the deep, familiar things of life and death which strikes and convinces us in reading such poems as Blanco White's "Night" and Aldrich's "Apparitions." Of this class the best-known is her poem named "The Mysteries." The poem "Enfoldings," which we here reproduce, first appeared in THE CENTURY for October, 1876, and is given by its author the first place in her final collection:

ENFOLDINGS

THE snowflake that softly, all night, is whitening tree-top and pathway;
The avalanche suddenly rushing with darkness and death to the hamlet.

The ray stealing in through the lattice, to waken the day-loving baby;
The pitiless horror of light in the sun-smitten reach of the desert.

The seed with its wondrous surprise of welcome young leaflet and blossom;
The despair of the wilderness tangle, and grim, taunting forest unending.

The happy west wind as it startles some noon-laden flower from its dreaming;
The hurricane crashing its way through the homes and the life of the valley.

The play of the jetlets of flame where the children laugh out on the hearthstone;
The town and the prairie enswirled in the glare of the red devastation.

The glide of a wave on the sands with its myriad sparkle in breaking;
The roar and the fury of ocean, a limitless maelstrom of ruin.

The leaping of heart unto heart with bliss that can never be spoken;
The passion that maddens, and blights the God-given love that enshrines us.

For this do I tremble and start when the rose on the vine taps my shoulder;
For this, when the storm beats me down, my soul groweth bolder and bolder.

THE PEACE AND WORLD-OPINION

THE tides of public opinion are often deplorably ill-directed, though seldom without an understandable origin; and, again, often such tides are as far from whim and as true to principle as the tides of the ocean to the laws of physical nature. As to the force of public opinion in every part of the world, each new year and each conspicuous event of current history illustrates anew that force—a force growing in apparent importance and effect as the mind of man works more freely and unhampered by authority and tradition.

The attitude of the peace envoys and their masters toward the public opinion of the world was a highly interesting illustration of this truth. The Russian envoys seemed to desire more than their opponents to appeal to current opinion; but in the final settlement it was seen that a "decent respect for the opinion of mankind" had a mighty influence with the magnanimous and astute Orientals.

There were times when the personal popularity of Mr. Witte in America may have deceived some as to the real opinion of the people; for the hint was thrown out that his longer stay might have endangered

the American Constitution through an attempt to make foreign-born popular favorites eligible to the presidency. And yet there was nothing inconsistent in this. The personality of the envoy was altogether in his favor; and added to this was the conviction that he was far from being one of the statesmen who had projected Eastern aggression and bloodshed; that he represented, in some degree, no matter how conservatively, the new and more popular, more statesmanlike, more humane régime.

So, while the great majority of Americans sympathized in the course of the war with the Japanese, and were filled with surprise and admiration at the force and scientific precision of the blow aimed at Russian aggression, Americans never lost sympathy with the Russian people and the better and wiser element in the Russian government itself. And notwithstanding the interest and sympathy here with Japan, if Japan had not been as wise and magnanimous in the making of peace as she had been accomplished and forceful in the making of war, the tide of sympathy would certainly have turned in another direction.

All which means that the Japanese Emperor, and the statesmen of Japan, in surrendering non-essentials and firmly maintaining essentials, suffered no diplomatic defeat at Portsmouth, but added greatly to their country's laurels, and greatly hastened forward on the path of progress the newest accession to the ranks of thoroughly "civilized nations." The best public opinion of the world sustains the action of the Japanese government in making peace on terms that have no such sting as that left by the peace-compact between beaten France and conquering Germany, a peace which has cost Germany dear indeed in strain and warlike expenditure.

And this public opinion of the world—the retrospect of history is not needed to show how marvelously it was embodied in the personality and swift, frank, surprising action of the President of the United States, the elected ruler of a free country whose existence is unentangled with international political complications. The public of the world was witness, if not auditor, of those well-nigh pathetic appeals in favor of a peace honorable to all, poured forth, outside of all custom or precedent, now in this direction, now in that. The great public was ignorant of the terms and phrases of the pleading; it did not know always to whom the words were addressed; but it saw the energy of the posture, it knew the tremendous earnestness of the argument, and the immense issues that hung upon the success or failure of these unhesitating, unceasing appeals. The world has never seen a sight like this; and seldom one so dramatic, so moving.

The public opinion of the world—this is shown most effectively, not in the discontent of unreasoning sections of the populace in either of the countries lately at war, nor in the criticism of interested persons, or interested factions, or interested governments, but in the decisions of the world's honest and disinterested thinkers; those who hail the advancement of peoples, and wish well to all mankind. These will watch, and report to the mysterious tribunal of universal sentiment, the future action of Japan toward not only the Western nations, but toward the neighboring peoples whom they will now either directly dominate or powerfully influence; and they will eagerly watch, and thus report upon, the future action of the Russian government in relation to those great internal questions upon whose enlightened treatment depends the happiness of a people that, when permitted a natural, safeguarded, and increasing freedom, is capable of everything that is noble.

LINCOLN AGAIN

THE interest in Lincoln, increases rather than diminishes with time. Even the large authoritative "History" by his secretaries, Nicolay and Hay, first given to the world in THE CENTURY, has not appeased the appetite for information concerning "the first American." Biographies and studies continue to multiply.

It will be our pleasure to present to the readers of THE CENTURY, beginning in December, a study of his phenomenal career from a point of view which has been almost entirely neglected—namely, that of his profession. "Lincoln the Lawyer" has been prepared by a member of the New York bar already known as an author, Mr. Frederick Trevor Hill. Mr. Hill has been accorded the kind assistance of the Hon. Robert T. Lincoln, the Hon.

Robert R. Hitt, Judge Lawrence Weldon (since deceased), and others; and he has made personal examinations of the court records, and other investigations, in the old Eighth Illinois Circuit, over which Lincoln traveled.

Few realize that Abraham Lincoln practised law for nearly a quarter of a century. Ambassador Choate said at Edinburgh that he laid great stress upon Lincoln's career as a lawyer and much more than his biographers do; and President McKinley declared that the great President's arduous experience as a lawyer was his "best training" for the presidency. The authorized biographers accorded Lincoln a high place as a lawyer, but had comparatively little space for details of his legal experience and accomplishments. This new study of Lincoln as a lawyer, both in its record of his methods and doings, and in its analysis of his statesmanship from the legal point of view, constitutes a most attractive story—of interest far beyond the ranks of the profession. It gives a new understanding of the abilities, the character, and the gradual development of one of the most fascinating personalities the world has ever seen.

OPEN LETTERS

The Decline in the Use of Alcoholic Liquors in Medical Practice

AN interesting and important subject which has not been brought to the attention of magazine readers is the marked decline, during the last few years, in the prescription of alcoholic liquors by the medical profession. It is not more than two decades since heroic doses of brandy and wine were thought absolutely essential to recovery in typhoid and other fevers, and not much over one decade since diphtheria, *la grippe*, and pneumonia were somewhat similarly treated by many physicians. Indeed, there was scarcely a diseased condition of the body where whisky or some other form of alcoholic liquor was not thought a necessary adjunct to other remedies, or a cure in itself.

To-day a marked change of practice may be readily noted by those sufficiently interested to study and observe. Many of the most successful physicians, not only of America but also of England and continental Europe, have ceased to prescribe any form of alcoholic liquor, and some of them are outspoken against such practice. Indeed, it is stated upon so good authority as that of Dr. George M. Gould, editor of "American Medicine," that the majority of physicians do not now prescribe alcoholic liquors.

What influences have been instrumental in effecting so radical a change in so brief a time, is a question which naturally presents itself.

The beginning of the change may be attributed to the firm refusal of alcohol as medicine by some reformed men and so-called "temperance fanatics," who preferred possible death to recovery with an entailment of the liquor appetite. The rapid return to health of such persons in cholera and fevers as compared with patients well dosed with brandy caused a few unprejudiced and thoughtful physicians, here and there, to distrust prevailing opinions of alcoholic treatment. Consequently, these physicians began to experiment with patients in jails and poorhouses and hospitals until they became convinced that what they had been taught in medical schools, and in writings upon therapeutics, of the remedial value of alcohol was very largely error.

With the courage of strong conviction they began to speak in medical meetings, and write for medical journals, of the much greater success they were having in subduing disease without the use of alcohol than they had when using it. A storm of opposition met their views; some of their brethren even spoke contemptuously of the most notable of them—Sir Benjamin Ward Richardson of England and Nathan S. Davis of Chicago, for example—as "cold-water fanatics." But, undaunted, they steadfastly continued to practise and preach the treatment of disease without recourse to alcohol, and they showed by comparative death-rates that their contention made better chance for recovery of the sick.

As some of the men adopting non-alcoholic views were connected with medical colleges and hospitals, they had opportunity to mold

the opinions of many young physicians, who, as they took their part in the world, influenced others in the profession to adopt their views.

Another potent factor in the dethroning of alcohol has been the spirit of scientific research of recent years. In the great laboratories scientists have been carefully studying the effects of alcoholic liquors upon the various organs of the body, and, although they differ in their conclusions upon some points, the result is that those physicians who have most closely followed these investigations have, almost or entirely, abjured alcoholics as a necessary part of their therapeutic outfit. These elaborate studies of alcohol have convinced many that the nourishing and strengthening properties formerly ascribed to alcoholics existed only in the imagination, and belong to the errors of an age which had no facilities for accurate observation. The food qualities of the grains and fruits, it is now believed by many authorities, are destroyed in the process of making alcoholic drinks. Even the stimulating qualities ascribed to alcohol are denied by many, who class it among the narcotics because of its depressant effect.

Scientific research has not stopped with showing the weakness of the claims made for alcohol: it has superseded alcohol by supplying the profession with a great array of new drugs, and old drugs in new and improved forms. It has made it possible to extract the different principles from the crude drugs and keep them in dry form as tablets, pills, and powders, so that alcohol is not even needed as a preservative, as it undoubtedly was needed formerly.

Among eminent physicians who have recently given strong public utterance against the use of alcoholic liquors for beverage or medical purposes is Sir Frederick Treves, the great surgeon who operated upon King Edward for appendicitis. Other great English physicians who speak against alcohol are Sir Victor Horsley, Dr. A. Pearce Gould of Middlesex Hospital, London, and Dr. Sims Woodhead, Professor of Pathology, Cambridge University. The latter visited this country about two years ago, by invitation, to speak before medical men upon tuberculosis. Of German physicians who write in favor of non-alcoholic treatment, possibly Max Kassowitz of Vienna University is best known in America. He says his patients fare much better since he ceased giving them alcohol. The great American leader of medical temperance, Dr. Nathan S. Davis, passed from earth in 1904, but he lives in the lives of hundreds of the graduates of "Northwestern," who revered him and accepted his views to their own great benefit, and, doubtless, to the saving of many lives. Prominent American teachers of the disuse of alcohol are Dr. H. D. Didama, dean of the medical college of Syracuse University, Syracuse, N. Y.; Dr. J. S. Cain, dean of the medical college of the University of the South, Nashville, Tenn.; Dr. Henry H. Hewes of Harvard Medical School, Boston; Dr. W. S. Hall of Northwestern University, Chicago; Dr. John Madden, Milwaukee Medical College; Prof. Frank Woodbury of Philadelphia; Dr. T. D. Crothers of Hartford, Conn.; Dr. George Dock of Ann Arbor, Mich.; and the editors of the "Alkaloidal Clinic" of Chicago.

The writer, as superintendent of the department of non-alcoholic medication for the National Woman's Christian Temperance Union since 1895, has had good opportunity to observe the change in sentiment to which reference has been made. If any readers of this article would like further information upon this subject, by sending to the address appended they can obtain it.

(Mrs.) Martha M. Allen.

ONEIDA, NEW YORK.

IN LIGHTER VEIN

Sick!

WHEN mother 's sick, the house is all
So strangely hushed in room and hall!
But mother never will admit
She 's suffering a single bit!
She won't let people do a thing—
There 's nothing any one can bring—
She just lies there, and tries to fix
Herself, by cunning little tricks!
And as for doctor—why, the word
She scouts as being most absurd.
And when he comes he has to guess
At symptoms that she won't confess;
And then he 's apt to frown and say:
"You should have had me right away.
I 'll come again this evening"—for
It 's bed, you see, a week or more!

When *father 's* sick—I tell you, now
You ought to hear the dreadful row!
The talk of "dying," and the groans!
The orders in convulsive tones!
The hasty runnings to and fro:
To rearrange the pillow—so;
To fix hot-water bag and shade;
For mustard-plaster, lemonade!
Appeals to get the doctor, quick—
And "Can't you see I 'm awful sick?"
And then the doctor sits and hears
While father grunts his pains and fears.
He leaves some drops, and tells us: "Hum!
Unless I 'm needed I sha'n't come
Again. I think he 'll do all right."
And father 's up, perhaps, by night!

Edwin L. Sabin.

Time's Prescription

DOCTOR TIME, you may be sure
Never meant the world should cure
Any ill by letting blood.
He has been misunderstood;
He prescribed not "Revolution"
But a remedy benign—
Place across the R a line
And you have it:

R Evolution

Charles Love Benjamin.

Tales of a Traveler

WHEN Sir John Maundeville came home
From travels oversea
He said the world hung upside down—
Which must be verity,
For he had kissed the Sepulcher
And he had been to Rome.—
Yet still we gazed at him amazed
When Maundeville came home.

He told of cockodrils that weep
While eating men they 've slain;
Of gourds that yield a little lamb
When they are cut in twain;
Of woolly hens; of phenix-bird
Burnt neath the temple dome.—
Yet still the lark sang down the dark
When Maundeville came home.

He told of seas where iron swims
But feathers sink like lead;
And on his word he sware to us
The Red Sea is not red!
He told of oceans boiling hot,
And gulfs of gravelly foam.—
Yet lads still slipped away and shipped
When Maundeville came home.

He told how diamonds bring forth young
If they with May-dew blend;
Of many Christian men so rich
They know not how to spend;
Of ants that build great hills of gold
Instead of sand or loam.—
Yet beggars still besought as shrill
When Maundeville came home.

And of the dragon-maid who waits
A knight's transforming kiss;
Eke of Andromeda a rib
Forty feet long, I wis;
Of mermaids with their faerie song
And golden glass and comb.—
Yet English girls still shook their curls
When Maundeville came home.

Of isles where all live virtuously,
Unvexed with tempest's breath;
And of that well, whence whoso drinks
Shall never taste of death.
Of Paradise, not having seen,
He told not in his tome.—
So after all the change was small
When Maundeville came home.

Samuel F. Batchelder.

Why Washington Retreated

1775

SAID Congress to George Washington:
"To set this country free,
You 'll have to whip the Britishers
And chase them o'er the sea."
"Oh, very well," said Washington,
"I 'll do the best I can.
I 'll slam and bang those Britishers
And whip them to a man."

1777

Said Congress to George Washington:
"The people all complain;
Why don't you fight? You but retreat
And then retreat again."
"That can't be helped," said Washington,
"As you will quite agree
When you see how the novelists
Have mixed up things for me."

Said Congress to George Washington:
"Pray make your meaning clear."
Said Washington: "Why, certainly—
But pray excuse this tear.
Of course we know," said Washington,
"The object of this war—
It is to furnish novelists
With patriotic lore."

Said Congress to George Washington:
"Yes! yes! but pray proceed."
Said Washington: "My part in it
Is difficult indeed,
For every hero in the books
Must sometime meet with me,
And every sweet-faced heroine
I must kiss gallantly."

Said Congress to George Washington:
"But why must you retreat?"
Said Washington: "One moment, please,
My story to complete.
These hero-folk are scattered through
The whole United States;
At every little country town
A man or maiden waits."

To Congress said George Washington:
"At Harlem I must be
On such a day to chat with one,
And then I 'll have to flee
With haste to Jersey, there to meet
Another. Here 's a list
Of sixty-seven heroes, and
There may be some I 've missed."

To Congress said George Washington:
"Since I must meet them all
(And if I don't you know how flat
The novels all will fall),
I cannot take much time to fight.
I must be on the run,
Or some historic novelist
Will surely be undone."

Said Congress to George Washington:
"You are a noble man.
Your thoughtfulness is notable,
And we approve your plan;
A battle won pads very well
A novel that is thin,
But it is better to retreat
Than miss one man and win."

Said Congress to George Washington:
"Kiss every pretty maid,
But do it in a courtly way
And in a manner staid—
And some day when your sword is
sheathed
And all our banners furled,
A crop of novels will spring up
That shall appal the world."

Ellis Parker Butler.

Drawn by Orson Lowell

AFTER THE RECEPTION

The Doctor and the Judge meet an hour after the Reception

THE JUDGE: "Doctor, what was the number of your hat check?"
THE DOCTOR: "M — hum — 89, I think."
THE JUDGE: "That must account for it — mine was 68."

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